



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>











THE BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT

N C I

T H E
B A N N A T Y N E
M A N U S C R I P T

COMPILED BY
G E O R G E B A N N A T Y N E
1568

V O L I I I

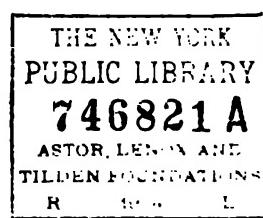
PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB
MDCCXCVI

THE
BANNATYNE
MANUSCRIPT

COMPILED BY
GEORGE BANNATYNE
1568

VOL III

PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB
MDCCXCVI



ENJOY YOUR
TIME
WITH
YOUR
FAMILY

CONTENTS OF VOLUME III.

	<small>PAGE</small>
CXL. The Iusting and Debait vp at the Drum betuix William Adamfone and Johiae Syma. Quod Scott - - - - -	365
CXLI. Thus I propone in my Carping. [Anon.] - - - - -	371
CXLII. This Nycht in my Sleip I wes agast. Quod Dumbar - - - - -	372
CXLIII. Lucina schynning in Silence of the Nicht. Quod Dumbar - - - - -	375
CXLIV. All to Lufe and nocht to Fenyie. [Anon.] - - - - -	377
CXLV. Mony Man makis Ryme, and lukis to no Refloua. [Anon.] - - - - -	379
CXLVI. My Guddame wes ane gay Wyfe. [Dunbar] - - - - -	382
CXLVII. Man, sen thy Lyfe is ay in Weir. Quod Dumbar	383
CXLVIII. In Tiberus Tyme, the trew Emperior. [Anon.]	385
CXLIX. Ryght airlie on Aſk Weddinsday. Quod Dumbar	386
CL. The Wowing of Jok and Jynny. [Quod Clerk]	387
CLI. O Gallandis all, I cry and call. Quoth Balnevis	390
THE FLYTTING BETUIX THE SOWTAR AND THE TAILOUR.	
CLII. Thow leifs, Loun, thow leifs. [Stewart] - - - - -	394
CLIII. Falſ clatterand Kenfy, Kuckald Knaif. [Stewart] - - - - -	395
CLIV. To the Sowtar. Quod Stewart - - - - -	396
CLV. In Somer quhen Flouris will smell. [Anon.] - - - - -	399
CLVI. Sum Practysis of Medecyne. Quod Robert Henryfone - - - - -	401
CLVII. Sym of Lyntoun, be the Ramis Horn. [Anon.]	404
CLVIII. I met my Lady weil arrayit. [Anon.] - - - - -	406
CLIX. I saw me thocht, this hindir Nycht. [Anon.] - - - - -	408
CLX. Ryght fane wald I my Quentans mak. [Anon.]	409
CLXI. The Sowtar inveyand aganis the Telycour. [Stewart] - - - - -	411
CLXII. He that heſſ na Will to wirk. [Anon.] - - - - -	412
CLXIII. And thow be drunkin thow fuld nocht think. [Anon.] - - - - -	413

	PAGE
CLXIV. There wes ane Channone in this Toun. [Anon.] - - - - -	413
CLXV. Quha hes gud Malt, and makis ill Drynk. Quod Allanis subdert - - - - -	413
CLXVI. Sym and his Brudir. [Anon.] - - - - -	414
CLXVII. It that I gife I haif, it that I len I craif. [Anon.] - - - - -	419
CLXVIII. The Flying of Dumbar and Kennedie. [Dunbar] - - - - -	420
CLXIX. I, Maister Andro Kennedy. Be Dumbar - - - - -	438
CLXX. I yeid the Gate wes nevir gane. [Anon.] - - - - -	442
CLXXI. Of May. [Quod Scott] - - - - -	443
CLXXII. The nyne Ordour of Knavis. [Anon.] - - - - -	446
CLXXIII. Epigrammis of Maitir Haywod. Quod Haywod - - - - -	450
CLXXIV. Be mirry, Bretherene, ane and all. Quod Flemyng - - - - -	452
CLXXV. [Epigrammis of Maitir Haywod.] Quod Haywod - - - - -	456
CLXXVI. Ane Discriptioun of Peder Coffeis, having no Regaird till Honestie in thair Vocation. Quod Linsdaiy - - - - -	458
CLXXVII. How the first Helandman, of God was maid. [Anon.] - - - - -	460
CLXXVIII. Ane Ansuer to ane Helandmanis Invectiue. Quod Montgummary - - - - -	461
CLXXIX. Ane Ansuer to ane Ingliss Railar praysing his awin Genalogy. [Montgomery] - - - - -	462
CLXXX. The Proclamatioun of the Play made be Dauid Lynfayis, of the Month. [Lyndsay] - - - - -	463
Schir Dauid Lyndsay[is] Play. [Lyndsay] - - - - -	475
To the Reidar. [Bannatyne] - - - - -	597
BALLATTIS OF LUFE.	
CLXXXI. O, foly Hairt, fetterit in Fantesye. [Anon.] -	600
CLXXXII. Be ye ane Luvar, think ye nocth ye fuld. Quod Dumbar - - - - -	602
CLXXXIII. Off Luve quhay lyikis to haif Joy. Quod Merfar - - - - -	603
CLXXXIV. Luve preyfis, but Comparesone. Quod Scott	605

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
CLXXXV. Sen that I am a Presoneir. [Dunbar.]	607
CLXXXVI. Wald my gud Lady lufe me best. Quod Robert Henryfoun	611
CLXXXVII. Was nocth gud King Salomon. Quod ane Inglisman. [Anon.]	612
CLXXXVIII. For to declair the he Magnificens. Quod Stewart	614
CLXXXIX. My Hairt is lost onlie for Lufe of one. [Anon.]	617
CXC. Quhen I think on my Lady deir. [Anon.]	618
CXCI. The Bewty of hir amorus Ene. [Anon.]	620
CXCII. Quhen Flora had ourfret the Firth. [Anon.]	621
CXCIII. The Well of Vertew, and Flour of Womanheid. [Anon.]	622
CXCIV. To yow that is the Harbre of my Hairt. [Anon.]	623
CXCV. Maist ameyn Rosier, gratiouſ and resplendent. Quod Stewart	625
CXCVI. Fresche fragrant Flour of Bewty souerane. [Anon.]	626
CXCVII. O, Maiſtres myn, till yow I me commend. [Anon.]	628
CXCVIII. In to my Hairt emprentit is so foil. [Anon.]	629
CXCIX. Off Lufe and Trewth with lang Continwans. [Anon.]	630
CC. Of every Joy moſt joyfull Joy it is. [Anon.]	632
CCI. Brycht Sterne of Bewtie and Well of Lustines. [Anon.]	634
CCII. Baith gud and fair and womanlie. [Anon.]	635
CCIII. Now in this mirthfull Tyme of May. [Anon.]	636
CCIV. My Hairt is Thrall, begone me fro. [Anon.]	637
CCV. Ma Commendationis with Humilitie. [Anon.]	639
CCVI. My foruſfull Pane and Wo for to complene. [Anon.]	641
CCVII. O, Cupid, King, quhome to fall I complene? [Anon.]	643
CCVIII. Fair weill, my Hairt, fair weill, bayth Freind and Fo. [Anon.]	645

	PAGE
CCIX. Allace, depairting Grund of Wo. [Anon.]	646
CCX. In May in a Morning, I movit me one. [Anon.]	647
CCXI. My woful Werd complene I may rycht soir. [Anon.]	649
CCXII. Thus, wairfull Thocht, myne E hes wrocht to Wo. [Anon.]	651
CCXIII. O, wrechit, infernall, crewall Element. [Anon.]	651
CCXIV. Flour of all Fairheid, gif I fall found the fra. [Anon.]	653
CCXV. O, Maistres Myld, haif Mynd on me. [Anon.]	654
CCXVI. Haif Hairt in Hairt, ye Hairt of Hairtis haill. [Scott]	655
CCXVII. Wald my gud Ladye that I luif. [Anon.]	656
CCXVIII. Support your Scheruand, peirles Paramour. [Anon.]	659
CCXIX. Quhen Tayis Bank wes blumyt brycht. [Anon.]	660
CCXX. O lusty May, with Flora Quene. [Scott]	664
CCXXI. All for ane is my Mane. [Anon.]	665
CCXXII. Be glaid alye that Luvaris bene. [Anon.]	665
CCXXIII. Gif ye wald lufe, and luvit be. [Dunbar]	667
CCXXIV. The Song of Troyelus. Quod Chauseir	668
CCXXV. As Phebus bricht in Speir merediane. Quod Bannatyne	669
CCXXVI. My Hairt is heich aboif, my Body is full of Blifa. [Scott]	671
CCXXVII. Lait, lait on Sleip, as I wes laid. [Anon.] <i>(This piece is imperfect, the end being missing.)</i>	672
CCXXVIII. No Woundir is althocht my Hairt be Thrall. [Bannatyne]	674
CCXXIX. My Trewth is plicht vnto my Lufe benyng. Quod Fethy	676
CCXXX. Lanterne of Lufe, and Lady fair of Hew. Quod Steill	677
CCXXXI. Hence, Hairt, with hir that most depaire. Quod Scott	678
CCXXXII. The Anschir to Hairtis. Quod Scott	680
CCXXXIII. Quha is perfyte to put in Wryt. Quod Scott	681

CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
CCXXXIV. It cumis yow Luvaris to be laill. Quod Scott - - - - -	683
CCXXXV. Absent I am ryght soir aganis my Will. [Quod] Steill - - - - -	685
CCXXXVI. I wilbe plane and Lufe affane. Quod Scott	686
CCXXXVII. Only to yow, in Erd that I lufe best. Quod Scott - - - - -	686
CCXXXVIII. My dullit Cors dois hairyly recommend [Anon.] - - - - -	688
CCXXXIX. O, lusty Flour of Yowth, benyng and bricht. [Dunbar] - - - - -	689
CCXL. Sueit Hairt, sen I your Freind only wes ay. [Anon.] - - - - -	691
CCXLI. My Hairt, reposis the and the rest. [Scott]	691
CCXLII. Ryght as the Glafs bene thirlit thrucht with Benis. Quod Scott - - - - -	693
CCXLIII. The Ballat of the Prayis of Wemen. Quod Weddirburne - - - - -	694
CCXLIV. Vp, helfum Hairt, thy Rutis raiss and lowp. Quod Scott - - - - -	702
CCXLV. Quhair Luve is kendlit confortles. [Anon.]	703
CCXLVI. Gif Langour makis Men licht. Quod King Harry Stewart - - - - -	706
CCXLVII. How sould my febill Body fure? Quod Scott	707
CCXLVIII. Ane Laid may luve ane Leddy of Eftait. [Scott] - - - - -	709
CCXLIX. Marvilling in Mynd, quhat ailis Fortoun at me. Quod Scott - - - - -	710
CCL. Pansing in Hairt with Spreit opprest. Quod Fethe - - - - -	711
CCLI. Depairte, depairte, depairte. Quod Scott - - - - -	713
CCLII. That evir I luvit, allace thairfoir. Quod Scott - - - - -	715
CCLIII. So fremmit is my Fortoun and my Werd. [Anon.] - - - - -	716
CCLIV. Oppressit Hairt indure. Quod Scott - - - - -	718
CCLV. Leif Luve, and lat me leif allone. Quod Scott	720
CCLVI. Thocht I in grit Distrefſ. Quod Scott - - - - -	722
CCLVII. Quhat art thou, Luve, for till allow. [Anon.]	723

	PAGE
CCLVIII. Lamenting soir my Weird and biffy Cure. [Anon.] - - - - -	725
CCLIX. In to the Nycht, quhen to ilk Wicht, Natur derekis Rest. [Anon.] - - - - -	726
CCLX. The moir I luve and serf at all my Mycht. [Anon.] - - - - -	727
CCLXI. Quhen Phebus fair with Bemis bricht. [Anon.] - - - - -	728
BALLATIS OF REMEDY OF LUVE, AND TO THE REPROCHE OF EVILL WEMEN.	
CCLXII. Remeidis of Luve. [Anon.] - - - - -	730
CCLXIII. I am as I am and so will I be. [Anon.]	731

CXL.

Followis the Iusting and Debait vp at the Drum betuix William Adamson and Johine Sym. Fol. 130.2.

THE grit debait and turnament,
Off trewth no young can tell,
Wes for a lusty lady gent,
Betuix twa freikis fell.
For Mars the god armipotent
Wes nocth sa fers him sell,
Nor Hercules, that aikkis vprent,
And dang the devill of hell, with hornis;
Vp at the Drum, that day.

5

Doutles wes nocth so duchty deidis
Amangis the dowly peiris,
Nor yit no clerk in story reidis
Off sa tryvmp hand weiris;
To se so stowly on thair steidis
Tha stalwart knychtis steiris,
Quhill bellyis bair for brodding bleidis,
With fpurris als scherp as breiris, and kene;
Vp at the Drum that day.

10

15

Vp at the Drum the day wes sett,
And fixt wes the feild,
Quhair baith thir noble chiftanis mett,
Enarmit vndir scheild.
Thay wer sa haisty and sa hett,
That nane of thame wald yeild,
Bot to debait or be doun bett,
And in the quarrell keild, or flane;
Vp at the Drum that day.

20

25

Thair wes ane bettir and ane worfs,
 I wald that it wer wittin,
 For William wichttar wes of cors
 Nor Sym, and bettir knittin.
 Sym said he fett nocht by his sorfs
 Bot hecht he sowlid be hittin,
 And he micht counter Will on horsf,
 For Sym wes bettir sittin, nor Will;
 Vp at the Drum that day.

30

35

To se the stryse come yunkeirs stowt,
 And mony galyart man;
 All denteis deir wes thair but dowt,
 The wyne on broich it ran.
 Trumpettis and schalmis with a schowt
 Playid on the rink began;
 And eikwall juges fatt abowt
 To fe quha tynt or wan the feild;
 Vp at the Drum that day.

40

45

With twa blunt trincher speiris squair,
 It wes thair interprysis,
 To fecht with baith thair facis bair
 For lufe, as is the gyisis.
 Ane freynd of thairis throw hap come thair,
 And hard the rumor ryisis,
 Quha stall away thair styngis bath clair,
 And hid in secreit wayisis, for skaith;
 Vp at the Drum that day.

Fol. 130. b.

50

60

Strangmen of armes and of micht
 Wer fett thame for to fidder;
 The harraldis cryd, God schaw the rycht;
 Syne bad thame go togidder.
 Quhair is my speir? sayis Sym the knycht,
 Sum man go bring it hidder;

55

THE IUSTING AND DEBAIT VP AT THE DRUM. 367

Bot wald thay tary thair all nycht,
Thair lancifs come to lidder, and flaw;
Vp at the Drum that day.

Syme flew als fery as a sowne,
Doun fra the horfs he flaid; 65
Sayis, He fall rew my stalf hes stowin,
For I falbe his deid.
William his vow plicht to the powin,
For favour or for feid;
Als gude the tre had nevir growin, 70
Quhairof my speir wes maid, to just;
Vp at the Drum that day.

Thir vowis maid to syn and mone,
Thay raikit baith to rest,
Thame to refresh with thair disione, 75
And of thair armour keft.
Nocht knawing of the deid wes done,
Quhen thay fuld haif fairin best,
The fyre wes pifcht out lang or none,
Thair dennaris fuld haif dreft, and dicht; 80
Vp at the Drum that day.

Than wer thay movit owt of mynd,
Far mair than of beforene;
Thay wist nocht how to get him pynd, 85
That thame had drevin to skorne.
Thair wes no deth mycht be devynd,
Bot ethis haif thay sworne,
He fuld deir by be thay had dynd,
And ban that he wes borne, or bred;
Vp at the Drum that day,

Than to Dalkeith thai maid thame boun, Fol. 131.a.
Reidwod of this reproche;

Thair wes baith wyne and vennisoun,
And barrellis ran on broche.
Thay band vp kyndnes in that toun
Nane fra his feir to foche;
For thair wes nowdir lad nor loun
Mycht eit ane baikin loche, for fownes;
Vp at Dalkeith that day.

95

Syne estir denner raifs the din,
And all the toun on steir;
William wes wyifs and held him in,
For he wes in a feir.
Sym to haif bargan cowld nocth blin,
Bot bukkit Will on weir;
Sayis, Gife thou wald this lady win,
Cum furth and brek a speir, with me;
Vp at Dalkeyth that day.

100

105

This still for bargan Sym abyddis,
And schowttit Will to schame;
Will saw his fais on bath the syddis,
Full fair he dred for blame.
Will schortly to his hors he flydis,
And sayis to Sym be name,
Bettir we bath wer byand hyddis,
And weddir skynnis at hame, nor heir;
Vp at Dalkeyth that day.

110

115

Now is the growme, that wes so grym,
Ryght glaid to leif in lie;
Fy, theif, for schame! sayis littill Sym,
Will thou nocth fecht with me?
Thow art moir lerge of lyth and lym,
Nor I am be sic thre;

120

And all the feild cryd fy on him,
Sa cowardly tuk the fle, for feir;
Vp at Dalkeyth that day.

125

Than every man gaif Will a mok,
And said he wes our meik;
Sayis Sym, Send for thy broder Jok,
I fall nocht be to seik;
For wer ye foursum in a flok,
I compt yow nocht a leik;
Thocht I had ryght nocht bot a rok,
To gar your rumpill reik, behynd;
Vp at Dalkeith that day.

130

Fol. 131 b.

135

Thair wes ryght nocht bot haif and ga,
With lawchter lowd thay lewche,
Quhen thay saw Sym sic curage ta,
And Will mak it fa twche.
Sym lap on horsbak lyk a ra,
And ran him till a huche;
Sayis William, Cum ryd doun this bra,
Thocht ye fuld brek ane bwche, fo lufe;
Vp at Dalkeith that day.

140

Sone doun the bra Sym braid lyk thunder,
And bad Will fallow fast;
To grund for fersness he did sunder,
Be he midhill had past.
William saw Sym in sic a blunder,
To ga he wes agast,
For he affeird it wes na winder
His cursour fuld him cast, and hurt him;
Vp at Dalkeith that day.

145

150

Than all the yungkerris bad Will yeild,
Or doun the glen to gang;

155

Sum cryd the koward fuld be keild,
 Sum doun the hewche he thrang.
 Sum ruscht, sum rummyld, sum reild,
 Sum be the bewche he hang;
 Thair avairis fyld vp all the feild,
 Thay wer so fow and pang, with drafse; 160
 Vp at Dalkeith that day.

Than gelly Johine come in a jak,
 To feild quhair he wes feidit;
 Abone his brand ane bucklar blak,
 Baill fell the bern thad bedit. 165
 He slippit swiftly to the slak,
 And rudly doun he raid it;
 Befoir his curpall wes a crak,
 Culd na man tell quha maid it, for lawchter;
 Vp at Dalkeith that day. 170

Be than the bowgill gan to blaw,
 For nycht had thame ourtane;
 Allaiss! said Sym, For falt of law,
 That bargan get I nane. 175
 Thus hame with mony crak and flaw,
 Thay passid every ane;
 Sync pairtit at the Potter raw,
 And findry gaitis ar gane, to rest thame;
 Within the toun that nycht. 180

L'envoy.

Fol. 132. a.

This Will was he begyld the may,
 And did hir marriage spill;
 He promeist hir to lat him play,
 Hir purpos to fulfill.

Fra scho fell fow he fled away,
And come na mair hir till;
Quhairfoir he tynt the feild that day,
And tuk him to ane mill, to hyd him;
As coward fals of fey.

185

Finis quod Scott.

CXLI.

[*Thus I propone in my Carping.*]

THUS I propone in my carping,
All myne allone thus I propone;
Makand my mone to hevnis king,
This I propone in my carping.

Welcum be werd as evir God will,
Quhill I be berd welcum be werd;
In to this erd ay to fulfill,
Welcum be werd as evir God will.

5

I fall wey bath in ane ballance,
Wynnyng and skaith I fall wey beth;
As God will graith his purveance,
I fall wey bayth in ane ballance.

10

Eifs or diseifs, quhilk God fall send,
Allyk fall pleiss, ciss or diseifs;
Ay till obeyifs, till lyfe mak end,
Eifs or diseifs, quhilk God will send.

15

Quhat mendis it ane man to mvrn,
In syte to sitt, quhat mendis it?

For or men witt this warld will turn,
Quhat mendis it ane man to mvrn?

20

I falbe blyth and meik with all,
Kyndnes to kyth I falbe blyth;
For windir suth pryd hes ane fall,
I falbe blyth and meik with all.

My freindis deir, luk ye do so,
I yow requeir, my freyndis deir;
Ye mak gud cheir quhair evir ye go,
My frendis deir, luk ye do so.

25

Finis.

CXLII.

[*This Nycht in my Sleip I wes agast.*]

THIS nycht in my sleip I wes agast,
Me thocht the Devill wes tempand fast
The peple with aithis of crewaltie;
Sayand as throw the mercat he past,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.

Fol. 132. b.

5

Me thocht as he went throw the way,
Ane preist sveirit be God verey,
Quhilk at the alter ressauit he;
Thow art my clerk, the Devill can say,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.

10

Than swoir ane courtyour mekle of pryd,
Be Chrystis windis bludy and wyd,

And be his harmes wes rent on tre;
Than spak the Devill hard him besyd,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.

15

Ane merchand, his geir as he did sell,
Renuncit his pairt of Hevin and Hell;
The Devill said, Welcum mot thou be,
Thow falbe merchand for my sell,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.

20

Ane goldsmith said The goldis fa fyne,
That all the workmanschip I tyne,
The Feind ressaif me gif I le;
Think on, quod the Devill, That thou art myne,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.

25

Ane tailyour said In all this toun
Be thair ane bettir weilmaid goun,
I gif me to the Feynd all fre;
Gramercy, telyour, said Mahoun,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.

30

Ane sowttar said In gud effek,
Nor I be hangit be the nek,
Gife bettir butis of ledder ma be;
Fy, quod the Feynd, Thow fairis of blek,
Ga clenge the clene and cum to me.

35

Ane baxstar sayd I forsaik God,
And all his werkis evin and od,
Gif fairar stuff neidis to be;
The Dyvill luche and on him qwoth nod,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.

40

Ane fleschour swoir be the sacrament,
And be Chrystis blud maist innocent,

Nevir fatter flesch saw man with e;
 The Devill said, Hald on thy intent,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

45

The maltman fais I God forsaik,
 And that the Devill of Hell me taik,
 Gif ony bettir malt may be,
 And of this kill I haif inlaik;
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

Fol. 133.a.

50

Ane browstar fwoir the malt wes ill,
 Bath reid and reikit on the kill,
 That it will be na aill for me,
 Ane boll will nocht sex gallonis fill;
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

55

The smyth fwoir be rude and raip,
 In till a gallowis mot I gaip,
 Gif I ten dayis wan pennyis thre,
 For with that craft I can nocht thraip;
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

60

Ane menstrall said The Feind me ryfe,
 Gif I do ocht bot drynk and swyfe;
 The Devill said, Hardly mot it be,
 Exerſs that craft in all thy lyfe;
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

65

Ane dysour said with wirdis of stryfe,
 The Devill mot stik him with a knyfe,
 Bot he keft vp fair syfis thre;
 The Devill said, Endit is thy lyfe,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

70

Ane theif said, God, that evir I chaip,
 Nor anc stark widdy gar me gaip,

Bot I in Hell for geir wald be;
The Devill said, Welcum in a raip,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.

75

The fische wyffis flett and swoir with granis,
And to the Feind, saule, flesch and banis,
Thay gaif thame, with ane schowt on hie;
The Devill said, Welcum all att anis,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.

80

Me thocht the Devillis, als blak as pik,
Solistand wer as beis thik,
Ay tempand folk with wayis fle;
Rowndand to Robene and to Dik,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.

85

Quod Dumbar.

CXLIII.

[*Lucina schynnyng in Silence of the Nicht.*]

Ane vthir
bellat follow-
ing vpoun this
fame abbat in
the 117 leif.

LUCINA schynnyng in silence of the nicht,
The hevin being all full of sternis bricht,
To bed I went bot thair I tuke no rest;
With havy thocht I wes so soir opprest,
That fair I langit eftir dayis licht.

5

Off Fortoun I complenit hevely,
That scho to me stude so contrariowfly;
And at the last quhen I had turnyt oft,
For weirines on me ane flummer soft
Come with ane dremyng and a fantesfy.

Fol. 133. b.

10

Stude me deorne, and laid on this
Thow suffer me to wirk gif thow do
And preiss the nocht to stryfe agan
Quhilk every warldly thing dois tur

Full mony a man I turne vnto th
And makis als mony full law to do
Up on my staigis or that thou asce
Trest weill thy truble neir is at ane
Seing thi taikinis, quhairsoir thou i

Thy trublit gaist fall neir moir be d
Nor thow in to no benifice beis post
Quhill that ane Abbot him cleith ir
And fle vp in the air amangis the c
And as anc falcone fair fro eist to w

He fall ascend as ane horreble gre
Him meit fall in the air ane seho di
Thir terrible monsteris fall togidder
And in the cludis gett the Antechr
Ouhill all the air infeck of thair pyl

22. I am a good listener.
And probably with the Autonomy of the theme, there is the possibility of having more time for me.

Quhen I awoik my dreme it wes so nyce,
Fra every wicht I hid it as a vyce;
Quhill I hard tell be mony futhfaſt wy,
Fle wald ane abbot vp in to the sky,
And all his fethreme maid wes at devyce.

45

Within my hairt confort I tuke full fone;
Adew, quod I, My drery dayis ar done;
Full weill I wist to me wald nevir cum thirst,
Quhill that twa monis wer fene vp in the list,
Or quhill ane abbot flew aboif the mone.

Fol. 134. a.

50

Quod Dumbar.

CXLIV.

[*All to Lufe and nocth to Fenyie.*]

ALL to lufe and nocth to fenyie,
All to pure and nocth to plenye;
Sic freitis I hald nocth wirth a faſs,
Harkin and I fall tell yow fow it waſs.
Befoir the evin, with licht of day,
I hard ane ſweit full softly ſay,
Ga way, my ioy, and latt me be,
Put nocth your hand abone my kne.
Ye hurt me now, ſchirro your faſs,
Quhy lift ye vp fa heiche my clais?
My moder heiris ye gar me cry;
Do away man for your courteſy.
My heid gois to and all is bair;
Be God, me think, na thing ye ſpair.

5

10

3 A

Is nocht this ane joly werk?
 Schirro your thowmis, ye ryfe my sark.
 Be God ye ar our leth to leif,
 Quhat devill is that in to your neif?
 Ye hurt me with your quhinyear heft,
 Will nocht yit this rippet be left?
 I wald nocht trewly for twenty pound,
 In to this place we twa wer found.
 He sayis, My luve, my joy, my bliss,
 Now all the warld will wit of this;
 Quhat garris yow cry me for to skar?
 Be God ye fall nocht be the war;
 Quha saw evir the maikis of yow,
 God latt nevir your hairet be fow.
 Quha saw evir a man sa thra?
 Hald vp your handis and latt me ga.
 And he said nevir a word agane,
 Bot ay he faid, Latt me allane.
 I schro your hairet, ye hurt my theifs:
 Now all this toun this rippet seifs.
 Haill or hail quhat do ye now?
 Allace! allace! ye thirst me throw.
 Now, walloway, is thair no help?
 Yit fall I gif your cheik a skelp,
 I fall yow skart quhill that ye bleid.
 He said than, Ya, ya, God forbeid,
 Your bonat I fall kaft away,
 Bot gif ye ceifs your fowlc deray,
 Wes nevir nane dreft on thiss wyifs.
 I cry yow mercy a thowsand syifs,
 A gentill man gif that ye be,
 Ye will me schaw sum courtasie;
 Your labour is nocht wirth a leik,
 Ye ar the war sen we wer meik.
 Do away, scho said, Or yie be band,

15

20

25

30

35

40 Fol. 134.b.

45

The toder wird is evin at hand. 50
Be God I put yow out of weir,
Ye did nocht of forfs this sevin yeir;
Nor yit nocht ane of your breder,
I schiro the feit that brocht yow hedder.
Now, mon, I latt yow all allane, 55
Sa help me God my end is gane;
Yit I will nocht ga fla my sell;
Bot, be yone kirk, I fall sure tell,
Als fast as I fall cum hame,
Sa help me God, Iſs tell my deme; 60
And ony body fynd ws heir,
We ar bath schamit all this yeir,
That we haif dwelt heir so lang.
Hame, in faith, I dar nocht gang;
Go with me to yone yairdis end, 65
Quhair we may pafs away vnkend.
Than he and scho went on togidder;
With that his haift begowd to swidder;
He tuke his leif and kift the bricht,
And syne he went out of hir ficht. 70
How it wes estir I can nocht tell,
For speiking spair I nocht to spell.

Explicit.

CXLV.

[*Mony Man makis Ryme and lukis to no Reſſoun.*]

MONY man makis ryme and lukis to no reſſoun.
Ane king sekand tresoun
He may fynd land. Trest nocht in the band

That is oft brokin. A fule quhen he hes spokkin
 He is all done. He fuld weir yrn schone
 Suld byd a manis deid. Quhen the falt is in the heid
 The menbaris ar feik. A woman thocht scho be meik
 Scho is ill to knaw. Men glosifs the law
 Oft aganis the pure. Quha spendis his gud on a hure
 He hes bayth skayth and schame. He that can nocht gang hame
 Is a pure man. Menis or thay began
 Suld think on the end. Preiss nocht to spend
 Bot gife thou think to win. Commounly auld syn
 Makis new schame. Bettir is gud name
 Nor evill win geir. He that vsis maist to fweir
 Is nocht best trowd. A tre is best bowd
 Quhen that it is young. Quha rewlis weill his young
 He may be comptit wyifs. Gud win at the dyifs
 Riches nocht the air. And a woman that is fair
 Is nocht happen gude. Ane colt of a gud stude
 Happynnis to be best. Gud ma nocht lang left
 That is evill win. A work weill begon
 Hes thebettir end. Preiss nocht to spend
 Our mekle on a fule. It is dith to cry yule
 On ane vder manis coift. He fall hounger in frost
 In heit that will nocht wirk. Obey weill to the kirk
 And thou fall fair the better. A woman keipit in fetter
 Is ane ill tressour. Eit and drynk with mesour
 And defy the leich. A man mekle of speiche
 Quhylomis mon lie. Think ay that thou mon de
 And thou fall nocht glaidly syn. A man may be of grit kin
 And rycht littill worth. A fule bidis job furth
 And hes baith spur and wand. Bettir is a man but land
 Nor land but man. He that cumis of evill clan
 Wyifs men fuspeckis. A skabbit scheip infeckis
 All the haill flok. Quhairof ferwis the lok
 And the theif in the hous. It makis a perte mows
 Ane vnhardy catt. A swyne that is richt fatt

5

Fol. 135.

10

15

20

25

30

35

Caussis hir awin deid. Pairete nevir at feid
 Fra hame with thy wyfe. Fle ay fra stryfe,
 A sweit thing is peifs. All may nocht be leifs
 That every man sayifs. Thow ma mend twa nayifs
 With anis said ye. He is nocht sa waik a fae
 Bot he may quhylome noy. It is esiar to distroy
 Befer, nor till big. He that is vfd to thig 40
 Is laith to leif the craft. Ane awld man is fow daft
 That weddis a young woman. Thow mon trow in sum man
 Or thow hes ill lyfe. Be thow jolous of thy wyfe
 Scho will do the war. Quha handillis pik or tar
 He is nocht haisty clene. A wound quhen it is grene 45
 Is the soner heilit. A byle that is lang beilit
 Brekis at the last. Auld kyndnes past
 Suld nocht be forgett. Be blyth at thi meit,
 Devoit in distres. For littill mair or less
 Mak thow na debait. Bettir is the hie gait 50
 Nor the by rod. He that dowttis nocht God
 Sall nocht faill to fall. He that cuvatis all
 Is abill to tyne. About myne and thyne
 Ryfisis mekle stryfe. He hes a gratius lyfe
 That can be content. A bow that is lang bent 55
 It will wax dull. He that wattis quhen he is full
 He is na fule. Put mony to the scule,
 All will nocht be clerkis. At every dowg that berjis
 Men fuld nocht be movit.¹ A man weill luvit
 He is nocht pure. Grit lawbor and cure 60
 Makis a man auld. A gud taill evill tal'd
 Is spilt in the telling. In bying and sellng
 Is mony fals aith. Commounly gud cleth
 Is best cheip. Quha cuvattis farrest to leip
 Mon quhylumis gang abak. 65
 Thus schortnes of wit movit me to mak. 70

Explicit.

¹ Crabit first written and deleted.

CXLVI.

[*My Guddame wes ane gay Wyfe.*]

MY guddame wes ane gay wyfe, bot scho wes rycht gend,
 Scho dwelt far furth in France on Falkland fell;
 Thay callit hir Kynd Kittok fa quha weill hir kend;
 Scho wes lyk a caldrone cruk cleir vnder kell,
 Thay threipit scho deid of thirst and maid a gud end. 5
 Eftir hir deid scho dreidit nocth in Hevin to dwell,
 And so to Hevin the hie way dreiddles scho wend,
 Yit scho wanderit and yeid by to ane elrich well;
 And thair scho met, as I wene,
 Ane ask rydand on ane snaill; 10
 Scho cryd, Ourtane fallow, haill, haill,
 And raid ane inch behind the taill,
 Quhill it wes neir enc.

Sua scho had hap to be horst to hir harbry,
 At ane ailhouss neir Hevin it nycthit thame thair; 15
 Scho deit for thirst in this warld that gart hir be fo dry,
 Scho eit nevir meit bot drank our missour and mair;
 Scho sleipit quhill the morne at none and raifs airly;
 And to the yettis of Hevin fast cowd scho fair,
 And by Sanct Petir, in at the yett scho stall prevely. 20
 God lukit and saw hir lattin in and luch his hairt fair;
 And thair yeiris fevin
 Scho levit ane gud lyfc,
 And wes our Leddeis henwyfe,
 And held Sanct Petir in stryfe, 25
 Ay quhill scho wes in Hevin.

Scho lukit owt on a day and thocht verry lang,
 To se the ailhouss besyd in till ane evill hour;

Fol. 136. a.

And out of Hevin the hic gait cowth the wyfe gang
For to gett ane fresche drink, the haill of Hevin wes four. 30
Scho come agane to Hevinis yet, quhen that the bell rang,
Sanct Petir hit hir with a club, quhill a grit clour
Raifs on hir heid behind, becaus the wyfe yeid wrang;
And than to the ailhouſs aganc scho ran the pitscheris to pour,
Thair to brew and to baik. 35
Freyndis, I pray yow hairtfully,
Gife ye be thrifte or dry,
Drynk with my guddame, quhen ye gang by,
Anis for my saik.

Explicit.

CXLVII.

[*Man sen thy Lyfe is ay in Weir.*]

MAN sen thy lyfe is ay in weir,
And Deid is evir drawand neir,
The tymne vnsicker and the place;
Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

Gif it be thyne thy self it vsis, 5
Gif it be nocht the it refusis,
Ane vthir of it the profficit hess;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes spaifs.

Thow may to day haif gude to spend,
And hestely to morne fra it wend, 10
And leif ane vthir thy baggis to braifs;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

Quhill thow hes space se thow dispone,
That for thy geir quhen thow art gone,

No wicht ane vder slay nor chace;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

15

Sum all his dayis dryvis our in vane,
Ay gadderand geir with sorrow and pane,
And nevir is glaid at Yule nor Paifs;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thou hes space.

20

Syne cumis ane vder glaid of his sorrow,
That for him prayit nowdir evin nor morrow,
And fangis it all with mirrynais;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thou hes space.

Sum grit gud gadderis and ay it spairis,
And eftir him thair cumis yung airis,
That his auld thrift settis on ane esf;
Man, thyne awin gud spend quhill thou hes space.

25

It is all thyne that thow heir spendis,
And nocht all that on the dependis,
Bot his to spend it that hes grace;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes spais.

30 Fol. 136. b

Trest nocht ane vthir will do the to,
It that thy self wald nevir do,
For gife thou dois, strenge is thy cace:
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thou hes fpais.

35

Luke how the bairne dois to the muder,
And tak example be nane vdder,
That it nocht estir be thy cace;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

40

Quod Dumbar.

1000000 10000

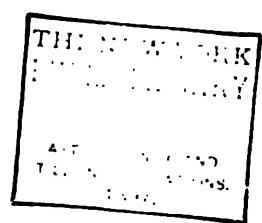
BANATINE MS

T H E
B A N N A T Y N E
M A N U S C R I P T

C O M P I L E D B Y
G E O R G E B A N N A T Y N E
1 5 6 8

P A R T I V

PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB
MDCCCLXXVIII



THE NEW YORK
JOURNAL OF HISTORY
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

THE BANNATYNE MS.

CONTENTS.

PART IV.

	PAGE
CXLVIII.—In Tiberus tyme, the trew Imperiour,	385
CXLIX.—Rycht airlie on Aſk Weddinsday. Quod Dumbar,	386
CL.—The Wowing of Jok and Jynny. [Quod Clerk],	387
CLI.—O Gallandis all, I cry and call. Quoth Balnevis,	390
The Flytting betuix the Sowtar and the Tailyour,	394
CLII.—Thow leifs, Loun, thow leifs,	394
CLIII.—Fals clatterand Kenfy, kuckald Knaif,	395
CLIV.—To the Sowtar. Quod Stewart,	396
CLV.—In Somer quhen Flouris will smell,	399
CLVI.—Sum Practysis of Medecyne. Quod Robert Henry-	
fone,	401
CLVII.—Sym of Lyntoun, be the Ramis Horn,	404
CLVIII.—I met my Lady weil arrayit,	406
CLIX.—I faw, me thocht, this hindir Nycht,	408
CLX.—Rycht fane wald I my Quentans mak,	409
CLXI.—The Sowtar inveyand aganis the Telyeour,	411
CLXII.—He that hefs na Will to wirk,	412
CLXIII.—And thow be drunkin thow fuld nocht think,	412
CLXIV.—Thair wes ane Channone in this Toun,	413
CLXV.—Quha hes gud Malt and makis ill Drynk. Quod	
Allanis subdert,	413
Sym and his Brudir,	414
CLXVI.—Thair is no Story that I of heir,	414
CLXVII.—It that I gife I haif, it that I len I craif. Quod	
quhay to quhomed,	419
CLXVIII.—The Flying of Dumbar and Kennedie,	420
CLXIX.—I, Maister Andro Kennedy. Maid be Dumbar,	438

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CLXX.—I yeid the Gait wes nevir gane,	442
CLXXI.—Of May. Quod Scott,	443
CLXXII.—The nyne Ordour of Knavis,	446
CLXXIII.—Epigrammis of Maistir Haywod,	450
CLXXIV.—Be mirry Bretherene ane and all. Quod Flemyngh,	452
CLXXV.—[Epigrammis of Maistir Haywod],	456
CLXXVI.—Ane Discriptioun of Peder Coffeis, having no Regard till Honestie in thair Vocation. [Quod Linfdsay],	458
CLXXVII.—How the first Helandman of God was maid,	460
CLXXVIII.—Ane Ansuer to ane Helandmanis Invectiue. Quod Montgummary,	461
CLXXIX.—Ane Ansuer to ane Inglis Railar praysing his awin Genalogy,	462
CLXXX.—Schir Dauid Lyndsayis Play, Proclamatioune maid in Cowpar of Fyffe,	463
Heir begynnis Schir Dauid Lyndsayis Play,	475
Certane mirry and sportsum Interludis,	502
To the Reidar,	599
Ballattis of Lufe,	600
CLXXXI.—O, foly Hairt, fetterit in Fantesye,	600
CLXXXII.—Be ye ane Luvar, think ye nocht ye fuld. Quod Dumbar,	602
CLXXXIII.—Off Luve quhay lyikis to haif Joy. Quod Mersar,	603
CLXXXIV.—Luve preysis, but Comparefone. Quod Scott,	605
CLXXXV.—Sen that I am a Prefoneir,	607
CLXXXVI.—Wald my gud Lady lufe me best. Quod Robert Henrysoun,	611
CLXXXVII.—Was nocht gud King Salomon. [Quod Ane Inglisman],	612
CLXXXVIII.—For to declair the he Magnificens. Quod Stewart,	614

CXLVIII.

[*In Tiberus tyme, the trew Imperiour.*]

IN Tiberus tyme, the trew Imperiour,
 Quhen Tynto hillis fra skraiping of toun henis wes keipit,
 Thair dwelt ane grit gyre carling in awld Betokis bour,
 That levit vpoun christiane menis flesche and rewth heidis vnleipit.
 Thair wynnit ane hir by, on the west fyd, callit Blasour, 5
 For lufe of hir lawchane lippis he walit and he weipit;
 He gadderit ane menyie of modwartis to warp doun the tour.
 The carling with ane yrne club, quhen that Blasour sleipit,
 Behind the heill scho hatt him sic ane blaw;
 Quhill Blasour bled ane quart 10
 Off milk pottage inward,
 The carling luche, and lut fart

North Berwik Law.

The king of Fary than come with elffis mony ane,
 And sett ane sege and ane salt with grit pensallis of pryd; 15
 And all the doggis fra Dumbar wes thair to Dumblane,
 With all the tykis of Tervey come to thame that tyd;
 Thay gnew doun with thair gomes mony grit stane.
 The carling schup hir in ane sow and is hir gaitis gane,
 Gruntlyng our the Greik sie, and durst na langer byd, 20
 For brukling of bargane and breking of browis.
 The carling now for dispyte
 Is mareit with Mahomyte,
 And will the doggis interdyte,
 For scho is quene of Jowis. 25

Sensyne the cokkis of Crawmound crew nevir a day,
 For dule of that devilisch deme wes with Mahoun mareit,
 And the hennis of Hadingtoun sensyne wald nocht lay,
 For this wyld wilroun wich thame widlit fa and wareit.
 And the same North Berwik Law, as I heir wyvis say, 30

This carling with a fals cast wald away carreit,
 For to luk on quha sa lykis na langer scho tareit.
 All this langour for lufe befoirtymes fell,
 Lang or Betok wes born,
 Scho bred of ane accorne.
 The laif of the story to morne
 To yow I fall tell.

Fol. 137. a.

35

Explicit.

CXLIX.

[*Rycht airlie on Ask Weddinsday.*]

RYCHT airlie on Ask Weddinsday,
 Drynkand the wyne fatt cumeris tway;
 The tane cowth to the tother complene,
 Graneand and suppand cowd scho say,
 This lang Lentern makis me lene.

5

On cowch besyd the fyre scho fatt,
 God wait gif scho wes grit and fatt,
 Yit to be feble scho did hir fene;
 And ay scho said, Latt preif of that,
 This lang Lentern makis me lene.

10

My fair, sweit cummer, quod the tuder,
 Ye tak that nigirtnes of your muder;
 All wyne to test scho wald disdane
 Bot mavafy, scho bad nane vder;
 This lang Lentern makis me lene.

15

Cummer, be glaid both evin and morrow.
 Thocht ye fuld bayth beg and borrow,

Fra our lang fastring ye yow refrene,
And latt your husband dre the sorrow;
This lang Lantern makis me lene.

20

Your counsale, cummer, is gud, quod scho,
All is to tene him that I do,
In bed he is nocth wirth a bene';
Fill sow the glas and drynk me to;
This lang Lentern makis me lene.

25

Off wyne owt of ane choppyne stowp,
They drank twa quartis, sowp and sowp,
Of drowth sic excess did thame constrene;
Be than to mend thay had gud howp;
This lang Lentroun makis me lene.

30

Quod Dumbar.

CL.

The Wowing of Jok and Jynny.

R OBEYNS Jok come to wow our Jynny,
On our feist evin quhen we wer fow;
Scho brankit fast and maid hir bony,
And said, Jok, come ye for to wow?
Scho birneift her, baith breift and brow,
And maid hir cleir as ony clok;
Than spak hir deme, and said, I trow
Ye come to wow our Jynny, Jok.

5

Fol. 137. b.

Jok said, Forsuth I yern full fane
To luk my heid, and sit down by yow;
Than spak hir modir and said agane,
My bairne hes tocher gud annwch to ge yow.

10

Te he, quod Jynny, Keik, keik, I se yow;
 Muder, yone man makis yow a mok.
 I schro the, lyar, full leis me yow,
 I come to wow your Jynny, quod Jok. 15

My berne, scho sayis, hes of hir awin,
 Ane guſſ, ane gryce, ane cok, ane hen,
 Ane calf, ane hog, ane futebraid sawin,
 Ane kirn, ane pin, that ye weill ken.
 Ane pig, ane pot, ane raip thair ben,
 Ane fork, ane flaike, ane reill, ane rok,
 Dischis and dublaris nine or ten;
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok? 20

Ane blanket, and ane wecht also,
 Ane schule, ane scheit, and ane lang flail,¹
 Ane ark, ane almry, and laidillis two,
 Ane milk syth, with ane swyne taill,
 Ane rowsty quhittill to scheir the kail,
 Ane quheill, ane mell the beir to knok,
 Ane coig, ane caird wantand ane naill;
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok? 25

Ane furme, ane furlet, ane pott, ane pek,
 Ane tub, ane barrow, with ane quheilband,
 Ane turf, ane troch, and ane meil sek,
 Ane spurtill braid, and ane elwand.
 Jok tuk Jynny be the hand,
 And cryd ane feist, and flew ane cok,
 And maid a brydell vp alland;
 Now haif I gottin your Jynny, quod Jok. 30

Now, deme, I haif your bairne mareit,
 Suppois ye mak it nevir fa twche,
 I latt yow wit schoſſ nocht miskareit,
 It is weill kend I haif annwch;²

¹ First written *four lang flailis*.
² Originally written *gud haif I annwoch*.

Ane crukit gloyd fell our ane huch,
 Ane spaid, ane speit, ane spur, ane sok,
 Withouttin oxin I haif a pluche;
 To gang to giddir Jynny and Jok.

45

I haif ane helter, and eik ane hek,
 Ane cord, ane creill, and als ane cradill,
 Fyve fidder of raggis to stuff ane jak,
 Ane auld pannell of ane laid sadill,
 Ane pepper polk maid of a padill,
 Ane spoung, ane spindill wantand ane nok,
 Twa lusty lippis to lik ane laiddill;
 To gang to giddir Jynny and Jok.

50 Fol. 138.a.

55

Ane brechame, and twa brochis syne,
 Weill buklit with a brydill renye,
 Ane fark maid of the lynkome twyne,
 Ane gay grene cloke that will nocht stenyne,
 And yit for mister I will nocht fenye,
 Fyive hundredth fleis now in a flok;
 Call ye that nocht ane joly menye?
 To go to giddir Jynny and Jok.

60

Ane trene truncheour, ane ramehorne spone,
 Twa buttis of barkit blasnit ledder,
 All graith that ganis to hobbill schone,
 Ane thrawcruk to twyne ane tedder,
 Ane brydill, ane girth, and ane swyne bledder,
 Ane maskene fatt, ane fetterit lok,
 Ane scheip weill keipit fra ill wedder;
 To gang to giddir, Jynny and Jok.

65

70

Tak thair for my pairete of the feist,
 It is weill knawin I am weill bodin;
 Ye may nocht say my pairete is leist.
 The wyfe faid, Speid, the kail are foddin,

75

And als the laverok is fust and loddin;
 Quhen ye haif done tak hame the brok.
 The roft wes twche, sa wer thay bodin;
 Sync gaid to giddir bayth Jynny and Jok.

80

Explicit.¹

CLI.

[*O Gallandis all, I cry and call.*]

O GALLANDIS all, I cry and call,
 Keip strenth quhill that ye haif it;
 Repent ye fall quhen ye ar thrall,
 Fra tyme that dub be lavit.

With wantoun yowth thocht ye be cowth,
 With curage he on lost,
 Suppois girt growth cum in your mowth,
 Be war drynk nocth our oft.

Tak bot at list suppois ye thirst,
 Your mowth at lafer cule;
 In mynd solist weill to resist,
 Langer lefis yeir nor Yule.

5

10

Fol. 138. b.

Thocht ye ryd soft, cast nocth ouer oft
 Your speir in to the reift;
 With stuse uncoft sett vpoun lost,
 Anwch is evin a feift.

15

In luvis grace suppois ye trace,
 Thinkand your fell abone,

¹ *Quod* Clerk has been written here, but afterwards erased.

Ye ma percais cast daweifs efs,
And swa be lothit sone.

20

Fra tyme ye stank in to the bank,
And drypoynt puttis in play,
Ye tyne the thank, man, hald ane hank,
Or all be past away.

Fra thow ryn towme, als I presowme,
Thow hes bayth skaith and skorn,
The to confowme with fir allowme,
That bound may be forborne.

25

Far in that play, gif I suth say,
Gud will is nocht allowit;
Gife thow nocht may, ga way, ga way,
Than art thow all forhowit.

30

Considerance hes no lovance,
Fra thow be bair thair ben;
At that semlance is no plefance,
Quhen pithleis is thy pen.

35

Quhen thow hes done thy dett abone,
Forfochin in the feild,
Scho will fay sone, Gett the ane spone,
Adew baith speir and scheild.

40

Fra thow inlaikis to lay on straikis,
Fra hyne, my sone, adew;
Than thy rowme waikis ane vder taikis,
That solace to perfew.

Quhill branys ar big abone to lig,
Gud is in tyme to ceifs;
To tar and tig, syne grace to thig,
That is ane petous preifs.

45

Thairfoir be war, hald the on far,
 Sic chaif wair for to pryis;
 To tig and tar, syne get the war,
 It is evill merchandyis.

50

Mak thou na vant our oft to hant
 In places dern thair down;
 Fra tyme thou want, that stuff is skant,
 To borrow in the town.

Fol. 139. a.

55

Few honour wynnys in to that innys,
 For schutting at the schellis;
 Out of thair schynnis the substance rynnys,
 Thay gett no genyell ellis.

60

In tyme latt be, I counfall the,
 Use noct that offerand stok;
 Quhen thay the se thyay bleir thyne e,
 And makis at the anc mok.

65

Thocht thou suppois haif at thy choifs,
 I reid the for the nanis,
 Keip stuff in poifs, tyne nocth thy hoifs,
 Wair nocth all in that wanis.

Fra tyme scho se vndir thyne e,
 The brawin away doun muntis,
 Than game and gle ganis nocth for the,
 Thow man, latt be sic huntis.

70

Fra thow luk chest, adew that faist,
 To hunt in to that schaw,
 Quhen on that beist at thy requeist,
 Thy kennettis will nocth kaw.

75

Within that stowp fra tyme thow sowp,
 And wirdis to be sweir,

And makis a stōp quhen they fuld hop,
Adew the thrifflī deir.

80

Thairfoir albeid thy houndis haif speid,
To ryn our oft latt be;
In thy maist neid, sum tyme but dreid,
Thay will rebutit be.

Ouer oft to hound in vnkowth ground,
Thow ma tak vp vnbaittit;
Thairfoir had bound thocht scho be found,
Or dreid thy doggis be slaittit.

85

Scho is nocht ill that sittis still,
Persewit in the fait;
That beift scho will gif the thy fill,
Quhill thow be evin chakmaït.

90

Suppois thow renge our all the grenge,
And feik baith syk and swche,
Till will scho menge and mak it strenge,
And gif the evin anwche.

95 Fol. 139. b.

Thair with awyiss suppois scho ryiss,
Laich vndir thy fute,
Bot thow be wyiſs, scho will suppryiss
Thy houndis and thame rebute.

100

In tyme abyd, the feildis ar wyde,
I counſall the, gude bruder;
Evill is the gyd that faillis but tyde,
Syne rakles is the ruder.

Hunttaris, adew, gif ye persew
To hunt at every beift,
Ye will it rew, thair is anew,
Thairto haif ye no haift.

105

With anc O and ane I,
 Ye huntaris all and sum,
 Quhen best is play, pass hame away,
 Or dreid war eftir cum.

110

Quoth Balnevis.

The Flyting betuix the Sowtar and the Tailour.

CLII.

[*Thow leiss, Loun, thow leiss.*]

THOW leiss, loun, thow leiss,
 Yone are sowttaris that thow seifs,
 Law kneiland on thair kneifs,
 Thair godis till adorne.
 Be Sanct Garnega that grym gaist,
 To heir hair hairnes in haist,
 Of moltin tauche thay tak a test,
 On Monondays at morn.

5

To hald thame helsum at hairt.
 Sum of vly spewis ane quairt,
 Sum ane pynt to his pairt,
 Off fowl sowttar blek.
 Sum sittis and sum fewis,
 Vthir sum vly spewis,
 Bot he keipis weill his kewifs,
 Spowttis in his marrowis nek.

10

15

Of moltin tawch quhen they want,
 Sir Garnyga will gif ane gant,
 And spew ane pynt at a pant,
 Off fowl vly ba.

20

Wald every man do as I,
 Quhan evir we saw thame we fuld cry,
 Fy on thame, fy, fy,
 Out fowll Garniga.

Explicit.

CLIII.

[*Fals clatterand Kensy, kuckald Knaif.*]

FALSS clatterand kensy, kuckald knaif,
 Blasphemand baird in thy backbytting,
 Off me thow fall an answer haif;
 Cum furth, sowmart, and face thy flytting.
 War nor ane warlo in thy wrytting,
 Thow Sathanas feid ay sett to evill,
 Mandrag, mymmerkyn and mismaid mytting,
 I fall the counger lyk the Devill.

5 Fol. 140. a.

Fy on the telyour that never wes trew,
 Fra claith weill can thow clyth ane clownt;
 Of stowin stommokis baith reid and blew,
 Ane bagfow anis thow bur abowt.
 They fallowit the with cry and schowt,
 Ha, hald the theif that stall the claith;
 Thow wilbe hangit, haif thou no dowt,
 For mony presumptouſſ forſworn aith.

10

15

Amangis the wyffis it falbe wittin,
 Thow wes ane knakcatt in the way,
 For lowfy feims that thow haft bittin,
 Thy gwmis are giltin quhair evir thow gay.

20

Thy cowche is on a fonk of stray,
 Peild priclouds of ane pudding pryce,
 Breik bowchour on ane sonny bray;
 Wa worth the, waiflour, wirriar of lyce.

Thow yeid with elwand, scheir and thymmill, 25
 Full mony a day feikand thy craft;
 For halspennyis thy hand yeidnymmill,
 Gritt bladis and bittis thow stall full aft.
 Quha delt with the thay wer fow daft,
 For on thy bak, as all men kennis, 30
 Wer brokin full mony ane gud ax schaft,
 For wrangus geir of vthir menis.

Thy wyif wount ane man scho gatt,
 Of the quhen that thow wes weill brankit,
 And scho gat but ane cur knakcatt, 35
 Ane fowl taid cairle, all tailyour schankit.
 For clayis that thow mismaid and mankit,
 Thow dar nocht dwell quhair thow wes born;
 Yit estirwart thow falbe thankit,
 Betuix Kirkcaldy and Kingorne. 40

Explicit.

CLIV.

To the Sowtar.

THOU leis, loun, be this licht,
 Yone ar sowttaris be sicht,
 With hiddous hoist vpoun hicht,
 Herkin and heir.

Tha blaifit, bla, bubbly baggis,
 Tha monstrows mandraggis
 Wall myre ane studfull of staggis,
 And fle thame throw beir.

5 Fol. 140. b.

Thair brym beir and thair boist,
 To heir sa hairyly thay hoist,
 In to the cranra and frot,
 Tha freikis ar sa fant.

10

The sowttaris of this toun,
 Off vly blek and talloun,
 Ilk ane ane round galloun,
 Thay gif at ane gant.

15

Quhen thair ganting is gane,
 Thay gaip, thay glour, thay grane,
 To heir the mvrnyng and the mane
 They mak quhen they meit.

20

Thair teith fo bawths and bluntis,
 For cumring off cow cuntis,
 And sreting of yawd fruntis,
 Thay yowyll and thay greit.

Thay greit ay glewand in glitt,
 Thay host, thay spew, thay spitt,
 As thay war woid out of witt,
 Thay vary thair weird.

25

The laich ledder thay litt,
 Oft in tene thay it titt,
 And in sorrow ay thay sitt,
 Bowdin and bleird.

30

Thay boldin blerit bawch blobbis,
 Vncunnand catyvis, curst crobbis,
 Fast vnfrely fowl flobbis,
 And bubillis full lyk.

35

I dreid thir folkis do it fynd,
 Thay haif the hurle ay behind,
 The stynk that thay mak in the wind
 Will Flanderis infeck.

40

Infeck Flanderis and fyle,
 And abowt mony a myle,
 Kulroſs, Karrik and Kyle,
 Linlythgw and Lude.
 Fra sons and feill we thame fyle,
 And givis thame aunc hie style,
 Off all the wold the most vyle,
 Schortly to conclude.

45

Your girnand god, grit Garnega,
 For butis and schone that ye deir fell.
 In to this wold mot wirk yow wa,
 Sync haif yow harlottis vnto Hell,
 To sitt in to that sutty fell,
 With Sathan in that deip dungeoun.
 We fall pray for yow be the¹ bell,
 Sa that this derth ye will put doun;
 Do ye nocht this,
 Hairtly to pray,
 Be God verrey,
 That ye nevir gay
 To Hevins bliss.

50

Fol. 141.3

55

60

Quod Stewart.

Answer to this foirsaid in folio 144.

¹ MS. has *the* repeated.

CLV.

[*In Somer quhen Flouris will smell.*]

IN somer quhen flouris will smell,
As I sure our fair feildis and fell,
Allone I wanderit by ane well,
On Weddinsday;
I met a cleir vndir kell,
A weilsaird may.

5

Scho had ane hatt vpoun hir heid,
Off claver cleir bayth quhyt and reid,
With catclukis strynklit in that steid,
And fynkill grene;
Wit ye weill to weir that weid
Wald weill hir feme.

10

Ane pair of beidis abowt hir thrott,
Ane Agnus Day with nobill nott,
Jyngland weill with mony joitt,
War singand doun;
It wes full ill to synd ane moit
Vpoun hir goun.

15

Alfs sone as I that schene cowth se,
I halosit hir with haire maist fre;
I luve yow leill, and nocht to le,
Wald ye me lane?
Out hay, quod scho, My joy, latt be,
Ye speik in vane.

20

Quhat is the thing that ye wald haif?
Na thing bot a kifs I craif,
As I that luvis yow our the laif,
Wald ye me trow.

25

Gif that yow may of sorrow saif,
Cum tak it now.

30

Than kisst I hir ainis or twyifs,
And scho to gruntill as a gryifs;
Allace! quod scho, I am vnwyifs,
That is so meik;
It is¹ lyk that ye had eitin pyifs,
Ye are so sweit.

35

My hatt is youris of proper dett.
And on my heid scho cowth it sett,
Than in my armes I cowth hir plett,
And scho to thraw.
Allace! quod scho, ye gar me fwett,
Ye wirk so flaw.

40

Than doun we fell bayth in feir.
Allace! quod scho, that I come heir,
I trow this labour I may yow leir,
Thocht I be ying;
Yit I feir I fall by full deir,
Your sweet kissing.

45 Fol. 141.b.

Quhen I was grathit in hir geir,
Scho said scho comptit me nocht a peir.
Sen ye haif wonnyn me on weir,
Do furth at anis.
Thairwith I schot be neth hir scheir,
Deip to the stanis.

50

Than to ly still scho wald nocht blin.
Allace! said scho, my awin sweit thing,
Your courtly fukking garis me fling,
Ye wirk so weill;

55

¹ MS. has *It ss.*

I fall yow cuver quhen that ye clyng,
So haif I feill.

60

Sen ye stummer nocth for my skippis,
Bot hold your taikill by my hippis,
I byd a quasill of your quhippis,
Thocht it be mirk;
Bot and ye will, I schrew the lippis,
That first fall irk.

65

Als sone as we our deid had done,
Scho reiss sone vp and askit hir schone,
Als tyrd as scho had weschin a spone.
To yow I say,
This aventur anis to me come,
On Weddinsday.

70

Explicit.

CLVI.

Sum Practysis of Medecyne.

GUK, guk, gud day, schir, gaip quhill ye get it,
Sic greting may gane weill gud laik in your hude;
Ye wald deir me, I trow, becaus I am dottit,
To ruffill me with a ryme, na, schir, be the rude,
Your saying I haif sene, and on syd set it,
As geir of all gaddring, glaikit nocth gude; 5
Als your medicyne by mesour I haif meit met it,
The quhilk I stand ford ye nocth vnderstude,
Bot wrett on as ye culd to gar folk wene;

3 D

For feir my lougis wes flast,
Or I wes dottit or dast,
Gife I can ocht of the craft,
 Heir be it sene.

10

Becaus I ken your cunnyng in to cure
Is clowtit and clampit and nocht weill cleird,
My prettik in pottingary ye trow be als pure,
And lyk to your lawitnes, I schrew thame that leid;
Is nowdir fevir, nor fell, that our the seild fure,
Seiknes nor fairnes in tyme gif I seid,
Bot I can libthame and leichethame fra lame and lesure,
With sawis thame found mak: on your faule beid
That ye be sicker of this fedull I send yow,
With the suthfast feggis,
That glean all egeis,
With Dia and dreggis,
 Of malis to mend yow.

Fol. 142.a.

25

Dia Culcakit.

Cape cuk maid and crop the collerige,
Ane medecyne for the maw and ye cowth mak it,
With sueit satlingis and sowrokis the sop of the sege.
The crud of my culome, with your teith crakit;
Lawrean and linget seid, and the luffage,
The hair of the hurcheoun nocht half deill hakkit,
With the snowt of ane felch, ane swelling to swage;
This cure is callit in our craft Dia Culcakkit.
Put all thir in ane pan with pepper and pik,
Syn fottin to this,
The count of ane sow kifs,
Is nocht bettir I wifs,
 For the collik.

35

30

Dia Longum.

Recipe: thre ruggis of the reid ruke,
 The gant of ane gray meir, the claike of ane guis,
 The dram of ane drekters, the douk of ane duke,
 The gaw of ane grene dow, the leg of ane lowis,
 Fyve vnce of ane fle wing, the fyn of ane fluke,
 With ane fleisfull of flak that growis in the flus:
 Myng all thir in ane maf with the mone cruke;
 This vntment is ryght ganand for your awin vs,
 With reid nettill feid in strang wesche to steip,
 For to bath your ba cod,
 Quhen ye wald nop and nod,
 Is nocht bettir, be God,
 To latt yow to sleip.

40

45

50

Dia Glaconicon.

This Dia is ryght deir and denteit in daill,
 Causis it is trest and trew, thairfoir that ye tak
 Sevin sobbis of ane felche, the quhidder of ane quhaill,
 The lug of ane lempet is nocht to forsaik,
 The harnis of ane haddok, hakkit or haill,
 With ane bustfull of blude of the scho bak,
 With ane brewing caldrun full of hait caill,
 For it wilbe the sostar and fweittar of the fmak;
 Thair is nocht sic ane lechecraft fra Lawdian to Lundin;
 It is clippit in our cannon
 Dia Glecolicon,
 For till fle awaye son,

Quhair fulis ar fundin.

65

Dia Custrum.

The ferd feisik is fyne, and of ane felloun pryce,
 Gud for haifing, and hosting, or heit at the hairt.

Fol. 142. b.

Recipe: thre sponfull of the blak spyce,
 With ane grit gowpene of the gowk fart;
 The lug of ane lyoun, the guse of ane gryce; 70
 Ane vnce of ane oster poik at the nether parte,
 Annoyntit with nurice doung, for it is rycht nyce.
 Myngit with mysedirt and with mustart:
 Ye may clamp to this cure, and ye will mak cost,
 Bayth the bellox of ane brok, 75
 With three crawis of the cok,
 The schadow of ane yule stok,
 Is gud for the host.

Gud nycht, guk, guk, for sa I began,
 I haif no come at this tyme langer to tary, 80
 Bot luk on this lettir, and leird gif ye can,
 The prectik and poyntis of this pottingary;
 Sir, minister this medecyne at evin to sum man,
 And, or pryme be past, my powder I pary,
 They fall bliss yow or ellis bittirly yow ban; 85
 For it fall fle thame, in faith, out of the fary:
 Bot luk quhen ye gadder thir gressis and gerfs,
 Outhir sawrand or four,
 That it be in ane gud our;
 It is ane mirk mirrour, 90
 Ane vthir manis erfs.

Quod Mr. Ro^t Henrysone.

CLVII.

[*Sym of Lyntoun, be the Ramis Horn.*]

SYM of Lyntoun, be the ramis horn,
 Quhen Phebus rang in sing of Capricorn,

And the mone wes past the gussis cro,
 Thair fell in France ane jeperdie forlo,
 Be the grit kin of Babilon, Berdok,
 That dwelt in symmer in till ane bowkaill stok;
 And in to winter, quhen the frostis are fell,
 He dwelt for cauld in till a cokkil schell;
 Kingis vfit nocht to weir clayis in tha dayis,
 Bot yeid naikit as myne auctor sayis.

5

Weill cowd he play in clarschocht and on lute,
 And bend ane aiprim bow, and nipschot schute,
 He wes ane stalwart man of hairet and hand;
 He wowit the golk sevin yeir of maryland,
 Mayiola, and scho wes bot yeiris thre,
 Ane bony bird and had bot ane e;
 Neuirtheleſ king Berdok luvit hir weill,
 For hir foirfute wes langar than hir heill.

10

The King Berdok he fure our ſe and land,
 To reveis Mayok the golk of maryland,
 And nane with him bot ane bow and ane bowtt;
 Syne hapnit him to cum amang the nowtt,
 And as this Berdok about him cowd espy,
 He faw Mayok milkand his mvderis ky,
 And in ane creill vpoun hir bak hir keſt;

Fol. 143.a.

20

Quhen he come hame it wes ane howlat neſt,

Full of ſkait birdis, and than this Berdok grett,

And ran agane Meyok for to gett.

25

The King of Fary hir fader than blew out,

And focht Berdok all the land abowt,

30

And Berdok fled in till a killogy;

Thair wes no grace bot gett him or ellis die.

Thair wes the kingis of Pechtis and Portingaill,

The king of Naippillis and Navern alhaill,

With bowis and brandis with segis they vmbefet him,

35

Sum bad tak, sum flay, sum bad byd quhill thayget him;

Thay ſtellit gunis to the killogy laich,

And proppit gunis with bulettis of raw daich.
 Than Jupiter prayit to god Saturn,
 In liknes of ane tod he wald him turn;
 Bot sone the gratiouſ god Mercurius
 Turnit Berdok in till ane braikane busſ;
 And quhen thay saw the busſ waig to and fra,
 Thay trowd it wes ane gaift, and thay to ga;
 Thir fell kingis thus Berdok wald haif flane,
 All this for lufe, luveris ſufferis pane;
 Boece ſaid, of poyettis that wes flour,
 Thocht lufe be ſweit, aft ſyiſ it is full four.

40

45

Explicit.

CLVIII.

[*I met my lady weil arrayit.*]

I MET my lady weil arrayit,
 I halſit hir all vnaffreyit;
 Scho wald nocht ſpeik to me, as than
 Scho blenkit on fyd and ſone ſcho ſayit,
 Quhois aw yone man?

5

I ſaid to hir, my lady deir,
 I am and wes your prefoneir,
 With all the feruice that I can.
 At ane besyd syn cowth ſcho ſpeir,
 Ken ye yon man?

10

Haif ye ſo ſone foryet¹ my name,
 And all my feruice tynt bygane?

¹ MS. has *foyet*.

Allace! the tyme I may fair ban.
Be still, quod scho, greit nocth for schame;
Quhat wald ye, man?

Fol. 143.b.

15

Your strangenes fair dois truble me,
Quhill that I am in poynt to de;
Sen first to luse yow I began,
I ken your wurdis ar fals and fle;
Ga glaik yow, man.

20

Quha is this in my ledder so lait,
A strange man gane by the gait?
I schrew yow, for na gud ye cam;
Ye handill me, quhill I am hait;
Quhair ar ye, man?

25

Quhat neids yow girtly for to speir,
Feill ye nocth me and I so neir?
I am nocth fra your hairt a span,
I knew your labour is soft and sweir;
Put fra yow, man.

30

He sayis, maistres, I haif gon mifs,
And I durst tell yow how it is.
Quoth scho, Me thocht ye dwelt to lang;
Now tak yow all that evir thair is;
Be blyth, yung man.

35

Trow ye thus gait me to trane?
I fe your labour is all in vane.
I man hald to als a woman,
Or ye haif endit ye wilbe gane;
Haif at yow, man.

40

Quhen he had done he lichtit doun,
To ryd his way he maid him boun.

I SAW, ME THOCHT, THIS HINDER NYCHT.

Scho sayis to him, Be sweit Sanct An,
Me think ye ar in poynt to soun;
Ye dow nocht, man.

45

Explicit.

CLIX.

[*I saw, me thocht, this hindir Nycht.*]

I SAW, me thocht, this hindir nycht,
A squyar and ane madin bricht,
Vn till a chalmer fast thame sped,
Bot ony vthir erdly wicht,
Allone to mak the lairdis bed.

5

Quhen that the bed wes reddy maid,
He braist hir in his armes, and said,
Wald ye your schankis lat me sched,
Ye fuld be myne, and thairin laid,
And we durst spill the lairdis bed.

10

He put his hand in at hir spair,
And grifpit downward, ye wait quhair
Quhen he com to moste wald tem be fed?
For ded he was, and was fair
Avys, he durst spill the lairdis bed.

15

For spair the hand, it was a parise,
Quhen he com to bed will nocht be fay.

For 14

And I had yow in sum vthir place,
That I micht speik, and no thing spair.
Quod scho, Ye ma haif me vnled,
Suppois it war ane myill and mair,
With yow to spill the lairdis bed.

25

Yit I wald draw yow doun, he fayis,
Wer nocth for fylng of your clayis.
Quhat rek? quod scho, I am weill cled;
Ye ar our red for windil strayis,
That dar nocth spill the lairdis bed.

30

Thair wes na bowk in till his breik;
His doingis wes nocth wirth a leik.
Fy on him, sowmart, now is he fled,
And left the madin swownyng feik,
And durst nocth spill the lairdis bed.

35

Explicit.

CLX.

[*Rycht fane wald I my Quentans mak.*]

RYCHT fane wald I my quentans mak
With Schir Penny; and wat ye quhy?
He is a man will vndertak
Landis for to fell and by;
Thairfoir, me think, rycht fane wald I,
With him in felloschip to repair,
Becaus he is in company
Ane noble gyd bayth laid and air.

5

3 E

Sir Penny for till hald in hand,
 His cumpany thay think so sweit,
 Sum givis na cair to sell his land,
 With gud Schir Penny for to meit;
 Becaups he is a noble spreit,
 Ane firthy man, and ane foirseand;
 Thair is no mater to end compleit,
 Quhill he sett to his feill and hand.

10

Sir Penny is a vailycant man,
 Off mekle strenth and dignitic,
 And evir sen the warlde began,
 In to this land autoreist is he;
 With King and Quene may ye nocht se,
 Thay treit him ay so tendirly,
 That thair can na thing endit be,
 Without him in thair cumpany.

15

Fol. 144. b.

Sir Penny is a man of law,
 Witt ye weill, bayth wyifs and war,
 And mony ressonis can furth schaw,
 Quhen he is standand at the bar;
 Is nane so wyifs can him defar,
 Quhen he proponis furth ane ple,
 Nor yit sa hardy man that dar
 Sir Penny tyne or dissobey.

25

30

Sir Penny is baith scherp and wyifs,
 The kirkis to steir he takkis on hand;
 Disponar he is of benefyifs,
 In to this realme, our all the land;
 Is non so wicht dar him ganestand,
 So wyifly can Schir Penny wirk,
 And als Schir Symony his ferwand,
 That now is gydar of the kirk.

35

40

Gif to the courte thou makis repair,
And thou haif materis to proclaime,
Thow art vnable weill to fair,
Sir Penny and thou leif at hame;
To bring him furth thynk thou na schame, 45
I do the weill to vndirstand;
In to thy bag beir thou his name,
Thy mater cumis the bettir till hand.

Sir Penny now is maid ane owlle,
Thay wirk him mekle tray and tene, 50
Thay hald him in quhill he hair mowle,
And makis him blind of baith his ene;
Thairwt he is bot seyndill sene,
Sa fast thairin thay can him steik,
That pure commownis can noct obtene
Ane dey to byd with him to speik. 55

CLXI.

The Sowtar inveyand aganis the Telyeour sayis.

Q UHEN I come by yone telyeouris stall,
I saw ane lowis creipand vp his wall;
Snop, quod the telyeour, snap, quod the scheiris,
Cokkis bownis, quod the lowis, I haif lost mine eiris.

Ane vder.

Betuix twa foxis a crawling cok, 5
Betuix two freiris a maid in hir smok,
Betuix twa cattis a mowis,
Betuix twa telyeouris a lowis;

Schaw me, gud schir, nocht as a stranger,
Quhilk of thais four is grittest in denger?

10

Ansuer.

Fol. 145.2.

Foxis ar fell at crawling cokkis,
Freiris ar ferss at maidis in thair smokkis,
Cattis ar cawtelus in taking of myifs,
Telycouris ar tyrranis in kelling of lyifs.

Explicit.

CLXII.

[*He that hess na Will to wirk.*]

HE that hess na will to wirk;
Nor luvis nocht God nor haly kirk;
And hes no gudis for to spend;
Nor yit no freyndis, that will him mend;
And als no rentis, quhairon to leif; 5
And will nocht beg, thocht men wald geif;
And fyne is fund bayth fatt and fair;
How fall he byde the iustice air?

Explicit.

CLXIII.

[*And thow be drunkin thow suld nocht think.*]

AND thow be drunkin thow suld nocht think,
To sett the wytt vpoun the drynk;

Nor sett nocht the blame vpoun the wyne,
Gif thow it drinkis the wytt is thyne.

Explicit.

CLXIV.

[*Thair wes ane Channone in this Toun.*]

THAI R wes anc channone in this toun,
He had ane kaip and that wes broun;
He gaif it ane ja hir for to jaip,
And scho wes yaip, and tuk the kaip,
And of the same scho maid ane goun.

5

Explicit.

CLXV.

[*Quha hes gud Malt and makis ill Drynk.*]

QUHA hes gud malt and makis ill drynk,
Wa mot be hir werd;
I pray to God scho rott and stynk,
Sevin yeir abone the erd;
Abowt hir beir na bell to clynk, 5
Nor clerk sing, lawid nor lerd;
Bot quytt to hell that scho may sink,
The taptre quhyll scho steird.
This beis my prayer
For that man fleyar,
Quhill Christ in Hevin fall heird.

10

Quha brewis and gevis me of the best,
 Sa it be stark and staill,
 Quhyt and cleir, weill to degest,
 In Hevin meit hir that aill.
 Lang mot scho leif, lang mot scho left,
 In lyking ane gude faill;
 In Hevin or erd that wyfe be best,
 Without barcett or bail.
 Quhen scho is deid,
 Withowttin pleid,
 Scho pafs to Hevin all hail.

15

Fol. 145. b.

20

Quod Allanis subdert.

Followis Sym and his Brudir.

CLXVI.

[*Thair is no Story that I of heir.*]

THAIR is no story that I of heir
 Of Johine nor Robene Hude,
 Nor yit of Wallace wicht but weir,
 That me thinkis half so gude,
 As of thir palmaris twa but peir,
 To heir how thay conclude;
 In to begging, I trow, fyve yeir
 In Sanct Androis thay stude
 Togidder,
 Bayth Sym and his bruder.

5

10

Thocht thay war wicht, I warrand yow
 Thay had no will to wirk;

Thay maid thame burdownis nocth to bow,
 Twa bewis of the birk,
 Weill stobbit with steill, I trow.
 To stik in to the mirk;
 Bot sen thair bairdis grew on thair mow,
 They saw nevir the Kirk
 Within,
 Nowthir Sym nor his bruder.

15

20

Syne schupe thame vp to lowp our leiss,
 Twa tabartis of the tartane;
 Thay comptit nocth quhat thair clowntis weis,
 Wes fewit thair on incertane;
 Syne clampit vp Sanct Peteris keifs,
 Bot of ane auld reid gartane;
 Sanct James schellis on the tothir syd fleuis,
 As pretty as ony pertane
 Ta,
 On Sym and his bruder.

25

30

Thus quhen thai had reddit thair ragis,
 To Rome thay war inspyrit;
 Tuk vp thair jaipis and all thair jaggis,
 Fure furth as thay war hyrit;
 And ay the eldest bure the baggis,
 Quhen that the yungeft tyrit;
 Tuk counsell at Kinkellis craggis,
 Come hame as thay war hyrit
 Agane,
 Bath Sim and his bruther.

35

40

Than held thay houfs, as men me tellis,
 And spendit of thair feis;
 Quhen meit wes weit thay flew our fellis,
 Als bifly as ony beis;

Fol. 146.a.

Syne clenigit Sanct Jameis schellis,
 And pecis of palme treis;
 To se quha best the pardone spellis.
 I schrew thame that ay leifs
 But lauchter,
 Quod Syme to his bruder.

45

Quhen thay wer welthfull in thair wynning,
 Thay pust thame vp in pryd,
 Bot quhair that Symy levit in synnyng.
 His bruder wald haif ane bryd.
 Hir wedoheid fra the begynning
 Wes neir ane moneth tyd;
 Gif scho wes spedy ay in spynning,
 Tak witness of thame besyd
 Ilk ane,
 Baith Sym and his bruder.

55

The carlis thay thikkit fast in cludis,
 Agane the man was mareit,
 With breid and beif and vthir budis,
 Sym to the kirk thay kareit;
 Bot or thay twynd him and his dudis,
 The tymc of none wes tareit;
 Wa worth this wedding, for be thir widis,
 The meit is all miskareit
 To day,
 Quod Sym and his bruder.

65

70

Our all the houſſ, be lyne and levall,
 The ladis come to luk him,
 To tak a justing of that javell,
 The bryd woundt nocht to bruk him;
 Thay maneift him with mony nevell,
 Than Symme raifs and schuk him;

75

I cleme to clergy, quod the cavell,
How dar thow cum to luk him
Yondir,
Quod Sum and his bruder.

80

With that the carle begowth to crak,
Glowrit vp and gaf a glufe;
His beird it wes als lang and blak,
That it hang our his moif;
He wes als lang vpoun the bak,
As evir wes Angus Dufe;
He sayis, This justing I vndirtak,
My coit is of gud stufse,
Call to,

85

Quod Sym and his bruder.

90

He hoppit sa mycht na man hald him,
Said, Blame me bot I bind him;
I fall ourtak him, and that I tald him,
In yone feild, gife I fynd him.
On his gray meir fast furth thay cald him,
The flokis flew furth behind him,
Thay daschit him doun, the dirt ourhaild him,
Than start thay to and tird him
Tycht,

95

Baith Sym and his bruder.

100

Than brak he lowfs, the hors that bair him
Ran startling to Stratyrum,
And he gat vp, and Symme fwair him,
Ye meit nocht bot ye myr him;
Off that fowl courfs for to declair him,
The cairlis come to requyr him,
Than all the laddis tryd with a lairrum,
To flud him and to flyr him
Bayth,

105

Quod Sym and his bruder.

110

This was no bordene to brown Hill,
 That gatt betwene the browis,
 And had no thing ado thairtill,
 As mony vder trowis;
 Bot come furth on his awin gud will,
 To squyar Johine of Mowis,
 He gatt ane sit vp in the schill,
 And that the laddis allowis
 Ilk anc,

To Syme and his bruder.

115

Yob Symmer was the stirreman,
 Was nolthird of the toun,
 He said, I will just as I can,
 Sen he is strickin doun.
 He gatt twa plaitis of ane awld pan,
 Ane breistplait maid him boun;

The first rynk raif his mowth a span,
 And thair he fell in swoun

Almaist,

Bayth Sym and his bruder.

125

Doun fra the leggis quhen he wes laist,
 He maid a peteouſ panting,
 He swownit and he swel Almaist,
 For gaping and for ganting.
 Abyd, quod the leich, I sc a waist,

His wrangtwth is in wanting,
 God saif him, and the Haly Gaist,

And keip the man fra manting

Mekle,

Quod Suym and his bruder.

135

Fol. 147.a.

His mowth wes schent and fa forschorne,
 Held nowdir wind nor watter,
 Fair weill all blast of blawing horne,
 He mycht nocth do bot blatter.

140

He endis the story with harme forlorne;
The nolt begowth till skatter,
The ky ran startling to the corne;
Wa worth the tyme thow gat hir
Now,
Quod Symme till his bruder.

145

150

Explicit.¹

CLXVII.

[*It that I gife I haif, it that I len I craif.*]

I T that I gife I haif, it that I len I craif,
It that I spend is myne, it that I leif I tyne;
Gett and saif, and thou fall haif;
Len and grant, and thou fall want.
Quha in welth takis no heid,
He fall haif falt in tyme of neid;
Quhen I len I am a freynd,
And quhen I craif I am vnyknd;
Thus of my freynd I mak a fo,
I schrew me and I moir do so.
A yong man chiftane, witlefs;
A pure man spendar, getles;
A auld man trechour, trewthlefs;
A woman lowpar, landlefs.
Be Sanct Jeill, fall nevir ane of thir do weill.
Tak tyme in tyme, and nocht diffar;
Quhen tyme is past ye ma do war.
Almighty God, grant till our king,
Sic grace that he in vertew ring,

5

10

15

¹ The author's name has been effaced here.

Sa that this realme ay gydit be
 With justice, peax and dignite.
 Bettir is to suffer, and fortoun abyd,
 Than haistely to clym, and foddonly to flyd.

20

Quod quhay to quhome.

CLXVIII.

*The Flyting of Dumbar and Kennedie.
 Heir efter followis jocound and mirrie.*

[*Dumbar to Kennedy.*]

SCHIR Johine the Ross, ane thing thair is compild,
 In generale be Kennedy and Quinting,
 Quhilk hes thame self aboif the sternis styld;
 Bot had thay maid of mannace ony mynting,
 In speciall sic stryse sould ryss but stytning; 5
 Howbeit with bost thair brciftis wer als bendit,
 As Lucifer that fra the Hevin discendit,
 Hell sould nocht hyd thair harnis fra harmis hynting.

Fol. 147.b.

The erd sould trymbill, the firmament sould schaik,
 And all the air in vennaum fuddane stink, 10
 And all the diuillis of hell for redour quaik,
 To heir quhat I suld wryt with pen and ynk;
 For and I flyt, sum sege for schame sould sink,
 The fe sould birn, the mone sould thoill ecclippis,
 Rochis sould ryfe, the warld sould hald no grippis, 15
 Sa loud of cair the commoun bell sould clynk.

Bot wondir laith wer I to be ane baird,
 Flyting to vse, for gritly I eschame,

THE FLYTING OF DUMBAR AND KENNEDIE.

421

For it is nowthir wynnyng nor reward,
Bot tinsale baith of honour and of fame, 20
Increis of sorrow, sklander and evill name;
Yit mycht thay be sa bald in thair bakbytting,
To gar me ryme and raifs the Feynd with flytting,
And throw all cuntrieis and kinrikis thame proclaime.

Quod Dumbar to Kennedy.

[*Kennedy to Dumbar.*]

Dirtin Dumbar, quhome on blawis thow thy boist, 25
Pretendand the to wryte sic skaldit skrowis?
Ramowd rebald, thow fall doun att the roist,
My laureat lettres at the and I lowis.
Mandrag, mymmerkyn, maid maister bot in mows,
Thryfs scheild trumpir with ane threid bair goun; 30
Say, Deo mercy, or I cry the doun,
And leif thy ryming, rebald, and thy rowis.

Dreid, dirtfast dearch, that thow hes diffobeyit
My couising Quintene, and my commissar;
Fantastik fule, trest weill thow salbe fleyit; 35
Ignorant elf, aip, owll irregular,
Skaldit skaitbird, and commoun skamelar,
Wan fukkit sunling that natour maid ane yrle,
Baith Johine the Ross and thow fall squeill and skirle,
And evir I heir ocht of your making mair. 40

Heir I put sylence to the in all pairtis,
Obey and ceifs the play that thow pretendis;
Waik walidrag, and werlot of the cairtis,
Se fone thow mak my commissar amendis, Fol. 148. a.
And lat him lay fax leichis on thy lendis,
Meikly in recompansing of thi scorne;

Or thou fall ban the tyme that thou wes borne,
For Kennedy to the this cedull sendis.

*Quod Kennedy to Dumbar.
Fuge in the nixt quha gat the war.*

[*Dumbar to Kennedy.*]

Iersche brybour baird, wyle beggar with thy brattis,
Cuntbittin crawdoun Kennedy, coward of kynd, 50
Evill farit and dryit, as denseman on the rattis,
Lyk as the gleddis had on thy gulesnowt dynd;
Mismaid monstour, ilk mone owt of thy mynd,
Renunce, rebald, thy ryming, thou bot roysis,
Thy trechour tung hes tane ane Heland strynd, 55
Ane Lawland erfs wald mak a bettir noysis.

Revin, raggit ruke, and full of rebaldrie,
Scarth fra scorpione, scaldit in scurrilitie,
I se the haltane in thy harlotrie,
And in to vthir science no thing flie; 60
Off every vertew woyd, as men may sie,
Quytcame clergie, and cleik to the ane club,
Ane baird blasphemar, in brybrie ay to be,
For wit and woisdome ane wiſp fra the may rub.

Thow speiris, daſtard, gif I dar with the fecht; 65
Ye dagone, dowbart, thairof haif thow no dowt,
Quhair evir we meit thairto my hand I hecht,
To red thy rebald ryming with a rowt;
Throw all Bretane it falbe blawin owt,
How that thow, poyſonit pelour, gat thy paikis; 70
With ane doig leich I ſchepe to gar the ſchowt,
And nowthir to the tak knyfe, ſwerd nor aix.

Thow crop and rute of traitouris trefſonable,
The fathir and moder of morthour and mischeif,

Dissaitfull tyrand, with serpentis tung, vnstable,
Cukcald cradoun, cowart, and commoun theif;
Thow purpest for to vndo our Lordis cheif
In Paislay, with ane poysone that wes fell,
For quhilk, brybour, yit fall thow thoill a breif;
Pelour, on the I fall it preif my fell.

75

80

Thocht I wald lie, thy frawart philomony
Dois manifest thy malice to all men;
Fy! traitour theif, fy! glengoир loun, fy! fy!
Fy! feynly front, far fowler than ane fen,
My freyndis thow reprovit with thy pen;
Thow leis, tratour, quhilk I fall on the preif;
Suppois thy heid war armit tymis ten,
Thow fall recryat, or thy croun fall cleif.

Fol. 148.b.

85

Or thow durst move thy mynd malitius,
Thow saw the saill abone my heid up draw;
Bot Eolus full woid, and Neptunus,
Mirk and moneles, wes met with woundis waw;
And mony hundred myll hyne cowd ws blaw,
By Holland, Seland, Zetland and Northway coist,
In desert quhair we wer famist aw;
Yit come I hame, fals baird, to lay thy boist.

90

95

Thow callis the rethory with thy goldin lippis;
Na, glowrand, gaipand ful, thow art begyld;
Thow art bot gluntoch with thy giltin hippis,
That for thy lounry mony a leisch hes syld;
Wan wisaged widdefow, out of thy wit gane wyld,
Laithly and lowsy, als lathand as ane leik,
Sen thow with wirscep wald sa fane be styld,
Haill, souerane senyeour, thy bawis hingis throw thy breik.

100

Forworthin fule, of all the warld refuse,
Quhat ferly is thocht thow reioys to flyte?

105

Sic eloquence as thay in Erschry vse,
 In sic is sett thy thraward appetyte,
 Thow hes full littill feill of fair indyte;
 I tak on me ane pair of Lowthianc hippis 110
 Sall fairar Inglis mak, and mair parfyte,
 Than thow can blabbar with thy Carrik lippis.

Bettir thow ganis to leid ane doig to skomer,
 Pynit pykpuris pelour, than with thy maister pingill.
 Thow lay full prydles in the peiss this somer, 115
 And fane at evin for to bring hame a single,
 Syne rabbit at ane vthir auld wyfis ingle;
 But now in winter, for purteth thow art traikit,
 Thow hes na breik to latt thy bellokis gyngill;
 Beg the ane club, for, baird, thow fall go naikit. 120

Lene larbar, loungeour, baith lowsy in lisk and lonye,
 Fy! skolderit skyn, thow art bot skyre and skrumple; Fol. 149.2.
 For he that roftit Lawarance had thy grunye,
 And he that hid Sanct Johnis eue with ane wimple,
 And he that dang Sanct Augustine with ane rumple, 125
 Thy fowl front had, and he that Bartilmo flaid;
 The gallowis gaipis estir thy graceles gruntill,
 As thow wald for ane haggeis, hungry gled.

Commirwald crawdoun, na man comptis the ane kerfs,
 Sueir swappit swanky, swynekepir ay for swaittis; 130
 Thy commissar Quintyne biddis the cum kifs his erfs,
 He luvis nocht sic ane forlane loun of laittis;
 He sayis, Thow skaffis and beggis mair beir and aitis,
 Nor ony cripill in Karrik land abowt;
 Vthir pure beggaris and thow ar at debaittis, 135
 Decrepit karlingis on Kennedy cryis owt.

Matir annwche I haif, I bid nocht fenyic,
 Thocht thow, fowl trumpour, thus vpoun me leid,

Corruptit carioun, he fall I cry thy senyie;
 Thinkis thou nocht how thou cum in grit neid,
 Greitand in Galloway, lyk to ane gallow breid,
 Ramand and rolpand, beggand koy and ox;
 I saw the thair, in to thy wachmanis weid,
 Quhilk wes nocht worth ane pair of auld gray fox.

Erich Katherene, with thy polk breik and rilling, 145
 Thow and thy quene, as gredy gleddis ye gang
 With polkis to myne, and beggis baith meill and schilling,
 Thair is bot lyfs, and lang nailis yow amang:
 Fowl heggirbald, for henis thus will ye hang,
 Thow hes ane perrellus face to play with lambis; 150
 Ane thowsand kiddis, wer thay in faldis full strang,
 Thy lymmerfull luke wald fle thame and thair damis.

In till ane glen thou hes, owt of repair,
 Ane laithly luge that wes the lippir menis;
 With the ane fowtaris wyfe, off blis als bair; 155
 And lyk twa stalkaris steilis in cokis and henis,
 Thow plukkis the pultre, and scho pullis off the penis;
 All Karrik cryis, God gif this dowsy be drownd;
 And quhen thou heiris ane guse cry in the glenis,
 Thow thinkis it swetar than facrand¹ bell of sound. 160

Thow Lazarus, thou laithly lene tramort,
 To all the wold thou may example be,
 To luk vpoun thy gryfle peteous port, Fol. 149. b.
 For hiddowis, haw, and holkit is thyne e,
 Thy cheik bane bair, and blaiknit is thy ble;
 Thy choip, thy choll garris men for to leif chest; 165
 Thy gane it garris ws think that we mon de:
 I coniure the, thou hungert Heland gaist.

The larbar lukis of thy lang lene craig,
 Thy pure pynit thrott, peilit and owt of ply, 170

¹This word is very indistinct.

Thy skolderit skin, hewd lyk ane saffrone bag,
 Garris men dispyt thar flesche, thow spreit of Gy:
 Fy! feynly front, fy! tykis face, fy! fy!
 Ay loungand lyk ane loikman on ane ledder;
 [Thy ghaistly luke fleys folkis that pas the by,^{1]}] 175
 Lyk to ane stark theif glowrand in ane tedder.

Nyse nagus, nipcaik with thy schulderis narrow,
 Thow lukis lowfy, loun of lownis aw;
 Hard hurcheoun, hirpland, hippit as ane harrow,
 Thy rigbanc rattillis, and thy ribbis on raw; 180
 Thy hanchis hirklis, with hukebanis harth and haw,
 Thy laithly lymis ar lene as ony treis;
 Obey, theif baird, or I fall brek thy gaw;
 Fowl carrybald, cry mercy on thy kneis.

Thow purehippit, vgly averill, 185
 With hurkland banis, holkand throw thy hyd,
 Reisit and crynit as hangitman on hill,
 And oft beswakkit with ane ourhie tyd,
 Quhilk brewis mekle barret to thy bryd;
 Hir cair is all to clenge thy cabroch howis, 190
 Quhair thow lyis sawfy in saphron, bak and syd,
 Powderit with prymross, sawrand all with clowiffs.

Forworthin wirling, I warne the it is wittin,
 How, skyttand skarth, thow hes the hurle behind;
 Wan wraiglane wasp, ma wormiss hes thow beschittin, 195
 Nor thair is gerfs on grund, or leif on lind;
 Thocht thow did first sic foly to my fynd,
 Thow fall agane with ma witnes than I;
 Thy gulsoch gane dois on thy back it bind,
 Thy hostand hippis lattis nevir thy hofs go dry. 200

Thow held the burcht lang with ane borrowit goun,
 And ane caprowsy barkit all with sweet,

¹ This line, wanting in Bannatyne MS., is taken from Maitland MS.

And quhen the laidis saw the sa lyk a loun,
 Thay bickerit the with mony bae and bleit:
 Now vpaland thow leivis on rabbit quheit,
 Oft for ane caus thy burdclaith neidis no spredding,
 For thow hes nowthir for to drink nor eit,
 Bot lyk ane berdles baird, that had no bedding.

Fol. 150.a.

205

Strait Gibbonis air, that nevir ourstred ane horfs,
 Bla berfute berne, in bair tyme wes thow borne;
 Thow bringis the Carrik clay to Edinburgh cors
 Vpoun thy botingis, hobland hard as horne;
 Stra wispis hingis owt, quhair that the wattis ar worne.
 Cum thow agane to skar ws with thy strais,
 We fall gar scale our sculis all the to scorne,
 And stane the vp the calfay quhair thow gais.

210

215

Off Edinburcht the boyis as beis owt thrawis,
 And cryis owt, Ay, heir cumis our awin queir clerk;
 Than fleis thow, lyk ane howlat chest with crawis,
 Quhill all the bichis at thy botingis dois bark;
 Than carlingis cryis, Keip curches in the merk,
 Our gallowis gaipis, lo, quhair ane greceles gais;
 Ane vthir sayis, I see him want ane fark,
 I Reid yow, cummer, tak in your lynning clais.

220

Than rynis thow doun the gait, with gild of boyis,
 And all the toun tykis hingand in thy heilis;
 Of laidis and lownis thair ryffis sic ane noysis,
 Quhill runfyis rynnis away with cairt and quehilis,
 And cager aviris castis bayth coillis and creilis;
 For rerd of the, and rattling of thy butis,
 Fische wyvis cryis, Fy! and castis doun skillis and skeilis;
 Sum claschis the, sum cloddis the on the cutis.

225

230

Loun, lyk Mahoun, be boun me till obey,
 Theif, or in greif, mischeif fall the betyd;

Cry grace, tykis face, or I the chece and fley; 235
 Oule, rare and yowle, I fall defowll thy pryd;
 Peilit gled, baith fed, and bred of bichis syd,
 And lyk ane tyk, purfpyk, quhat man settis by the.
 Forflittin, countbittin, beschittin, barkit hyd,
 Clym ledder, fyle tedder, foule edder, I defy the. 240

Mauch muttoun, bylc buttoun, peilit gluttooun, air to Hilhou[fs];
 Rank beggar, ostir dregar, foule fleggar, in the flet; Fol. 150. b.
 Chittir lilling, ruch rilling, lik schilling in the milhoufs;
 Baird rehator, theif of nator, fals tratour, feyindis gett;
 Filling of tauch, rak sauch, cry crauch, thow art our sett; 245
 Muttoun dryver, girmall ryver, yadswyvar, fowl fell the;
 Herretyk, lunatyk, purfpyk, carlingis pet,
 Rottin crok, dirtin dok, cry cok, or I fall quell the.

Quod Dumbar to Kennedy.

[*Kennedy to Dumbar.*]

Dathanc diuillis sone, and dragone dispitous,
 Abironis birth, and bred with Beliall; 250
 Wod werwoif, worme, and scorpion vennemous,
 Luciferis laid, fowl feyindis face infernall;
 Sodomyt, syphareit fra sanctis celestiali,
 Put I nocht sylence to the, schiphird knaif,
 And thow of new begynis to ryme and raif, 255
 Thow falbe maid blait, bleir eit bestiali.

How thy forbearis come, I haif a feill,
 At Cokburnis peth, the writ makis me war,
 Generit betuix ane scho beir and a deill,
 Sa wes he callit Dewlbeir, and nocht Dumbar: 260
 This Dewlbeir, generit of a meir of Mar,
 Wes Corspatrik, Erle of Merche; and be illusioun,
 The first that evir put Scotland to confusioune
 Wes that fals tratour, hardely say I dar.

Quhen Bruce and Balioll differit for the croun, 265
 Scottis lordis could nocht obey Inglis lawis;
 This Corspatrik betrasit Berwik toun,
 And flew vij thow sand Scottismen within thay wawis;
 The battall syne of Spottismuir he gart causis,
 And come with Edward Langschankis to the feild, 270
 Quhair xij thow sand trew Scottismen wer keild,
 And Wallace chest, as the carnicle schawis.

Scottis lordis chifstanis he gart hald and cheffone
 In firmance fast, quhill all the feild wes done,
 Within Dumbar, that awld spelunk of tressoun; 275 Fol. 151.a.
 Sa Inglis tykis in Scotland wes abone:
 Than spulyeit thay the haly stane of Scone,
 The croce of Halyrudhoufs, and vthir jowellis.
 He birnis in hell, body, banis and bowellis,
 This Corspatrik that Scotland hes vndone. 280

Wallace gart cry ane counsale in to Perth,
 And callit Corspatrik tratour be his style;
 That dampnit dragone drew him in diserth,
 And sayd he kend bot Wallace king in Kyle.
 Out of Dumbar that theif he maid exyle 285
 Vnto Edward, and Inglis grund agane:
 Tigiris, serpentis and taidis will remane
 In Dumbar wallis, todis, wolffis and beiftis wyle.

Na fowlis of effectis amangis thay binkis
 Biggis, nor abydis for no thing that may be; 290
 Thay stanis of tressone as the bruntstane stinkis.
 Dewlbeiris moder, cassin in by the se,
 The wariet apill of the forbiddin tre,
 That Adame eit quhen he tint paradyce,
 Scho eit invennomit lyk a cokkatryce, 295
 Syne marreit with the Diuill for dignite.

Yit of new tressone I can tell the tailis,
 That cumis on nycht in visioun in my fleip;
 Archbard Dumbar betraſd the houſs of Hailis,
 Beſcaus the yung lord had Dumbar to keip; 300
 Pretendand throw that to thair rowmis to creip,
 Rycht crewaly his castell he perſewit,
 Brocht him furth boundin, and the place reſkewit,
 Sett him in fetteris in ane dungeoun deip.

It war aganis bayth natur and gud reſſoun 305
 That Dewlbeiris bairnis wer trew to God or man;
 Quhilkis wer baith gottin, borne and bred with tressoun,
 Belgebubbis oyis, and curſt Corſpatrikis clan:
 Thow wes preſtyt, and ordanit be Sathan,
 For to be borne to do thy kin defame, 310
 And gar me ſchaw thy antecessouris ſchame;
 Thy kin that leivis may wary the and ban.

Sen thow on me thus, lymmer, leis and trattillis,
 And fyndis ſentence foundit of invy, Fol. 151.b.
 Thy elderis banis ilk nycht ryſſis and rattillis, 315
 And on thy corfs, Vengance, vengence, thay cry.
 Thow art the cauſs thay may noth reſt nor ly;
 Thow ſayis for thame ſew falptaris, falmis or creidis,
 Bot garis me tell thair rentellis and misdeidis,
 And thair auld syn with new ſchame certefy. 320

Insenswat ſow, ceifs fals Ewſtace air,
 And knew, kene ſkald, I hald of Alathia,
 And cauſs me nocht the cauſs lang to declar
 Of thy curſt kin, Dewlbeir and his Allia:
 Cum to the corfs on kneis and mak a crie; 325
 Confefs thy cryme, hald Kennedy thy king,
 And with ane authorne ſkurge thy ſelf and ding;
 Thus dre thy pannance, Delequisti quia.

Past to my commissar, and be confest,
 Cour befoir him on kneis, and cum in will;
 And syne gar Stobo for thy life protest;
 Renunce thy rymis, baith ban and birn thy bill,
 Heive to the hevin thy handis, and hald the still.
 Do thow nocht thus, brigane, thow falbe brint,
 With pik, fyre, ter, gun powlder and lint,
 On Arthowr Sait or on ane hiear hill.

330

335

I perambulat of Pernaso the montane,
 Enfpyrit with Mercury fra his goldin spheir;
 And dulely drank of eloquence the fontane,
 Quhen it wes purefeit with frost, and flowit cleir:
 And thow come, fule, in Merche or Februeir,
 Thair till ane pule, and drank the paddok rude,
 That garris the ryme in to thy termis gude,
 And blabbaris that noyis menis heiris to heir.

340

Thow luvis nane Ersche, elf, I vndirstand,
 Bot it sowld be all trew Scottismennis leid;
 It wes the gud langage of this land,
 And Scota it causit to multepliy and spreid;
 Quhill Corfpatrik, that we of tressoun reid,
 Thy forsfader, maid Ersche and Erschmen thin,
 Throw his tressoun brocht Inglis rumpillis in,
 Sa wald thy self, mycht thow to him succeid.

345

350

Ignorant fule, in to thy mowis and mokkis,
 It may be verifeit that thy wit is thin;
 Quhair thow wryttis Densmen dryit on the rattis,
 Densmen of Denmark ar of the kingis kin.
 The wit thow sowld haif had, wes cassin in
 Evin at thy ers, bakwart, with ane stalf flung.
 Heirfoir, fals harlott, hurfone, hald thy tung:
 Dewlbeir, thow deivis the Devill, thy eme, with din.

355

Fol. 152. a.

360

Quhair, as thou said, I staw henis and lammis,
 I lat the wit, I haif landis, stoir and stakkis.
 Thow wald be fane to knaw, laird with thy gamis,
 Vndir my burde, snoch banis behind doggis bakkis:
 Thow hes ane tome purs, I haif steidis and takkis, 365
 Thow tynt coulter, I haif culter and pluch;
 For substance and geir thow hes a widdy twch,
 On Mont Falcone, abowt thy craig to rax.

And yit Mont Falcone gallowis is our fair,
 For to be sylit with sic ane frutleſſ face, 370
 Cum hame, and hing vndir our gallowis of Air;
 To erd the vndir it I fall purchefs grace;
 To eit thy flesch the doggis fall haif na space,
 The revynis fall ryfe na thing bot thy tung ruttis,
 For thow sick malice of thy maister mutis, 375
 It is weill sett that thow sic barret brace.

Small fynance amangis thy freyndis thow beggit,
 To stanche thy scorne, with haly muldis thow lost;
 Thow salit to get a dowkar for to dregg it,
 It lyis closit in ane clowt on Northway cost: 380
 Sic rewll garris the be seruit with cauld roſt,
 And sitt onswpit oft beyond the fe,
 Cryand at durris, Carritas amore Dei,
 Bairfute, breikleſſ, and all in duddis vpdoſt.

Dewllbeir hes nocht ado with ane Dumbar, 385
 The Erle of Murray bure that surname rycht,
 That evir trew and constant to the King grace war,
 And of that kin come Dumbar of Westfeild knycht:
 That successioun is hardy, wyſe and wicht,
 And hes na thing ado now with the, diuill; 390
 Bot Dewllbeir is thy kin, and kennis the weill,
 And hes in Hell for the ane chalmer dycht.

Curft cropand craw, I fall gar crop thy young,
 And thou fall cry, Cor mundum, on thy kneis;
 Derch, I fall ding the, quhill thou bayth dryt and doung, 395
 And thou fall lik thy lippis, and sueir thou leifs:
 I fall degraid the, gracelefs, of thy greis;
 Scale the for scorne, and scar the of thy fwle,
 Gar round thy heid, transforme the as a fule,
 And with tressone gar trone the on the treis. 400

Rawmowd rebald, rannegald rehatour, Fol. 152.b.
 My lynnage and forbearis wer ay leill;
 It cumis oft to the to be ane tratour,
 To ryd on nycht, to rin, to reif, to steill.
 Quhen thou putis poyson to me, I appell
 The in that pairete, and preif it on thy persoun;
 Cleme nocht to clergy, for I defy the, garfoun,
 Thow falby it deir annuch, derch, of the deill.

In Ingland, owle, fowld be thy habitatioun,
 Homage to Edward Langschankis maid thy kin, 410
 In Dumbar ressauit him thy fals natioun,
 Thay sowlde be exylit Scotland mair and myn.
 Ane stark gallowis, ane widdy and ane pin,
 The heid poynyt of thy elderis armis ar;
 Writtin in poysie abone, Hang Dumbar; 415
 Quartar and draw, and mak that surname thin.

I am the kingis blude, his trew speciall clerk,
 That nevir yit imogenit his offence,
 Constand in mynd, in thocht, wurd and werk,
 Only dependand vpoun his excellencie: 420
 Trestand to haif of his magnificencie,
 Gwairdoun, reward and benefye bedene;
 Quhair that the revynis fall ryse out bayth thy ene,
 And on the rattis falbe thy residence.

Fra Atrik Forrest furthward to Drumfreiss, 425
 Thow beggit, with ane perdoun in all kirkis,
 Collapps, crudis, meill, grottis, gryce, and geiss;
 And vndir nycht quyhylis thow stall staigis and stirkis.
 Becaups Scotland of thy begging irkis,
 Thow schaipis in France to be knycht of the feild; 430
 Thow hes thy clam schellis and thy burdoun keild,
 Vnhonest wayis all, wolrun, that thow wirkis.

Thow may nocht pass Mont Bernard for wyld beiftis,
 Nor win throw Mont Scarpy for the fnaw;
 Mont Nicholace, Mont Godard the arreiftis, 435
 Sic beis of briggand blindis thame with ane blaw.
 In Paris with thy maister burreaw
 Abyd, and be his prenteiss neir the bank,
 And help to hang the pece for half ane frank,
 And at the last thy self man thoill the law. 440

Haltand harlott, the diuill a gude thow heis,
 For falt of pussance, pelour, thow ma pak the;
 Thow drank thy thirst, and als wedfett thy clais,
 Thair is na lord in seruice that will tak the. Fol. 153.a.
 Ane pak of flaskynnis, synance for to mak the, 445
 Thow fall ressaif, in Danskyn, of my tailye;
 With De profundis sett the, and that felye,
 And I fall send the blak Deill for to bak the.

In to the Katherene thow maid ane fowl kahute,
 For thow bedrait hir, doun fra stern to steir; 450
 Vpoun hir syddis wes sene that thow cowd schute,
 The dirt cleivis till hir towis this twenty yeir:
 The firmament nor firth wes nevir cleir,
 Quhill thow, deuillis birth, Dewlbeir, wes on the see,
 The fawlis had fuckin throw the sin of thee, 455
 War nocht the pepill maid sic grit prayer.

Quhen that the schip was fanit and vndir fail,
 Soule brow in hoill thow purpost for to pais,
 Thow schott and wes nocht sicker of thy taill,
 Beschait the steir, the cumpafs and the glafs;
 The skippar bad gar land the at the Baſſ;
 Thow spewit and keſt owt mony laithly lump,
 Faster nor all the marineirs cowd pump;
 And yit thy wame is war nor evir it waſſ.

460

Had thay bene fa prowydit of schott of gvn,
 Be men of weir but perrell thay had paſt;
 As thow wes lowfs, and reddy of thy bun,
 Thay micht haif tane na tollum at the laſt;
 For thow wald cuke ane cairtfull at the caſt:
 Thair is no ſchip that the will now reſſaif;
 Thow fyliſt faster nor fyſtenesum mycht laif,
 And myr thame with thy mvk to the midmaſt.

465

470

Throw England, theif, and tak the to thy fute,
 And boun to haif with the ane fals botwand;
 Ane horsmerchell thow call the at the mute,
 And with that craft convoy the throw the land;
 Be na thing airch, tak ferely on hand:
 Happin thow to be hangit in Northumber,
 Than all thy kyn ar weill quyt of thy cummer,
 For that mon be thy dome, I vndirſtand.

475

480

Hie souerane lord, lat nevir this ſinfull ſote
 Do ſchame fra hame vnto your natioun;
 Lat nevirnane, ſic ane, be callit a Scott,
 Ane rottin crok, lowfs of the dok, thairdoun.
 Fra honest folk devoyd this laithly loun;
 On ſum deſert, quhair thair is no repair,
 For fyling and infecking of the air,
 Cauf¹ cary this cankerit corruptit carioun.

485

Fol. 153. b.

¹ *Cauſe* has been afterwards inserted.

Thow wes confauit in the grit ecclippis,
 Ane monstour maid be grit Mercurius;
 Na hald agane, nor ho is at thy hippis,
 Infortunat, false and furius.
 Evill schrevin, wan threvin, nocht clene nor curius;
 Ane myting, fule of flyting, the flurdome maist lyk,
 Ane rabbit, skabbit, evil faicit messane tyk;
 Ane schitt, but witt, schrewit and injurius.

490

500

Grit in the glaikis gud Maistir Gwilliane gukkis,
 Our imperfyte in poetrie and in profs,
 All closis vndir clud of nyght thow cukkis.
 Rymiss thow of me, of rethory the rofs,
 Lunatyk, lymmar, luschbald, loufs thy hoifs,
 That I may twich thy young with tribulatioun,
 In recompansing of thy conspiratioun,
 Or tursis the owt of Scotland: tak thy choifs.

505

Ane benefice quha wald gif sic ane beift,
 Bot gif it war to jyngill Judass bellis;
 Tak the ane fiddill or floyit to jeift,
 Vndocht, thow art ordanit to nocht ellis.
 Thy clowtit cloik, thy crip, and thy clamfchellis,
 Cleik on thy croce, and fair on in to France,
 And cum thow nevir agane but ane mischance,
 The Feyind fair with the fordwart our the fellis.

510

515

Cankerit cayne, tryd trowane, tutevillouis,
 Marmadin, mymmerkin, monstour of all men,
 I fall gar bak the to the laird of Hilhoufs,
 To swelly the in steid of ane pullit hen.
 Fowmart, fazart, fosterit in filth and fen,
 Fowle sownd, fleird fule, vpoun thy phisnomy;
 Thy dok ay drepis of dirt, and will nocht dry,
 To twme thy tvn it wald tyre carlingis ten.

520

525

Conspiratour, curst kokatrice, hellis ka,
 Turk, trumpour, tratour, tirrane intemperat;
 Thow yrfull attircop, Pylat appostata,
 Judafs, jow, juglour, Lollard lawreat;
 Sayarene, symonyte, proud pagane pronounceat,
 Mahomeit, manesworne, bugrist abhominable;
 Devill, dampnit doig, sodomyt vnsfaciable,
 With Gog and Magog greit glorificat.

530

Nero thy nevoy, Golias thy grantschir,
 Pharo thy fadeir, Egippa thy dame,
 Deulbeir, thir ar the caussis that I conspyre,
 Termegantis temptis and Vespasius thy eme;
 Belzebub thy full broder will clame
 To be thy air, and Cayphas thy sectour;
 Pluto the heid of thy kin, and protectour,
 To leid the to hell, of licht day and leme.

535

Fol. 154.a.

Herod thy vthir eme, and grit Egeafs,
 Martiane, Mahomeit, and Maxentius,
 Thy trew kynismen, Antenor and Eneafs,
 Throip thy neir neice, and awsterne Olibrius,
 Pettedew, Baall and Eubulus;
 Thir freyndis ar the flour of thy foir braynchis,
 Steirand the pottis of hell, and nevir stenchis;
 Dout nocht, Deulbeir, tu es Diabolus.

545

Deulbeir, thy speir of weir, but feir, thow yeild,
 Hangit, mangit, eddirstangit, stryndie stultorum,
 To me, maist he Kennedie, and flie the feild,
 Pickit, wickit, stickit, convickit, lamp Lullardorum,
 Diffamit, schamit, blamit, primas Pagaorium.
 Out, out, I schowt, vpoun that snovt that snewillis;
 Taill tellar, rebellar, indwellar with the diuillis,
 Spink, sink with stink, ad Tertara termagorum.

550

555

*Quod Kennedy to Dumbar.
 Juge ye now heir quha gat the war. Finis.*

CLXIX.

[*I, Maister Andro Kennedy.*]

I MAISTER Andro Kennedy,
Curro quando sum vocatus,
Gottin with sum incuby,
Or with sum freir infatuatus;
In faith I can nocth tell redly,
Vnde aut vbi fui natus,
Bot in trewth I trow trewly,
Quod sum diabolus incarnatus.

5

Cum nichill sit certius morte,
We mone all de quhen we haif done,
Nescimus quando vel qua forte,
Nor blynd allane wait of the mone.
Ego patior in pectore,
This nyght I macht nocth sleip a wink;
Licet eger in corpore,
Yit wald my mowth be watt with drink.

10

15 Fol. 154.b.

Nunc condo testamentum meum;
I leis my faule for evirmair,
Per omnipotentem Deum,
In to my lordis wyne sellair;
Semper ibi ad remanendum,
Quhill domisday without diffiuer,
Bonum vinum ad bibendum,
With sueit Cuthbert that lufit me nevir.
Ipse est dulcis ad amandum,
He wald oft ban me in his breth;
Det michi modo ad potandum,
And I forgaif him laith and wreth.

20

25

Quia in cellario cum ceruicia,
 I had lever ly baith air and lait,
 Nudus solus in camisia,
 Nor in my lordis bed of stait.
 Ane barrell bung ay at my bosum,
 Off warldis gud I bad na [mair¹;]²
 Et corpus meum ebriosum,
 I leif in to the toun of Air.
 In ane draf³ mydding for evir and ay,
 Vt ibi sepeliri queam,
 Quhair drink and draf³ may ilka day
 Be cassin super faciem meam.

30

35

40

I leif my haire that nevir wes ficker,
 Sed semper variabile,
 That nevir mair wald flow and flicker,
 Conforti meo Jacobe.
 Thocht I wald bind it with a wicker,
 Verum Deum renui;
 Bot and I hecht to teme a bicker,
 Hoc paectum semper tenui.

45

Syne leif I the best aucht I bocht,
 Quod est Latinum propter cape,
 To the hede of my kin, bot wait I nocht
 Quis est ille, than schro my skape.
 I tald my lord my heid but hiddill,
 Sed nulli alii hoc sciuerunt;
 We wer als sib as seif and riddill,
 In vna silua que creuerunt.

50

Fol. 155.a.

55

Omnia mea solatia,
 Thay wer bot lesingis all and ane;
 Cum omni fraude et fallacia,
 I leif the Maistir of Sanct Anthane,

6

¹ Cut away when the MS. was inlaid.² This line has been first written *In sleid of ane braid bowstair*, and afterwards erased.

William Gray, sine gratia,
 My awin deir cousing, as I wene,
 Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,
 Bot quhen the holene growis grene.

My fenyeing and my fals wynning,
 Relinquo falsis fratribus;
 For that is Goddis awin bidding,
 Disparfis dedit pauperibus.
 For menis faulis thay say and sing,
 Mentientes pro mvneribus;
 Now God gif thame ane evill ending,
 Pro suis prauis operibus.

To Jok Fule, my foly fre,
 Lego post corpus sepultum;
 In fayth I am mair fule than he,
 Licet oftendo bonum vultum.
 Off corne and cattell, geir¹ and fie,
 Ipse habet valde multum,
 And yit he bleiris me lordis e,
 Fingendo cum fore stultum.

To Maister Johine Clerk syne,
 Do et lego intime
 Godis braid malefone and myne,
 Nam ipse est causa mortis mee.
 Wer I a doig and he a swyne,
 Multi mirantur super me,
 Bot I fould gar that lurdoun quhryne,
 Scribendo dentes sine de.

Residuum omnium bonorum
 For to dispone my lord fal haif,
 Cum tutela puerorum,
 Baith Ade, Kittie and all the laif.

65

70

75

80

85

90

Fol. 155. b.

¹ Changed by another pen to *gold*.

I faith I will no langar raif,
Pro sepultura ordino,
On the new gyfs, sa God me saif,
Non sicut more solito.

95

In die mee sepulture
I will haif nane bot our awin ging,
Et duos rusticos de rure
Berand ane barrell on a sting;
Drinkand, and playand cop out evin,
Sicut egomet solebam;
Singand and greitand with he stevin,
Potum meum cum fletu miscebam.

100

I will no preiftis for me sing,
Dies illa, dies ire;
Nor yit na bellis for me ring,
Sicut semper solet fieri;
Bot a bagypy to play a spring,
Et vnum ailwisp ante me,
In steid of torchis for to bring
Quatuor laginas ceruicie;
Within the graif to sett sic thing,
In modum crucis juxta me;
To fle the feyndis than hardly sing,
De terra plasmaſti me.

105

110

115

Heir endis the Testment of Maifter Andro Kennedy,
Maid be Dumbar, quhen he wes lyk to dy.

CLXX.

[*I yeid the Gait wes nevir gane.*]

I YEID the gait wes nevir gane:
 I sand the thing wes nevir fund:
 I saw vnder ane tre bowane,
 A lowfs man lyand bund;
 Ane dum man hard I full lound speik:
 Ane deid man hard I sing:
 Ye may knaw be my talking eik.
 That this is no lesing.
 And als ane blindman hard I reid.
 Vpoun a buke allane:
 Ane handles man I saw but dreid.
 In caichepule fast playane.
 As I come by yone forrest flat,
 I hard thame baik and brew;
 Ane rattoun in a window fatt,
 Sa fair a feme coud schein.
 And cumand by Loch Lomont huth.
 Ane malwart tred a maw;
 Gife ye trow nocth this sang be suth.
 Speir ye at thame that saw;
 I saw ane guis virry a fox,
 Rycht far doun in yone flak;
 I saw ane lavrock slay ane ox,
 Richt he vp in yone stak.
 I saw a weddir wirry [ane]¹ wouf,
 Heich vp in a law;
 The killing with hir mekle mowth,
 Ane stoir horne cowd scho blaw;
 The partane with hir mony feit,
 Scho spred the mvk on feild;

5

10 FOL 156.a.

15

20

25

30

¹ In MS. *wirry* is repeated instead of *ane*.

In frost and snaw, wind and weit,
 The lapstar deip furris teild.
 I saw baith buck¹ da and ra,
 In mercat skarlet sell;
 Twa leisch of grew hundis I saw alswa,
 The pennyis doun cowd tell;
 I saw ane wran ane watter waid,
 Hir clais wer kilit hie;
 Vpoun hir bak ane milstane braid
 Scho bure, this[is] no lie.
 The air come hirpland to that toun,
 The preiftis to leir to spell;
 The hurchoun to the kirk maid boun,
 To ring the commoun bell;
 The mowfs grat that the cat wes deid,
 That all hir kin mycht rew;
 Quhen all thir tailis are trew in deid,
 All wemen will be trew.

35

40

45

Finis.

C L X X I.

Of May.

Fol. 156. b.

MAY is the moneth maist amene,
 For thame in Venus seruice bene,
 To recreat thair havy hartis;
 May cauffis curage frome the splene,
 And every thing in May revartis.

5

In May the plesant spray vpspringis;
 In May the mirthfull maveifs singis;

¹ This word is very indistinct.

And now in May to madynnis fawis,
With tymmer wechtis to trip in ringis,
And to play vpcoill with the bawis.

10

In May gois gallandis bring in symmer,
And trymly occupyis thair tymmer,
With Hunts vp, every morning plaid;
In May gois gentill wemen gymmer,
In gardynnis grene thair grumis to glaid.

15

In May quhen men yeid everich one,
With Robenc Hoid and Littill Johne,
To bring in bowis and birkin bobbynis;
Now all sic game is fastlingis gone,
Bot gif it be amangis clovin robbynis.

20

Abbotis by rewll, and lordis but reffone,
Sic senyeouris tymis ourweill this seffone.
Vpoun thair vyce war lang to waik,
Quhais falsatt, fibilnes and tressone,
Hes rung thryis oure this zodiak.

25

In May begynnis the golk to gaill;
In May drawis deir to doun and daill;
In May men mellis with famyny,
And ladeis mcitis thair luvaris laill,
Quhen Phebus is in Gemyny.

30

Butter, new cheis, and beir in May,
Comamis,¹ cokkillis, curdis and quhay,
Lapstaris, lempettis, mussillis in schellis,
Grene leikis and all sic men may say,
Suppois sum of thame fourly smellis.

Fol. 157.a.

35

In May grit men within thair boundis,
Sum halkis the walteris, sum with houndis

¹ Indistinct in MS., possibly *Condamis*.

The hairis owtthrowch the forrestis cachis,
Syne efter thame thair ladeis foundis,
To sent the rynnyng of the rachis.

40

In May frank archeris will affix
In place to meit, fyne marrowis mix,
To schute at buttis, at bankis and brais;
Sum at the reveris, sum at the prikkis;
Sum laich and to beneth the clais.

45

In May sowld men of amouris go,
To serf thair ladeis and no mo,
Sen thair releis in ladeis lyis;
For sum may cum in favouris fo,
To kifs his loif on Buchone wyis.

50

In May gois dammosalis and dammis,
In gardyingis grene to play like lammis;
Sum at the baireis thay brace like billeis;
Sum rynis at barlabreikis like rammis;
Sum round abowt the standand pilleis.

55

In May gois madynis till La reit,
And hes thair mynyonis on the streit,
To horfs thame quhair the gait is ruch;
Sum at Inchebukling bray thay meit,
Sum in the middis of Muffilburch.

60

So May and all thir monethis thre,
Ar hett and dry in thair degré;
Heirfoir ye wantoun men in yowth,
For helth of body now haif e,
Nocht oft till mell with thanklesß mowth.

65

Sen every pastyme is at plesure,
I counsale yow to mel with mesure,

Fol. 157.b.

And namely now, May, June and Julij,
Delyt nocht lang in luvaris lesure,
Bot weit your lippis and labor hully.

70

Quod Scott.

CLXXII.

*The nyne Ordour of Knavis,
Thair vse and thair feir.
In mynd quha thame havis,
Lo, heir thame heir.*

Troll Trotter.

TROLL Trotter on befoir and takis no heid,
Ane myle his maistir fra the way that loun will him leid;
He spairis nocht his maistiris hors be the spurris his awin,
With prickin and with pransing that knaif wald be knawin.
He is als gay in his hart as ane bryd grome,
For to speik with ane man he takkis him no tome; 5
He is so glaid, and so licht and full of parramouris,
He will nocht wait on his maistir the space of sex houris:
He will thryve, wat ye quhen?¹ Be God I trow nevir,
For to be ane verry knaif that shrew schupis evir. 10

Troll By.

Troll By be his maistir frakly will ryd,
And with ane hude on his heid hovis him besyd;
Cheik for cheik also and fakfallow lyk;
And with ane quarrell to riche and to pure ay reddy to pyk.

¹Written *quen* in MS.

And with ane knavis contenance his hand on his knyfe, 15
 With all maneris but mair as he sowld nevir thryfe;
 He is als hie in his hart as ane warriour,
 And he and proud as ane vane woustour;
 He is a coward weill kend ammangis the rawis;
 He wald be oft in the stokkis gife he had ryght lawis. 20

Troll Hafart.

Troll Hafart of the trace he trottis on soft,
 Ane myle behind his maistir he cumis full oft;
 Bydis noppand and noddand, and takkis na keip, Fol. 158.a.
 For ony aw of his maistir that schrew fallis on sleip;
 Ay lichtand and pischeand the knave cumis behind, 25
 And bydis abak at the bank as he wer stane blind;
 And quhen his maistir him missis thair mon be keiking,
 For to gett that said schrew for he is oft a seiking.
 He is ane rekles boy in preiss and in neid,
 To his maistir nor his geir he takkis no heid; 30
 Pairt is tynt, pairt is stowin, quhair he can noct tell,
 Ane vthir pairt lyis in wed, and pairt will he sell:
 And he wer to be hung vp this dastard than war wrangit,
 Bot gif he wer hiest of all on the gallowis hangit.

Troll of the Tre Trace.

Troll of the tre trace is reddy ay drukkin, 35
 He is als evill to fynd as he in Hell war fuckin;
 And quhen his maistir cryis horfs and to the fair will mynt,
 Then the kie of the stable dur is with the knaif tynt;
 The dur mon be brockin, the maistir may noct byd,
 The diuill a thing of his geir is reddy then to ryd. 40
 Quhair hes thou bene, hurfoun, thou fals cursit loun?
 Sir, I was on the baxstar spoungeland your goun.

With ilk lesing ma then vthir that knaif will put ammangit,
 And his countenance than is as he wer to be hangit;
 All this he will foryet lang or it be ewin, 45
 Thair is na mendis for that millegant he is sa wan thev[in].

Fidofragus.

He comptis on his maistiris horfs in corne and in hay,
 All that him self drinkis and at the dyce will play;
 And so of his maistiris purs no thing will he spair,
 And all his for the horfs faik thay have so gud a fair. 50
 The tapstar and the fals knave haldis on ane mene;
 He comptis on his horfs fair baith him and his quene;
 And quhen his maistir plenyeis on his horfs cheir,
 And wonderis oft in his mynd thair cost is so deir,
 He sayis thay ar seik within, or then hes the stule, 55
 And thus he blciris his maistiris ee, and makis him ane fule.
 And so he standis in ane plead with ane hie fair,
 And will fecht with ony man that sayis the contrair.
 Bot in schort, at ane word, mendis is thair name,
 Quhill that this falss knaif be to gallois gane. 60

Chaſt Luter.

Fol. 158. b.

Chaift Luter gois to bed and syne rubbis his tais,
 He will nocht ryſs to the pott, bot pisches amang the strais,
 And lyis still lounderand as he had nocht to done;
 He will nocht get vp on fute quhill it be neir none.
 His clais is oft in wanting and sic is his gyſſ, 65
 He throwis and he puttis fast at his vly pyſſ;
 His faice als ſtiff is for ſcleip and his ene fowin,
 His heid ay vnkemunt is, and with hair ovir growin.
 Be his hois be pointtit vp and ſchone on his feit,
 He gois to ſkemmill vp and doun, to drynk he is evir meit; 70

To the aill and the wyne glaidly will he gang;
 He will fecht that fals knaif with wylis and with wrang.
 With the butis he will fyle the bed and all the array,
 And ay on his maistiris spurris he levis the awld clay;
 And thus he fairis quhan he cumis in everilk place; 75
 Sic ane boy may ye wene fall nevir cum to grace.

Gillie Hatchatt.

This Gilly Hatchett in his bed cowthis at his eifs,
 And fyndis ane mene to ly still and his maistir pleifs.

Haill Harlott.

Haill Harlott in hall to ryifs he is richt laith,
 Quhill it be none past he drawis him nocth a claith; 80
 And quhen it is so he feikis for his sark;
 Ay to skart and to claw is his first wark.
 He is lang in lasing and bucling vp his geir,
 And arrayis him richt so as he wer new to leir;
 His clais ar nocth weill on quhen it is ewin; 85
 He is ane verry lossinger and ane wanthrevin,
 And ilk day ane new maistir that harlot will haif;
 He governis ay with fweirnes as a fals knaif.

Fathir Abbott.

Fathir Abbott of this ordour is fett in his hie stall,
 To be maistir as Schir Malapairt and chosin our thame all, 90
 And dreidles and schameles his chaiplanis ar furth socht,
 Nowdir can thay sing weill nor yit reid thay ocht;
 Reklefly on thair sawll religioun can thay tak,
 Priour and suppriour sone thay thame mak; Fol. 159.a.
 3 K

And all thair officiaris thay are lyk vthir,
In govirnance and misgyding lyk vthiris bruthir.
Pykharnes to be sicker it becumis best,
He will talk mekle thing and nevir be confest.

95

Finis.

CLXXIII.

Epigrammis of Maistir Haywod.

ON blyndman to supper an vder bad:
Quhilk tway fitting at sic meit as thay had,
Me think, quod the blynd host, this candle burne dyme;
So think me, schir, quod the blynd gaift to him.
Wyfe, said the gudman, with sorrow mend this lycht: 5
Scho put owt the candle, quhilk brunt very bricht,
And set doun empty chandleris two or thre;
So, lo, now eit and welcome, nechtbour, quod hie.

A Witty Wyfe.

Janc, quod James, to ane schort demand of myne,
Ansuer nocth with a lie frome that mowth of thyne, 10
And tak the a noble; quhilk, quhen scho had tane;
Is thy husband, quod he, a cokcald, Jane?
Scho stoid still, and to this wold no word speik;
Frome quhilk dum deling, quhen he cowld hir nocth breik,
He axt his noble agane. Quhy, quod schee, 15
Maid I lie to the? nay, quod hie.
Than weill fill, quod sche, this wage I win cleir,
And thow of my counsale no moir the weir.

Godis fawle, fayis he, and flong away in tene,
I will nevir wod with that woman agane;
For as scho in speich can revyle a man,
So man in sylence scho begyle can.

20

Fol. 159.b.

Of a evill Gouvernour callit Jude.

A rewlar thair was in cuntrie a far,
And of peple a grit extortior,
Quho by name, as I vndirstand, wes callit Jude. 25
On gaif him an ase, quhilk quhen he had vewd,
He askit the gever, for quhat intent
He brocht him that ase for a present.
I bring it, Maistir Jude, quod he, to yow hither,
To joyne Maistir Jude and the ase toghether; 30
Quhilk two joint in on thus it bringis to pafs,
I may bid yow gudday, Maistir Judas.
Macabeus or Iscariot, thow knaif, quod he?
Quhome it pleifs your maistirschip, so lat it be.

25

30

A Man of Law.

Twanty clyantis to on man of law,
For counsale in xxⁱⁱ diuerfs materis did draw;¹ 35
Ilk on praying at on instant to speid,
As all attains wald haif speid to proceid.
Freyndis all, quod the lernit man, I will speik with none,
Till on barbour haif schavin all on by on. 40
To a barbour thay went altogether,
And being schavin thay returnd agane hither;
Ye haif, quod the lawer, tareid long hence.
Sir, quod on, twenty cowld nocte be schavin fence,
Off on barbour, for ye weill vndirstand, 45
On barbour can haif bot on schaving hand.

35

40

45

¹ First written *schaw*.

Nor on laweir, quod he, bot [on] talking tung;
 Lerne, clientis, this lessone off the lawer sprung:
 Lyk as the barbour on eftir on most schaive,
 So clyentis off counsalouris counsale most haive.

50

Of a Presoner condempnit.

In presone a presoner condempnit to die,
 And for executioun wating on daylie;
 In his handis for wormes loking on a day,
 Smyling to him self thir wordis did say;
 Sen my four quarteris in four quarteris sal stand,
 Quhy harme I thir silly wormes eiting my hand?
 Nocht ellis in this doing bot my self I schaw
 Ennemy to the worme and freynd to the craw.

55

Finis quod Maistir Haywod.

CLXXIV.

[Be mirry Bretherene ane and all.]

BE mirry bretherene ane and all,
 And sett all sturt on fyd,
 And every ane togidder call
 To God to be our gyd.
 For als lang leivis the mirry man,
 As dois the wretch for ocht he can;
 Quhen Deid him strekis he wait nocht quhan,
 And chairgis him to byd.

Fol. 160.a.

5

The riche than fall nocht sparit be,
Thocht thay haif gold and land,
Nor yit the fair for thair bewty
Can nocht that chaire geane stand.
Thocht wicht or waik wald fle away,
No dowt bot all mon ransone pay;
Quhat place or quhair can no man say,
Be sie or yit be land.

10

15

Quhairfoir my counsaill, brethir, is
That we togidder sing;
And all to loif that Lord of bliss,
That is of hevynis King;
Quha knawis the secreit thochts and dowt,
Off all our haitis round about;
And he quha thinkis him nevir sa stout,
Mone thoill that pvnissing.

20

25

Quhat man but stryf in all his lyfe
Doith test moir of deidis pane,
Nor dois the man quhilk on the sie
His leving seikis to gane?
For quhen distres dois him oppres,
Than to the Lord for his redres,
Quha gaif command for all expres,
To call and nocht refrane.

30

35

The mirryest man that leivis on lyfe,
He failis on the sie,
For he knawis nowdir sturt nor stryfe,
Bot blyth and mirry be.
Bot he that hes ane evill wyfe
Hes sturt and forrow all his lyfe,
And that man quhilk leivis ay in stryfe,
How can he mirry be?

40

Ane evill wyfe is the werft aucht,
 That ony man can haif,
 For he may nevir sit in faucht,
 Onleſſ he be hir ſklaif.
 Bot of that fort I knaw nane vder,
 Bot owthir a kukald or his bruder;
 Cuntlairdis and cukkaldis all togidder
 May wifs thair wyfis in graif;

Fol. 160. b.

Becauf斯 thair wyfis hes maiftery,
 That thay dar nawayifſ cheip,
 Bot gif it be in priuity,
 Quhan thair wyfis ar on fleip.
 Ane mirry in thair cumpany
 Wer to thame worth baith gold and fie,
 Ane menſtrall could nocht bocht be,
 Thair mirth gif he couldbeit.

50

Bot of that fort quhilk I report,
 I knaw nane in this ring,
 Bot we may all, baith grit and ſmall,
 Glaidly baith dance and ſing.
 Quha liſt nocht heir to mak gud cheir,
 Perchance his gudis ane vthir yeir
 Be ſpent quhen [he] is brocht to beir,
 Quhen [h]is wyfe takis the fling.

60

It hes bene fene that wyfe wemen,
 Eftir thair husbandis deid,
 Hes gottin men hes gart thame ken,
 Gif thay mycht beir grit laid;
 With ane grene ſting hes gart thame bring
 The geir quhilk won wes be ane dring,
 And ſyne gart all the bairnis ſing
 Ramulloch in thair beddis.

65

70

Than wad scho say, Allace this day,
For him that wan this geir,
Quhen I him had, I skairfly said,
My haire anis mak gud cheir:
Or I had lettin him spend a plak,
I lever haif wittin him brokin his bak,
Or ellis his craig had gottin a crak,
Our the heicht of the stair.

75

Fol. 161. a.

80

Ye neigartis than example tak,
And leir to spend your awin;
And with gud freyndis ay mirry mak,
That it may be weill knawin,
That thou art he quha wan this geir;
And for thy wyfe se thou nocht spair,
With gud freyndis ay to mak repair,
Thy honesty may be knawin.

85

Finis, quod I, quha fettis nocht by
The ill wyffis of this toun,
Thocht for dispyt with me wald flyt,
Gif thay nicht put me doun.
Gif ye wald knaw quha maid this sang,
Quhiddir ye will him heid or hang,
Flemyng is name quhair evir he gang,
In place or in quhat toun.

95

Explicit quod Flemyng.

CLXXV.

[*Epigrammis of Maistir Haywod.*]

*A Number of Rattis mistaken for a Number of
Diuillis.*

A BIG bricht man fering a deir yeir to cum,
Beistowd in his breik a cheise hard by his bun;
And leving of theis hoiss dayis two or thre,
Rattis two or thre crop in that breik thay be,
Poynting thame selffis of that cheise to be keiparis, 5
In quhilk war wache be sure thay war no slepars;
No wicht ryding man from Sandwich to Sarum
Cowld win that cheise frome thame withoutt a larum.
At thre dayis end this man putting theis hoiss on,
Having tyid his poyntis, the rattis began annone 10
To start and to stur that breiche round abowt,
To feik and fynd sum flicht quhat way to win owt;
Bot that breik was bolstird so with suche brod barris,
Suche crankis, suche connynghoillis, suche cuttis and suche carris,
With ward within ward, that the rattis wer alss fast, 15
As thocht in Newgait with thevis thay had bene cast.
Bot this man in his breik feiling suche fvmbling, Fol. 161.b.
Suche rolling, suche rumbling, justing and jvmbling,
He was thairwith strickin in a frenatik feir,
Thinking sure to him self sum spreitis war thair, 20
He cryit owt, he ran owt, withoutt coit or cloik;
Thois rattis in thais raggis quhrynd lyk piggis in a p[oik].¹
A coniurer, cryid he, in all haist I befeik,
To coniure the Diuill, the Diuill is in my breik.
Running and turning in and owt as he flong, 25
On of the rattis by the ribbis he so wrong,
That the rat in a rege to his buttok gat hir,

¹ Cut off by inlaying of MS.

Scho set in hir teith, his eis ran a watter,
 Scho bait, he cryid, doggis barkit, the peple show[tid,¹]
 Hornis blew, bellis rong, the Diuill dred and dowtid, 30
 Thocht he wer in his breik to bring streicht to Hell.
 At last to see quhat buggis in his breik frayid him,
 Foure and fyve manfull men manfully stayid him;
 The rattis hopping owt at his hois pulling of,
 All this sayd matir turnd to a mirry skofe. 35
 Quhen he saw theis rattis by this cheifs brocht this[feir,¹]
 Reiosing the skaip, he solempdly did sweir,
 That in his breik sowld cum no cheifs estir that,
 Except in his breik he war sure of a catt.

Finis quod Maistir Haywod.

Jak and his Father.

Jak, quod his fader, how fall I eis tak? 40
 Gif I stand my leggis irk, and gif I kneill
 My kneis irk; gif I go than my feit ake;
 Gif I ly my bak irk; gif I sitt I feill
 My hippis irk, and lene I nevir so weil
 My elbowis irk. Sir, quod Jak, pane to exyle, 45
 Sen all thais eis nocht, best ye hang a quhyle.

Finis Idem.

Of One askin for Scheip at Maidyins.

Come thair ony scheip this way, yow scheipisch maidis? Nay,
 Bot evin as ye come, thair come a calf this way.

Finis quod Haywod.

3 L

¹ Cut off by inlaying of MS.

CLXXVI.

*Ane Descriptionoun of Peder Coffeis, having no Regaird
till Honestie in thair Vocationn.*

Fol. 162. a.

I T is my purpois to discryve
This holy perfyte genolagie,
Off pedder knavis superlatyve,
Pretendand to awtoretie,
That wait of nocht bot beggartie.
Ye burges sonis, prevene thir lownis,
That wald distroy nobilitie,
And baneiss it all borrow townis.

5

Thay ar declarit in sevin pairtis.
Ane scroppit cofe, quhen he begynnis,
Sornand all and findry airtis,
For to by hennis reidwod he rynnis;
He lokis thame vp in to his innis
Vnto ane derch, and sellis thair eggis.
Regraitandy on thame he wynnis,
And secondly his meit he beggis.

10

15

Ane swyngeour coife amangis the wyvis,
In landwart dwellis with subteill menis,
Exponand thame auld sanctis lyvis,
And fanis thame with deid menis banis;
Lyk Romerakaris with awsterne granis,
Speikand curlyk ilk ane till vder,
Peipand peurly with peteouſſ granis,
Lyk fenyeyit Symmye and his bruder.

20

Thir cur coffeis that failis oure fone,
And thretty sum abowt ane pak,

25

With bair blew bonattis and hobbeld schone,
 And beir bonnokkis with thame thay tak;
 Thay schamed schrewis, God gif thame lak,
 At none quhen merchantis makis gud cheir, 30
 Steilis doun and lyis behind ane pak,
 Drinkand bot dreggis and barmy beir.

Knaifatica coff misknawis him sell,
 Quheh he gettis on a furrit goun,
 Grit Lucifer, maistir of Hell, 35
 Is nocht fa helie as that loun;
 As he cumis brankand throw the toun,
 With his keis clynkand on his arme,
 That calf, clovin futtit, fleid custroun,
 Will mary nane bot a burgesf bairne. 40

Ane dyvour coffe, that wirry hen, Fol. 162.b.
 Distroyis the honor of our natioun,
 Takis gudis to frist fra fremmit men,
 And brekis his obligatioun;
 Quhilk dois the marchandis defamatioun, 45
 Thay ar reprevit for that regratour,
 Thairfoir we gif our declaratioun,
 To hang and draw that commoun tratour.

Ane curloreous coffe, that hege skraper,
 He fittis at hame quhen that thay baik, 50
 That pedder brybour, that scheipkeipar,
 He tellis thame ilk ane caik by caik;
 Syne lokkis thame vp and takis a faik,
 Betuix his dowbett and his jackett,
 And eitis thame in the buith, that smaik; 55
 God, that he mort in to ane rakkett.

Anc cathedrall coff, he is ovir riche,
 And hes na hap his gude to spend,
 Bot levis lyk ane wareit wreche,
 And trefsis nevir till tak ane end; 60
 With falsheid evir dois him defend.
 Proceding still in avice,
 And leivis his sawle na gude commend,
 Bot walkis ane wilfome wey, I wifs.

I yow exhort, all that is heir, 65
 That reidis this bill, ye wald it schaw
 Vnto the provest, and him reueir
 That he will geif thir coffis the law;
 And baneis thame the burges raw,
 And to the scho streit ye thame ken; 70
 Syne cutt thair luggis, that ye may knaw
 Thir peddir knavis be burges men.

Finis quod Linsdaiy.¹

CLXXVII.

*How the first Helandman, of God was maid
 Of ane Horfs Turd, in Argylle, as is said.*

GOD and Sanct Petir was gangand be the way,
 Heiche vp in Ardgyle quhair thair gait lay;
 Sanct Petir said to God in a sport word,
 Can ye nocht mak a Heilandman of this horfs tourd?
 God turnd owre the horfs turd with his pykit staff, 5
 And vp start a Helandman blak as ony draf.

¹ The author's name is inserted in a different hand.

Quod God to the Helandman, Quhair wilt thou now? Fol. 163. a.
I will doun in the Lawland, Lord, and thair steill a kow.
And thou steill a cow, cairle, thair thay will hang the.
Quattrack, Lord, of that, for anis mon I die? 10
God than he lewch, and owre the dyk lap,
And owt of his scheith his gowlly owtgatt.
Sanct Petir socht this gowly fast vp and doun,
Yit cowld not find it in all that braid rownn.
Now, quod God, heir a mervell, how can this be, 15
That I sowld want my gowly, and we heir bot thre?
Humff, quod the Helandman, and turnd him abowt,
And at his plaid nuk the guly fell owt.
Fy, quod Sanct Petir, thou will nevir do weil,
And thou bot new maid sa sone gais to steill. 20
Vmff, quod the Helandman, and swere be yon kirk,
Sa lang as I may geir gett to steill, will I nevir wirk.

Finis.

CLXXVIII.

*Ane Ansuer to ane Helandmanis Invectiue, maid be
Alexander Montgomry.*

FYNNDLAY McConnoquhy, suf McFadyan,
Cativilie geilyie with the poik berik,
Smoir ennary takin trewis breikles McBradyan,
Yeill fart fast in Baquhiddir or the corne schaik.
In steid of grene gynger ye eit gray gradyan, 5
For lyce in your limschoch ye haif na inlaik;
Mony muntir moir in mvggis of mvre madyan

Sawis seindill saffroun in fawt for thair sarkis saik.
 Ocknewling, Occonnoquhy, Ocgreigry, McGrane,
 With fallisty montir moy,
 Soy in scho forle boy,
 Callin feane aggis endoy,
 Firry braldich ilk ane.

10

Finis quod Montgummary.

CLXXIX.

*Ane Answer to ane Ingliss Railar praysing his awin
 Genalogy.*

YE Inglische hurfone, funtyme will avant
 Your progeny frome Brutus to haif tane,
 And sumtyme frome ane angell or ane sanct,
 As Angelus and Anglus bayth war ane;
 Angellis in erth yit hard I few or nane,
 Except the feyndis with Lucifer that fell.
 Avant yow, villane, of that lord allane;
 Tak thy progeny frome Pluto, prence of Hell,
 Becaups ye vse in hoillis to hyd your sell;
 Angluss is cum frome Angulus in deid.
 Aboive all vderis Brutus bure the bell,
 Quha flew his fader howping to fucceid;
 Than chufs yow ane of thaïs, I rek not ader,
 Tak Beelzebub or Brutus to your fader.

5

Fol. 163. b.

10

Finis.

CLXXX.

*Heir begynnis the Proclamatioun¹ of the Play, made
be Dauid Lynsayis, of the Month, Knicht in the
Playfeild, in the Moneth of , the yeir of God
155 Yeiris.*

Fol. 164.a.

Proclamatioun maid in Cowpar of Fyffe.

RIHT famous pepill, ye fall vndirstand
How that ane Prince, richt wyifs and vigilant,
Is schortly for to cum in to this land,
And purposis to hald ane parliament,
His thre estaitis thairto hes done consent,
In Cowpar toun in to thair best array,
With support of the Lord omnipotent,
And thairto hes affixt ane certane day.

5

With help of him that rewlis all abone,
That day falbe within ane litill space;
Our purpos is on the sevint day of June,
Gif weddir serve, and we haif rest and pece,
We fall be fene in till our playing place,
In gude array, abowt the hour of sevin;
Off thirstiness that day I pray yow ceifs,
But ordane ws gude drink aganis allevin.

10

15

Faill nocth to be vpone the Castell hill,
Besyd the place quhair we purpois to play;
With gude stark wyne your flacconis fee ye fill,
And hald your self the myrieast that ye may.
Be not displeisit quhatevir we sing or say,
Amang fad mater howbeid we sumtyme relyie;
We fall begin at feuin houris of the day,
So ye keip tryist, forswth we fall nocth felyie.

20

¹ MS. has *Plocamatioun*.

Cotter.

I falbe thair with Goddis grace,
Thocht thair war nevir so grit ane preſe, 25
And formest in the fair,
And drink ane quart in Cowpar toun,
With my gossep Johine Willamsoun,
Thocht all the nolt fowld rair.
I haif ane quick divill to my wyſe,
That haldis me evir in sturt and ſtryſe; 30
That warlo, and ſcho wifſt
That I wald cum to this gud toun,
Scho wald call me fals ladrone loun,
And ding me in the duſt.
We men that hes ſic wickit wyvis,
In grit langour we leid our lyvis,
Ay dreiland in diſeis;
Ye preiftis hes grit prerogatyvis,
That may depaſt ay fra your wyvis, 40
And cheifs thame that ye pleifs.
Wald God I had that liberty,
That I micht pairt als weill as ye,
Without the conſtry law;
Nor I be ſtickit with a knyſe,
For to wad ony vder wyſe,
That day fowld nevir daw.

39

Fol. 164. b.

35

40

45

Nuntions.

War thy wyſe deid I ſee thou wald be fane.

Cotter.

Ye, that I wald, ſweit fir, be Sanct Fillane.

50

Nuntius.

Wald thou nocht mary fra hand ane vder wyfe?

Cotter.

Na, than the dum Divill stik me with ane knyfe;
Quha evir did mary agane the Feind mot fang thame,
Bot, as the preiftis dois, ay stryk in amang thame.

Nuntius.

Than thou mon keip thy chestety as effeiris.

55

Cotter.

I fall leif chest as abbottis, monkis and freiris.
Maister, quhairto sowl I my self miskary,
Quhair I, as preiftis, may swyve and nevir mary?

Wyfe.

Quhair hes thou bene, fals ladrone loun?
Doyttand and drinkand in the toun?
Quha gaif the leif to cum fra hame?

60

Cotter.

Ye gaif me leif, fair lucky dame.

Wyfe.

Quhy hes thou taryit heir sa lang?

Cotter.

Fol. 165.a.

I micht not thrifft owtthrow the thrang,
Till that yone man the play proclamit.

65

Wyfe.

Trowis thou that day, fals cairle defamit,
To gang to Cowpar to see the play?

Cotter.

Ye, **that I will, deme, gif I may.**

Wyfe.

Na, I fall cum thairto sickerly,
And thou salt byd at hame and keip the ky.

70

Cotter.

Fair lucky dame, that war grit schame,
Gif I that day fowld byid at hame;
Byid ye at hame, for cum ye heir,
Ye will mak all the toun a steir.
Quhen ye ar fow of barmy drink,
Besyd yow nane may stand for stink;
Thairfoir byid ye at hame that day,
That I may cum and see the play.

75

Wyfe.

Fals cairle, be God that fall thou nocth,
And all thy crackis fall be deir coft.
Swyth cairle, speid the hame speidalys
Incontinent, and milk the ky,
And mvk the byre, or I cum hame.

80

Cotter.

All falbe done, fair lucky dame;
I am fa dry, dame, or I gae,
I mon ga drink ane penny or twac.

85

Wyfe.

The divill a drew fall cum in thy throte;
Speid hand,¹ or I fall paik thy cote;
And to begin, fals cairle, tak thair ane plate.

¹ May be read *hand*.

Cotter

The feind ressaif the handis that gaif me that;
I befeik yow for Goddis saik, lucky dame,
Ding me na mair this day till I cum hame,
Than fall I put me evin in to your will.

90

Wyfe.

Or evir I stynt, thow fall haif straikis thy fill.

*Heir fall the wyfe ding the carle, and he fall cry
Goddis mercy.*

Cotter.

Now wander and wa be to thame all thair lyvis,
The quhilk ar maryit with sic vnhappy wyvis.

95 Fol. 165.b.

Wyfe.

I ken foure wyvis, fals ladrone loun,
Baldar nor I, dwelland in Cowpar toun.

10

Funeral of the Fute Band

Wow, mary, heir is ane fellone rowt;
Speik schiris, what gait may I get out?

I saw that I came heir

My name, schiris, wald ye vndirstand,
They call me Eindlaw of the Eute Band;

105

A nobill man of weir:

A robin ran There is no safety in this land

Bot I dar ding thame hand for hand:

Se sic ans brand I beir

Nocht lang sensyne besyd ane svik

116

Nocht lang lenyne beryd ane lyk,
Vpoun the sonny syd of ane dyk.

I flew with my right hand.

I flew with my friend

Ane thowfand, ye, and ane thowfand to:
My fingaris yit ar bludy, lo,

And nane durst me ganestand. 115

Wit ye it dois me mekill ill,

That can nocht get fechting my fill,

Nowdir in peax nor weir.

Will na man, for thair ladyis saikis,

With me stryk twenty markit straikis,

120

With halbart, swerd or speir?

Quhen Inglismen come in to this land,

Had I bene thair with my bricht brand,

Withowttin ony help

Bot myn allane, on Pynky Craiggis,

125

I sowld haif revin thame all in raggis,

And laid on skelp for skelp.

Sen nane will fecht, I think it best

To ly doun heir and tak me rest,

Than will I think nane ill; 130

I pray the grit God, of his grace

To send ws weir and nevir peace,

That I may fecht my fill.

Heir fall he ly down.

The Fule.

My lord, be him that ware the croun of thorne,

A mair cowart was nevir sen God was borne;

135 Fol. 166.a.

He lovis him self, and vthir men he lakkis,

I ken him weill for all his boistis and crakkis.

Howbeid he now be lyk ane captane cled,

At Pyncky Clewch he was the first that fled;

I tak on hand, or I steir of this steid,

140

This crakkand cairle to fle with ane scheip heid.

*Here fall the auld man cum in leidand
his wyfe in ane dance.*

[*Auld Man.*]

Bessy, my haire, I mon ly doun and sleip,
And in myne arme se quyetly thow creip;
Bessy, my haire, first lat me lok thy cunt,
Syne lat me keip the key as I was wount.

145

Bessy.

My gud husband, lock it evin as ye pleiss,
I pray God send yow grit honor and eiss.

*Heir fall he lok hir cunt, and lay the key under
his heid; he fall sleip and scho fall sit besyd him.*

The Courteouer.

Lusty lady, I pray yow haiftfully,
Gif me licence to beir yow cumpny;
Ye sie I am ane cumly courteour,
Quhilk nevir yit did woman dishonour.

150

Marchand.

My fair maistres, sweitar than the lammer,
Gif me licence to luge in to your chalmer;
I am the richest marchand in this toun,
Ye fall of silk haif kirtill, hude and goun.

155

Clerk.

I yow befeik, my lusty lady bricht,
To gif me leif to ly with yow all nicht;
And of your quoman lat me schut the lokkis,
And of fyne gold ye fall ressaif ane box.

Fwill.

Fair dameſell, how pleiſs ye me.
I haif na mair geir nor ye ſie;

160

Swa lang as this may steir or stand,
It fall be ay at your command;
Na, it is the best that evir ye saw.

Beffy.

Now welcome to me aboif thame aw.
Was nevir wyf sa straitly rokkit,
Se ye not how my cunt is lokkit.

165

Fol. 166.b.

Fule.

Thinkis he nocht schame, that brybor blunt,
To put ane lok vpoun your cunt?

Beffy.

Bot se gif ye can mak remeid,
To steill the key fra vndir his heid.

170

Fule.

That fall I do, withowttin dowt,
Lat se gif I can get it owte;
Lo, heir the key, do quhat ye will.

Beffy.

Na, than lat ws ga play our fill.

175

Heir fall thay go to sum quyet place.

Fynlaw of the Fute Band.

Will nane with me in France go to the weiris,
Quhair I am captane of ane hundredh speiris?
I am fa hardy, sturdy, strang and stowt,
That owt of Hell the Divill I dar ding owt.

Clerk.

Gif thou be gude or evill I can not tell,
Thay ar not sonfy that so dois ruse thame sell;

180

At Pyncky Clewch, I knew richt woundir weill,
 Thow gat na credence for to beir a creill.
 Sen sic as thow began to brawll and boist,
 The commoun weill of Scotland hes bene loist; 185
 Thow cryis for weir, bot I think peax war best;
 I pray to God till send ws peice and rest,
 On that conditioun, that thow and all thy fallowis,
 War be the craiggis heich hangit on the gallowis.
 Quha of this weir hes bene the foundament, 190
 I pray to the grit God omnipotent,
 That all the warld, and mae, mot on thame wounder,
 Or ding thame deid with awfull fyre of thunder.

Fynlaw.

Domine doctor, quhair will ye preiche to morne?
 We will haif weir and all the warld had fworne; 195
 Want we weir heir, I will ga pafs in France,
 Quhair I will get ane lordly governance.

Clerk.

Sa quhat ye will, I think feuer peax is best;
 Quha wald haif weir God send thame littill rest.
 Adew, crakkar, I will na langar tary, 200
 I treft to see the in ane firy fary;
 I treft to God to see the and thy fallowis, Fol. 167.a.
 Within few dayis hingand on Cowpar gallowis.

Fyndlaw.

Now art thou gane the dum Divill be thy gyd.
 Yone brybour was sa fleit he durst not byid; 205
 Be woundis and passionis, had he spokkin mair ane word,
 I sowld haif hackit his heid af with my swerd.

*Heir fall the gudman walkin and cry
 for Beffy.*

[Auld Man.]

My bony Bessy, quhair art thou now?
 My wyfe is fallin on sleip I trow;
 Quhair art thou, Bessy, my awin sweet thing,210
 My hony, my haire, my dayis darling?
 Is thair na man that saw my Bess?
 I trow scho be gane to the mels;
 Bessy, my haire, heiris thou not me?
 My joy, cry peip, quhairevir thou be.215
 Allace, for evir now am I fey,
 For of hir cunt I tynt the key;
 Scho may call me ane jufflane jok,
 Or I swyve I mon brek the lok.

Bessy.

Quhat now, gudman, quhat wald ye haif?220

Auld Man.

No thing, my haire, bot yow I craif;
 Ye haif bene doand sum bissly wark?

Bessy.

My haire, evin sewand yow ane fark,
 Of Holland claih baith quhyt and tewch;
 Lat pruve gif it be wyid annewch.225

*Heir fall scho put the fark over his heid,
 and the fuill fall stell in the key agane.*

Auld [Man].

It is richt verry weill, my haire,
 Oure Lady lat ws nevir depaert.
 Ye ar the farest of all the flok;
 Quhair is the key, Bess, of my lok?

Beffy.

Ye reve, gudman, be Goddis breid,
I saw yow lay it vndir your heid.

230

Awld Man.

Be my gud faith, Beſſ, that is trew.
That I ſuſpectit yow, fair I rew;
I trow thair be no man in Fyſſe,
That evir had ſa gude ane wyfe;
My awin ſweit haift, I had it beſt,
That we ſitt doun and tak ws reſt.

Fol. 167. b.

235

Fyndlaw.

Now is nocht this ane grit diſpyte,
That nane with me will fecht nor flyte?
War Golias in to this ſteid,
I dowt nocht to ſtryk of his heid.
This is the ſwerd that flew Gray Steill,
Nocht half ane myle beyond Kynneill;
I was that nobill campioune,
That flew Schir Bewas of Sowth Hamtoun;
Hector of Troy, Gawayne or Golias,
Had nevir half ſa mekle hardineſſ.

240

245

*Heir fall the fuile cum in with ane ſcheip heid
on ane flaff, and Fyndlaw fall be fleit.*

Wow, wow, braid Benedicitię,
Quhat ſicht is yone, ſchiris, that I ſee?
I[n] nomine Patris et Filij,
I trow yone be the ſpreit of Gy;
Na, faith, it is the ſpreit of Marling,
Or ſum ſcho gaift or gyrgarling.
Allace for evir, fow fall I gyd me?
God ſen I had ane hoill till hyd me;

250

255

But dowt my deid yone man hes sworne,
 I trow yone be grit Gow Mak Morne;
 He gaippis, he glowris, howt welloway,
 Tak all my geir and lat me gay.
 Quhat say ye, schir, wald ye have my fwerd? 260
 Ye mary, fall ye, at the first word;
 My gluvis of plait and knapskaw to;
 Your pressonar I yield me, lo;
 Tak thair my purs, my belt and knyfe,
 For Goddis faik, maister, save my lyfe. 265
 Na, now he cumis, evin for to sla me;
 For Godis faik, schiris, now keip him fre me;
 I see not ellis bot tak and flae;
 Wow, mak me rowme and lat me gae.

Nuntius.

As for this day I haif na mair to fay yow; 270
 On Witstone Tyfday cum see our play, I prey yow;
 That samyne day is the fevint day of June,
 Thairfoir, get vp richt airly and difiune. Fol. 168.a.
 And ye ladyis, that hes na skant of leddir,
 Or ye cum thair, faill nocht to teme your bleddir; 275
 I dreid, or we haif half done with our wark,
 That sum of yow fall mak ane richt wait sark.

*Heir begynnis Schir Dauid Lyndsay Play, maid
in the Grenewyd, besyd Edinburgh; quhilk
I writtin bot schortly be Interludis, levand
the grave mater thairof, becaus the samyne
abuse is weill reformit in Scotland, prayfit
be God; quhairthrow I omittit that principall
mater, and writtin only certane mirry
Interludis thairof verru plesand, begynning
at the first part of the Play.*

[Diligence.]

The Fader, foundar of faith and felicitie,
That your fassone formit to his similitude;
And his Sone your Saluiour, scheild in necessitie, 280
That bocht yow frome bailis, ransonit on the rude,
Replegeing his prissonaris with his pretious blude;
The Haly Gaist, governour and grundar of grace, Fol. 168. b.
Of wisdome and weilsair baith fontane and flude,
Save yow all that I fe feisit in this place, 285
And scheild yow fra syn;
And with his spreit yow enspyre,
Till I haif schawin my desyre.
Scilence, soveranis, I requyre,
For now I begyn. 290

Pausa.

Pepill tak tent to me, and hald yow coy,
Heir am I sent to yow, ane messingeir
Frome ane nobill and richt redowtit roy,
The quhilk hes bene absent this mony ane yeir;
Humanitie, gif ye his name wald speir; 295
Quha bad me schaw to yow, but variance,
That he intendis amang yow to compeir,
With ane trivphant awfull ordinance;

With croun and swerd and sceptour in his hand,
Temperit with mercy, quhen penitence appeiris; 300
Howbeit that he hes bene langtyme sleipand,
Quhairthrow misrewill hes rung thir mony yeiris;
And innocentis bene brocht vpoun thair beiris,
Be fals reportaris of this natioun;
Thocht yung oppressouris at the elderis leiris, 305
Be now weill feur of reformatioune.

Se no misdoaris be so bawld,
As to remane in to this hawld,
For quhy, be him that Judas fawld,
Thay will be heich hangit. 310

Faithfull folk now may sing,
For quhy, it is the bidding
Off my soverane the king,
That na man be wrangit.

Thocht he ane quhyle now in his flowris, 315
Be governit be trumpouris,
And sumtyme to lufe parramowris,
Hald him excusit.

For quhen he meitis with Correctioun,
With Verety and Discretioun, 320
Thay will be baneift of the toun,
Quhilk hes him abusit.

And heir, be oppin proclamatioun,
I warne, in name of his magnificence,
The Thre Estaitis of this natioun,
That thay compeir, with detfull diligence, 325 Fol. 169.a.
And till his grace mak thair obedience.
And first I warne the spritualitie,
And see the burges spair noct for expence,
Bot speid thame heir, with temporalitie. 330

Als I beseik yow, famous awditouris,
Convenit in to this congregatioun,
To be patient the space of certane howris,
Till ye haif hard our fchort narratioun;
And als we mak yow supplicatioun,
That noman tak our wordis in disdane,
Howbeit ye heir be lamentatioun,
The commoun weill richt petously complane.

335

Richt so the verteous lady Veretye
Will mak ane peteous lamentatioun,
And for the trewth scho will imprissonit bee,
And banissit a tyme owt of the toun.
And Chestety will mak hir narratioun,
How scho can get na lugeing in this land,
Till that the hevinly knyght Correc*tio*un
Meit with our king and commoun hand till hand.

340

Prudent pepill, I pray yow all,
Tak noman greif in speciali;
For we fall speik in generall,
For pastyme and for play.
Thairsoir till our rymes be rung,
And our mistonit songis be fung,
Lat every man keip weill his tung,
And every woman tway.

345

King.

O Lord of lordis, and King of kingis all,
Omnipotent off power, Prince but peir,
Eterne rignand in gloir celestiall,
Vnmaid makar, quhilk havand no mateir
Maid hevin and erth, fyre, air and watter cleir,
Send me the grace with peax perpetuall,

355

360

That I may rewile my realme to thy plesir;
Syne bring my sawill to joy angelicall.

Sen thou hes gevin me dominationoun,
And rewile of pepill subiect to my ceur,
Be I nocht rewlit be counsale and ressoun,
In dignitie I may nocht lang indeur.
I grant my stait my self may nocht asseur,
Nor yit conserve my lyfe in sickernes;
Haif pety, Lord, of me thy createur,
Supportand me in all my bissines.

365
Fol. 169. b.

370

I the request, quhilk rent was on the rude,
Me till defend frome deidis of defame,
That my pepill report of me bot gude,
And be my saisgaird boith fra fyn and schame.
I knew my dayis indeuris bot a drame,
Thairfoir, O Lord, hairtly I the exhort,
Till gif me grace till vse my diadame
To thy plesour, and to my grit confort.

375

*Heir fall the King pass to royall fait, and fit
with ane grave countenance till Wantones cum.*

[*Wantones.*]

My soverane lord, and prince but peir,
Quhat garris yow mak fa dreiry cheir?
Be glaid fa lang as ye ar heir,
And pass tyme with plesour.
For als lang leivis the mirry man,
As the sory for ocht he can;
His banis kittirly fall I ban,
That dois yow displesour.
Sa lang as Placebo, and I,
Remanis in to your cumpny,

380

385

Your grace fall leif richt mirrely,
 Haiff ye na dowt.
So lang as your grace hes ws in ceure,
Your prudence fall want na plefeur;
War Sollace heir, I yow asseure,
 He wald reioifs this rowt.

390

Placebo.

Gude bruder, quhair is Solace,
The mirrour of all mirrenes?
I haif mervell, be the mefs,
 He taryis so lang.
Byd he away we ar bot schent,
I ferly how he fra ws went;
I trow he hes impediment,
 That lattis him to gang.

395

400

Wantones.

I left Sollace, that loun,
Drinkand doun in to the toun;
It will coift him half ane croun,
 Thocht he had na mair.
And als he faid he wald gang fee
Fair lady Senfualitie,
The beriall of bewtie,
 And portratour preclair.

405

Fol. 170.a.

410

Placebo.

Be God, I se him at the last,
As he war cheffit, rynnand fast,
He glowris, evin as he war agaft,
 Or fleid for ane gaist.
Na, he is druckin I trow,

415

I persaive him weill fow;
 I ken be his creishe mow,
 He hes bene at ane feist.

Sollace.

Wow, quha fa evir sic ane thrang?
 Me thocht sum said I had gane wrang; 420
 Had I help I wald sing ane sang,
 With ane mirry noyis.
 I haif sic plesour at my haift,
 That garris me sing the tribill pairt;
 Wald sum gude fallow fill the quairt, 425
 That wald my haift reioys.
 Howbeit my coit be schort and nippit,
 Thankit be God, I am weill hippit,
 Thocht all my gold may sone be grippit
 In till ane penny purfs. 430
 Thocht I ane servand lang hes bene,
 My purchess is nocht worth ane prene;
 I may sing Peblis on the Grene,
 For ocht that I may turis.

Quhat is my name can ye nocht ges? 435
 Ken ye nocht Sandy Sollace?
 Thay callit my moder bony Bes,
 That dwelt betwene the bowis.
 Off twelf yeir awld scho leird to swyve;
 Thankit be the grit god of lyve, 440
 Scho maid me faderis four or fyve,
 But dowt this is na mowis;
 Quhen ane was deid I gat ane vder;
 Was never man had sa gud ane moder,
 For scho hes maid me freindis ane fudder, 445
 Off lawit and leirit.
 Scho is baith wyis, worthy and wicht,
 For scho spairis nowdir cuik nor knicht,

Ye, four and twenty vpoun ane nicht,
Thair ene scho bleirit;
And gif I ley, schiris, ye ma speir.
Bot saw ye nocht the king cum heir?
I am ane sportour and playfeir,
To that yung king.
He said he wald, within schort space,
To pass his tyme cum to this place;
I pray to God to gif him grace,
And lang to ring.

450
Fol. 170. b.

455

Placebo.

Sollace, quhy tareit thow so lang?

Sollace.

The feind a faster I micht gang;
I micht not thirst owtthrow the thrang,
Off wyvis syftene fuder.
Than for to ryn I tuik ane rink,
Bot I felt nevir sic ane stink;
For our Lordis luve, gif me ane drink,

460

Placebo, my bruder.

465

Heir fall Placebo gif Sollace ane drink.

King.

My servand Sollace, quhat gart yow tary?

Sollace.

I wait nocht, schir, be fweit Sanct Mary;
I haif bene in ane feryfary,
Or ellis in till ane trans.
Schir, I haif sene, I yow assur,

470

3 O

The fareft erdly ciateure,
That evir was formit be nateur,
And moist till advance.

To luik on hir is grit delyte,
With lippis reid and cheikis quhyte;
I wald gif all this warld quyte,

To stand in hir grace.

Scho is wantone and scho is wyifs,
And cled vpoun the new gyifs;
It wald gar all your flesche arryifs,

To luik on hir face.

Wer I ane king it sowld be kend,
I sowld not spair on hir to spend,
And this same nicht for hir till send,

For my plesour.

Quhatraik of your prosperetie,
Gif ye want Sensualitie?
I wald not gif ane flane fle

For your tresour.

475

480

485

490

King.

Forswth, my freind, I think ye ar nocht wyifs.
Till counsale mc to brek commandiment,

Fol. 171. a.

Directit be the Prince of Parradyifs;
Considering ye knew that myne entent
Is for till be to God obedient,
Quha dois forbid men to be licheruſs.

495

Do I nocht so, perchance I fall repent,
Thairfoir I think your counsale odiuſs,
The quhilk ye gif me till;
Becaufs I haif bene to this dae,

500

Tanquam tabula rasa,
Quhilk is als mekle for till fae,
Rady for gud and ill.

Placebo.

Beleif ye that we will begyle yow,
 Or frome your vertew for till wyil yow,
 Or with evill counsale for till fyle yow,
 Bot in to gude and evill?
 To tak your Gracis pairt we grant,
 In all your deidis participant,
 So ye be nocth ane ouir yung sanct,
 And syne ane awld divill.

505

510

Wantones.

Beleif ye, schir, that lichery be fyn?
 Na, trow nocth that; this is my reasone quhy.
 First at the Romane court will ye begyn,
 Quhilk is the lemand lamp of lichery;
 Quhair cardinallis and bischoppis generaly,
 To luve ladyis thay think ane plefand sport;
 And owt of Rome hes baneift Chestety,
 Quha with our prellattis can get na resort.
 Schir, quhill ye get ane prudent quene,
 I think your maiesty serene
 Sowld haif ane lusty concubene,
 To play yow with all;
 For I ken be your qualitie,
 Ye want the gift of chestetie;
 Fall to in nomine Domini,
 For this is my counsall.

515

520

525

Placebo.

Schir, send furth Sandy Sollace,
 Or ellis your mynyeoun Wantounes,
 And pray my lady pryores
 The fwth till declar;
 Gif it be syn to tak ane katy,
 Or to leif lyk ane bummill baty.

530

The buik sayis, schir, Omne probate,
And nocht for to spair.

535

Sollace.

I speik, schir, vndir protestatioun,
That none at me haif indignatioun;
For all the prelattis of this natioun,
For the maist pairt,
Thay think na schame to keip ane heuir,
And sum hes thre vnder thair ceuir;
How this bene trew, I yow asseuir,
Ye fall wit estirwart.
Schir, knew ye all the matar thrwch,
To play ye wald begyn;
Speir at the monkis of Balmirrynoch,
Gife lichery be syn.

Fol. 171.b.

540

545

*Heir fall entir Dame Sensualitie, with hir madynnis
Hamelines and Denger.*

Sensualitie.

O luvaris walk, behald the fyrie speir,
Behald the naturall dochter of Venus;
Behald, luvaris, this lusty lady cleir,
The fresche fontane of knichtis amorus.
Quhat thay defyre in laitis delitius,
Or quha wald mak to Venus observance,
In my mirthfull chalmer mellodiouss,
Thair fall thay synd all pastyme and plesance.

550

555

Behald my heid, behald my gay intyre,
Behald my hals, luffsum and lilly quhyte;
Behald my visage flammand as the fyre,
Behald my palpis of portratour perfyte.
To luik on me lovaris hes grit dellyte,
Richt so hes all the kingis of Christindome;

560

To thame I haif done plesouris infinyte,
And specialy vnto the court of Rome.

Ane kifs of me war worth, in ane morrowing,
Ane mylyeoun of gold to knicht or king,
And yit I am of nateur so towart,
I latt no lovaris pass with sorry hait.
Of my name wald ye witt the verretye,
Forwth thay call me Sensualite;
I hald it best now, or we forder gang,
To Dame Venus latt ws go sing ane sang.

565

570

Hamelines.

Madame, but tayreing
For to serve Venus deir,
We fall pass in and sing,¹
Cum on sister Dengeir.

575

Danger.

Sister, I was nevir sweir
To Venus obseruance.
Howbeit I mak Dangeir,
Yit be continewance,
Men may haif thair plesance;
Thairfoir lat na man fray,
We will tak it perchance,
Howbeit that we say nay.

580 Fol. 172.a.

Hamelynes.

Sister, cum on ouir way,
And lat ws not think lang,
In all the haist we may,
To sing Venus ane sang.

585

Danger.

Sistir, to sing this fang we mannot,

¹ MS. has *ling.*

Without the help of gud Fund Jonnet;
Fund Jonet, how, cum tak a pairt.

590

Fund Jonnat.

That fall I do with all my hart;
Sister, howbeit that I am heſſ,
I am content to beir ane beſſ.
Ye twa fowld luf me as your lyif,
Ye knew I leird yow baith to swyif,
In my chalmer, ye wait weill quhair;
Sen sync the feind a man I spair.

595

Hamelines.

Fund Jonat, fy, ye ar to blame;
To speik fowill wordis think ye na ſchame?

Fund Jonatt.

Thair is ane hunder heir fittand by,
That luvis japing als weill as I,
Micht thay get it in prevetie.
Bot quha begynnis the ſang lat fie?

600

Wantounes.

I trow, schir, be the Trinitie,
Yone fame is Sensualite;
Gif it be scho, ſone fall I ſee
That ſoverane ſerene.

605

Heir fall Wantones ga fy thyame, and cum agane to the King.

King.

Quhat war thay yone, to me declar.

Wantounes.

Dame Sensualitie baith guude and fair.

Placebo.

- Schir, scho is mekill till advance, 610
For scho can baith sing and dance;
That patron of plefance,
 The perle of pulchritude.
Soft as silk is hir lyre, 615
Hir hair lyk the gold wyre;
My hairt birnys in ane fyre,
 Schir, be the rude.
I think that fre sa woundir fair,
I wait weill scho hes na compair;
War ye weill lernit at luvis lair, 620
 And syne had hir sene,
I wate, be cokkis passiouin, Fol. 172. b.
Ye wald mak supplicatioun,
And spend on hir ane milyeoun,
 Hir luve till obtene. 625

Sollace.

- Quhat say ye, schir, ar ye content,
That scho cum heir incontinent?
Quhat waillis your kingdome and your rent,
 And all your grit tressour,
Withowt ye haif ane mirry lyfe, 630
And cast assyd all sturt and stryfe?
And so lang as ye want ane wyfe,
 Schir, tak your plefour.

King.

- Gif it be trew that ye me tell,
 I will na langer tary; 635
I will gang preif that play my fell,
 Howbeid the wrold me wary.

Als fast as ye may cary,
 Speid yow with diligence,
 Bring Sensualitie

640

Fra hand to my presence.

Forwth I wait not how it standis,
 Bot sen I hard of your tythandis,
 My body trymblis feit and handis,

And sumtyme het as fyrc.

645

I trow Cupido, with his dart,
 Hes woundit me owtthrwc the hart;
 My spreit will fra my body part,

Get I nocht my defyre.

Pas on away with diligence,
 And bring hir heir to my presence;
 Spair nocht for travell nor expence,

I cair for na coift.

650

Pafs your way, Wantounes,
 And tak with yow Sollace,
 And bring that lady to this place,

Or ellis I am loist.

655

Command me to that fweit thing,
 And hir present this riche ring;
 And say I ly in languissing,

Bot scho mak remeid.

660

With sicing soir I am bot schent,
 Without scho cum incontinent,
 My grit langour for to relent,

And saif me fra deid.

665

Wantounes.

Or ye tuik skaith, be Godis croun,
 I leir thair was not vp and doun,
 Ane tvme cunt in all this toun,
 Nor ten mylis abowt.
 Dowt not, schir, bot ye will get hir,

670 Fol. 173.a.

We falbe fery for to fet hir,
Bot we wald speid far the bettir,
To gar our purſs rowt.

Sollace.

Schir, lat na sorrow in yow sink,
Bot gif ws duccattis for to drink, 675
And we fall nevir fleip a wink,
Till it be bak or age;
Ye knew weill, fir, we haif na cunyie.

King.

Sollace, that falbe na funyie;
Beir thow that bag vpoun thy lunyie, 680
And win weill thy wage;
I pray yow speid yow sone agane.

Wantounes.

Ye, of this fang, schir, we ar fane,
We fall nowdir spair for wind nor rane,
Till our day wark be done; 685
Fairweill, for we ar at the flicht.
Placebo, rewill ouir roy at richt;
We falbe heir, man, or midnicht,
Thocht we merche with the mone.

Heir fall thay depart singand mirrelly.

Pastyme, with plesour and grit prosperitie, 690
Be to yow, soverane Sensualitie.

Senſualitie.

Sirſs, ye ar wylcum: quhair go ye, eift or west?

Wantounes.

In faith, I trow we be at the farreſt.

Sensualitie.

Quhat is your name, I pray yow that declar?

Wantounes.

Mary, Wantounes, the kingis secretaur.

695

Sensualitie.

Quhat king is that, quhilk hes sa gay ane boy?

Wantounes.

Humanitie, that richt redowttit roy,
Quha dois commend him to yow haiftfully,
And sendis yow heir a ring with ane ruby,
In takin that, abufe all creatour,
He hes chosin yow to be his paramour:
He bad ws say, that he wilbe bot deid,
Withowt that ye mak heftelly remeid.

700

Sensualitie.

Quhat can I help, howbeit he sowlde forsfair?
Ye ken richt weill I am na medcynnair.

705

Sollace.

Yis, lusty laidy, thocht he war nevir so seik,
I wait ye beir his helth in to your breik:
Ane kifs of yow in to ane morrowing,
Till his seiknes micht be grit conforting;
And als he makis yow supplicatioun,

710 Fol. 173. b.

This nicht to mak with him collatioun.

Sensualitie.

I thank his grace of his benivolence;
Gude schiris, I fall be reddy evin fra hand;
In me thair falbe fund na negligence,
Boith nicht and day, quhen his grace will demand.

715

Pass ye befoir, and say I am cumand,
 And thinkis richt lang to haif of him ane sicht,
 And I to Venus makis ane faythfull band,
 That in his armes I think to ly all nicht.

Wantones.

That falbe done, bot yit or I hyne pass,
 Heir I protest for Hamel[in]es, your laſſ. 720

Sensualitie.

Scho falbe at command, schir, quhen ye will;
 I treſt scho ſall fynd yow flynging your fill.

Wantounes.

Hay for joy, now I dance,
 Tak thair ane gawmond of France; 725
 Am I not wirdy till avance,
 And ane gud page,

That fa ſpedely can rin,
 To tyift my maifter to ſin?
 The diuill ane groit he will win
 Off this mariage. 730

I rew, be ſweit Sanct Michaell,
 Nor I had previt hir my fell;
 For quhy? yone king, be Brydis bell,
 Kenis na mair ane cunt, 735
 Nor dois the noveis of ane freir.
 It war almoouſt to pull my eir,
 That wald not preive yone gayis geir:
 Fy, that I am fa blunt.

I think this day to win thank;
 Hay, as ane brydlit catt I brank,
 I haif wreiftit my ſchank,
 Be Sanct Michaell.
 Quhilk of my leggis, as ye trow, 740

Was it that I hurt now?
 Quhairto sowlid I speir at yow?
 Me think thame baith haill.
 Gude morrow, maistir, be the mēſs.

745

King.
 Wyldcum, my mynyeoun, Wantounes;
 How hes thow fairin in thy travell?

750

Fol. 174.2.

Wantounis.
 Richt weill, be him that herreit Hell;
 Your eirand is weill done.

King.
 Than, Wantounes, full weill is me,
 For thow hes faird beth meit and fee,
 Be him that maid the mone.
 Thair is ane thing that I wald speir;
 How fall I do quhen scho cumis heir?
 For I knaw nocht the craft perqueir,
 Of luvis gyn;
 Thairfoir at lenth ye mon me leir,
 How to begyn.

755

760

Wantounes.
 Kifs hir and clap hir, and be nocht affeird,
 Scho will not hurt, thocht ye hir kifs a ſpan within the beird;
 And gif ye feſcho thinkis ſchame, than hyid the bairnis ene,
 With hir taill, and tent hir weill, ye wat quhat I mene. 765
 Will ye gif me leif, ſchir, firſt till go to,
 And I fall ken yow the kewis how ye fall do.

King.
 God forbid, Wantounes, that I gif the leif;
 Thow art ouir perrellus ane pege ſic praetikkis to preif.

Wantounes.

Now, schir, preve as ye pleiss, I se hir cummand; 770
 Ordour yow with gravity, and we fall be yow stand.

Heir fall Sensualitie cum to the king and say:

[Senfualitie.]

O, Venus goddes, vnto thy celositude
 I gife lawid, gloir, honour and reverence,
 Quhilk granttit me sic perfyte pulchritude,
 That princis of my persone hes plesance. 775
 I mak ane vow, with humill obseruance,
 Richt reverently thy tempill to visie,
 With sacrifice vnto thy deitie.

To every stait I am so agreable,
 That few or none refusis me at all; 780
 Paipis, patriarkis nor prellattis venerable,
 Commoun pepill nor princis temporall,
 Bot subiect all to me, Dame Sensuall;
 So fall it be ay quhill the world enduris,
 And specially quhair yowtheid hes the curis. 785
 Quha knawis the contrair?

I trest few in this company,
 Wald thay declair the verety,
 Vnthrald to Senfualitye,
 Bot with me makis repair. 790

Bot now my way I mon advance
 Till ane prince of pißance,
 Quhilk yung men hes in govirnance, Fol. 174. b.
 Rolland in his rage.

I am richt glaid, I yow asseuir,
 That potent prince to get in ceuir,
 Quha is of lustines the luir,
 And moist of curage. 795

Heir fall scho mak reverence and say:

O potent prince, of pulchritude preclair,
God Cupido preserve your celsitude;
And Dame Venus mot keip your cors fra cair,
As I wald scho did keip my awin hait blude.

800

King.

Wylcum to me, perles of pulchritude,
Wylcum to me, thow fweittar nor the lammer,
Quhilk hes me maid of all dollour denude.
Sollace, convoy this lady to my chalmer.

805

Heir fall scho pass to the chalmer and say:

[*Sensualitie.*]

I ga this gait with richt gude will;
Sir Wantounes, tary ye still,
Lat Hamelenes the cop fill,
And beir yow cumpany.

810

Hamelines.

That fall I do withowttin dowt,
For he and I fall play cop owt.

Wantounes.

Now, lady, len me thy batty towt,
Fill in, for I am dry.
Your dame, be this trewly,
Hes gottin vpoun the gwmmis;
Quhatraik thocht ye and I
Go jone our justing lumes?

815

Hamelines.

I am content, with richt gud will,
Quhen evir ye ar reddy,
All your plesour to fulfill.

820

Wantounes.

Now weill said, be our Leddy;
 I will beir my maistir cumpany,
 Till that I may endeur;
 Gife he be wiskand wanttonly, 825
 We fall fling on the fleuir.

*Heir fall thay pafs all to the chalmer,
 and Gude Counsale fall fay:*

[*Gude Counsale.*]

Immortall God, moist of magnificence,
 Quhois maiesty no clerk can comprehend,
 Saif yow, my senyeouris, that givis sic awdience;
 And grant yow grace never till him offend, 830
 Quhilk on the croce did wilfully ascend,
 And sched his pretious bluid on every fyde;
 Quhois petious passioun frome feindis yow defend,
 And be your gratius gove[r]nour and gyd.

Fol. 175. a.

Confidder, my soveranis, I yow beseik, 835
 The cauissis moist principall of my heir cuming;
 Princis nor potestattis ar not worth a leik,
 Be thay nocht gyddit be grace and governyng.
 Thair was nevir empriour, conquerour or king,
 Withowt my wisdome, micht availl thair weill to awance: 840
 My name is Gude Counsale withowt fenyeing,
 Lordis, for lack of my law, ar brocht till mischance.

And so for conclusioun,
 Quho gydis thame not be Gud Counsale,
 All in vane is thair travell, 845
 And fynally fortoun fall thame faill,
 And bring thame to confusioun.
 And this I vndirstand,
 For I haif maid residence,
 With princis of pißance, 850

In Ingland, Italy and France,
 And mony vthir land.
 Bot owt of Scotland, allace,
 I haif bene benneift lang space,
 That gart our gydaris want grace,

855

And dy lang or thair day.
 Becaus thay lichtlyit Gude Counsale,
 Fortoun turnit on thame hir faill,
 Quhilk brocht this realme to mekill baill;

860

Quha can the contrair say?
 My lordis, we come not heir to lye;
 Wayis me for King Humanitie,
 Ouirsett with Sensualitie,

In his first begynning,
 Thruche vicious counsale infolent.

865

So thay may get riches or rent,
 Of his weilfair thay tak no tent,

Nor quhat fall be the ending.

Yit in this realme I wald mak sum repair,
 Gif I belevit my name sowld not forsfair;
 For wald this king be yit gyddit with ressoun,
 And of misdoaris mak pvnissioun,
 Howbeid that I langtyme hes bene exylit,
 I trest in God my name sowld yit be stylit;
 So till I se God send mair of his grace,

870

I purpois till reposis me in this place.

875

*Heir I omit the nixt mater following, becaus it is writtin heir-
 eftir in the leif quhair Flattery enterris. Now enteris
 Dame Chesletie.*

*Heir fall Dame Cheslety pass and seik lugeing ahort
 all the Sprituall Estant and Temporall Estant, quhill
 scho cum to the Sowttar and Teilyeour and say:*

Fol. 175.b.

Cheflety.

Ye men of craft, of grit ingyne,

Gif me harbry, for Chrystis pyne,
And win Goddis bennyffone and myne,
And help my hungry hairet.

880

Sowttar.

Wylcum, be him that maid the mone,
Till dwell with ws till it be June;
We fall mend baith your hoiss and schone,
And planely tak your pairet.

Tailyeour.

Is this fair ledy Chestety? 885
Now wylcum, be the Trinitie,
I think it war a grit pitie,
That ye sowlid ly thairowt.
Your grit displisour we forthink;
Sit doun, madame, and tak a drink,
And lat na sorrow in yow sink,
Bot lat ws play cop owt.

890

Sowttar.

Fill in and drink abowt,
For I am wounder dry;
The Divill snyp of thair snowt, 895
That haitis this cumpany.

Heir fall thay gar Chestety fit doun and drink.

Zynny.

Mynny, how, mynny, mynny.

Tailyouris Wyfe.

Quhat wald thow, my deir dochter Jenny?
Jenney, my joe, quhat dois thy daddy?

3 Q

Jenny.

Mary, drinkand with a lusty laiddy.
 Ane fair yung madin, cled in quhyt.
 Off quhome my daiddy takkis delyt:
 I trest, gif I can rakin richt,
 Scho schaipis to luge with thame all nicht.

900

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Quhat dois the Sowttar, my gudman?

905

Jenny.

Mary, fillis the cop and temiss the can;
 Or ye cum hame, be God I trow,
 He falbe druckin lyk a sow.

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

This is ane grit dispyt, I think,
 For to ressaif sic ane cowclynk:
 Quhat is your counfall that we do?

910

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Cummar, this is my counfall, lo;
 Ding ye the ane and I the vder.

Fol. 176.a.

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

I am content, be Goddis moder;
 I think for me, thay hurfoun smaikis,
 Thay serve richt weill to get thair paikis.
 Quhat maister feind neidis all this haist,
 For it is half a yeir almaist,
 Sen evir that loun laborit my leddir?

915

Sowttaris Wyfe.

God, nor my trucour mens a tedder,
 For it is mair nor fourty dayis,

920

Sen evir he cleikit vp my clayis;
And last quhen I gat chalmer glew,
That fowill Sowttar began to spew.
And now thay will sitt doun to drink,
In company with ane yung cowclink:
Gif thay haif done sic dispyte,
Lat ws go ding thame quhill thay dryte.

925

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

Go hence, harlot, how durst thou be so bawld,
To luge with oure gudmen but our licence?
I mak ane vow till him that Judas sawld,
This rok of myne salbe thy recompence.
Schaw me thy name, duddroun, with diligence.

930

Chestety.

Mary, Chestety is my name, be Sanct Blayis.

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

I pray God nor he wirk on the vengence,
For I luvit nevir chestety all my dayis.

935

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Bot my gudeman, the trewith I say the till,
Garris me keip chestety fair aganis my will;
Becausis that monstour he hes maid sic ane mynt,
With my bedstaff that daftard beiris ane dynt;
And als I vow, cum thow this gait agane,
Thy buttokkis salbe beltit, be Sanct Blane.

940

Tailyeouris Wyf.

Fals hurfone cairle, but dowt thow fall forthink,
That evir thow eit or drank with yone cowclink.

Sowttaris Wyfe.

I mak ane vow to Sanct Crispynane.
I falbe wrockin on thy graces gane:
And to begin the play tak thair a platt.

945

Sowttar.

The Feind ressaif the handis that gaif me that.

Sowttar[is] Wyfe.

Quhat now, hurfone, begynnys thow for to ban?
Tak thair ane vddir vpoun thy peild harne pan.
Quhat now, cummer, will thow not tak a pairt?

950

Tailycouris Wyfe.

That fall I do, cummer, be Goddis hait.

Heir thay fall ding thair gudmen.

Tailycour.

Fol. 176.b.

Allace, goffop, allace, how standis it with yow?
Yone cankert carling, allace, hes brokin my brow.
Now weilis yow, preiftis, weilis yow in all your lyvis.
That ar noct waddit with sic wicket wyvis.

955

Sowttare.

Bischopis ar blist, howbeit that we be wareit,
For thay may fuck thair fill and noct be mareit:
Goffop, allace, that blak band we may wary,
That ordanit sic peur men as we to mary.
Quhat may be done but tak in pacience,
And on all wyvis to cry ane lowid vengence?

960

Heir fall the wyvis stand be the water syd and say:

Sowtaris Wyfe.

Sen of our cairlis we haif the victory,
Quhat is your counsale, cummar, that be done?

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

Send for gude wyne, and hald ws blyth and mirry; 965
I hald that best, gude cummar, be Sanct Clone.

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Cummar, will ye draw of my hoiss and schone;
To fill the quart I fall ryn to the toun.

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

That fall I do, be him that maid the mone,
With all my hairt, thairfoir, cummar, fit doun; 970
Kilt vp your clais abone your waist,
And speid yow hame agane in haist,
And I fall provyd for a paist,
Our corsis to confort.

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Than help me for to kilt my clais; 975
Quhat and the paddois nipt my tais?
I dreid to droun heir, be Sanct Blais,
Without I get support:
Cummar, I will nocht droun my sell,
I will go be the Castell Hill. 980

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

I am content, be Bryddis bell,
Sa ye haist yow, go quhair ye will.

Heir fall thay depart and Diligence fall say.

[Diligence.]

Madame, quhat garris yow gang sa lait?
Tell me how ye haif done debait,
With the Temporall and Sprituall Stait? 985
Quha did yow maist kyndnes?

Chasfetie.

In faith, I fand bot ill and war,
 That gart me stand frome thame a far,
 Evin lyke a beggar at the bar,
 And flemit me moir and less. 990

*Finis of this first Interlude,
 and followis the Peur Man and the Pardonner.*

*Heir followis certane mirry and sportifsum
 Interludis, contenit in the Play maid be Schir
 David Lindsay of the Month, Knycht, in the
 Playfeild of Edinburcht, to the mocking of Abusonias
 vfit in the Cuntry be diuersis sortis of Estait.¹*

Fol. 177.2

Heir fall entir the Peur Man.

[Peurman].

Off your almons, gude folkis, for Goddis lufe of Hevin,
 For I haif moderles bairnis owtir sex or sevin;
 Gife ye will gif na gude, for lufe of sweet Jesus,
 Wifs me the richt way to Sanctandrus.

Diligence sayis.

Quhair haife we gottin this gudly companyoun? 995
 Swyth, furth of the feild, thow fals raggit loun.
 God wait, gif heir be ane weill keipit place,
 Quhen sic ane wyld beggar kerle may get entres.
 Fy on yow, officiaris, that mendis not thir failyeis,
 I gif yow all to the Diuill, baith proveft and baileis: 1000
 Withowt ye cum sone and chace this cairle away,
 The diuill a word ye get of sport or play.
 Fals hurfone, raggit carle, quhat is that thow ruggis?

¹ In the blank space above this title has been written Heywood's Epigram "Of Seing and Feiling Money."—See Appendix.

Peurman.

Quhae devill maid yow a gentillman wald noctstow your lu ggis?

Diligence.

Quhat now, methink this cullroun cairle begynnis to crak; 1005
Swyth, kerle away, or be this day, I fall brek thy bak.

Heir fall the carle clym vp and sit in the King[is] chy[re.]

Cum doun, or be Godis croun, theif loun, I fall slay the.

Peurman.

Fol. 177.b.

Now sweir be thy brunt schynnis, the Divill ding thame fray the.
Quhat say ye, be thir court knavis? Be thay gett haill clais,
Sa sone thay leir to ban, to sweir and tap on thair taifs. 1010

Diligence.

Methocht the cairle me callit knave, evin in my face.
Be Sanct Fillane, thow salt be flane, bot gife thow ask grace;
Lowp, or be the gude Lord, thow salt loiss thy heid.

Peurman.

Yit fall I drink or I ga, thocht thou had sworne my deid.

Heir he takkis away the ledder.

Diligence.

Lowp now, gif thow list, for thow hes loist the ledder. 1015

Peurman.

It is full weill thy kynd to lowp and licht in a tedder;
Thow falbe fane to fetche agane the ledder, or I lowp;
I fall sitt heir in to this chyrc, till I haif towmit this stowp.

Heir fall the karle lowp of the caffald.

Diligence.

Swyth, beggir bogill, haist the away;
Thow art our perte to spill the proces of our play. 1020

Peurman.

I will not gif for your play nocht a fulis fart,
For thair is littill play this day at my hungry hart.

Diligence.

Quhat diuill allis the cowid carle?

Peurman.

Mary, mekle sorrow,
I can not get, thocht I gasp, to beg nor to borrow. 1025

Diligence.

Quhair dwellis thow, dyvour, or quhat is thyn entent?

Peurman.

I dwell in to Lowthianc, a myle bot fra Tranent.

Diligence.

Quhair wald thow be, karle, the swth to me schaw?

Peurman.

Schir, evin at Sanctandrus, for to seik law.

Diligence.

To seik law in Edinburgh is the narrest way. 1030

Peurman.

Schir, I haif focht law thair this mony a deir day,
Bot I could nevir find law at fessioun or fenyie,
Thairfoir the mekle dun Divill droun all that menyie.

Diligence.

Schaw to me thy mater, man, with all sircumstance,
How thow hes hapinit this vnhappy chance. 1035

Peurman.

Fol. 178.a.

Gude man, will ye gife me of your chirretie,
And I shall declair to yow the blak veritie.
My fader was ane awld man and ane hair,
And was of aige fourscoir yeiris and mair,
And Mald my moder was fourscoir and fyistene; 1040
And with my labour I did thame baith fustene.
We had a meir that careit salt and coill,
And everilk yeir scho brocht ws hame a foill;
We had thre ky that was baith fatt and fair,
Nane tydiar hyne to the toun of Air. 1045
My fader was sa waik of bluide and bane,
He dyit, quhairfoir my moder maid grit mane;
Than scho deit to, within ane olk or two,
And thair began my poverty and wo.
Our gud gray meir was baitand on the feild, 1050
Oure landis laird tuik hir for his hereyeild;
Oure Vicar tuik the best kow be the heid
Incontinent, quhen my fader was deid;
And quhen the vicar hard how that my moder
Was deid, fra hand he tuke fra me ane vther. 1055
Than Meg my wyfe did mvrne baith evin and morrow,
Till at the last scho deit for verry sorrow;
And quhen the vicar hard tell my wif was deid,
The thrid kow than he cleikit be the heid.
Thair vmuest clais, quhilk was of roploch gray, 1060
The vicar gart his clark cleik thame away;
Quhen that was gane I might mak no debait,
Bot with my bairnis past for to beg my mait.
Now haif I tal'd yow the blak verritie,
How I am brocht to this miseritie. 1065

Diligence.

How did the persone, was he not thy gud freind?

Peurman.

How? the Diuill stik him, he curst me for my teind,
And haldis me yit vndir the same proces,
That gart me want my sacrament at Pess.
In gudfaith, schir, thocht ye wald cutt my thrott, 1070
I haif no geir except ane Inglis grott,
Quhilk I purpoiss to gif ane man of law.

Diligence.

Thow art the daftest fule that evir I saw.
Trewis thow, man, be the law to gett remeid,
Of men of kirk? na, nevir till thow be deid. Fol. 178. b. 1075

Peurman.

Schir, be quhat law, tell me, quhairfoir or quhy,
That our vicar sowlid tak fra me thre kye?

Diligence.

Thay haif na law, except ane confwetude,
Quhilk law to thame is sufficient and gude.

Peurman.

Ane confwetude aganis the commoun weill,
Sowld be no law, I think, be sweit Sanct Jeill. 1080
Quhair will ye find that law, tell gif ye can,
To tak thre ky fra ane peur husbandman?
Ane for my fader, and for my wyfe ane vder,
And the thrid cow he twke for Meg my moder. 1085

Diligence.

It is thair law, all that thay haif in vfe,
Thocht it be kow, sow, ganar, gryce or gwfe.

Peurman.

Sir, I wald speir at yow ane questioun.
Behald sum prellattis of this regiouн;
Manifestly during thair lusty lyvis, 1090
Thay swyve ladeis, madinis and menis wyvis,
And so thair cuntis thay haif in confwetude;
Quhidder say ye that law is evill or gude?

Diligence.

Hald thy tung, man, it semis that thou art mangit;
Speik thou of preiftis, but dowt thou wilt be hangit. 1095

Peurman.

Be him that beure the crewall croun of thorne,
I cair not to be hangit evin the morne.

Diligence.

Be sure of preiftis thou will get na support.

Peurman.

Gif that be trew, the Feind ressaif the sort;
So sen I se I get non vther grace, 1100
I will ly doun and rest me in this place.

*Heir fall the Peurmar ly doun in feild and the Pardonar
fall cum in and say:*

[*Pardonar.*]

Devoit pepill, guddy a fay yow,
Now tary a lytill quhyll, I pray yow,
Till I be with yow knawin.
Wait ye not weill how I am nemmit, 1105 Fol. 179.a.
A nobill man and vndefamit,
And all the swth war schawin.
I am Schir Robert Rongerakar,
Ane publict perfyte pardonar,
Admittit be the paip. 1110

Schir, I fall schaw yow for my wage,
 My pardonis and my prevelage,
 Quhilk ye fall se and graip.
 I gif to the Divill with gud entent,
 This wofull wicket New Tessment, 1115
 With thame that it transflaittit.
 Sen lawic men knew the veritie,
 Pardonaris gettis no cherretie,
 Withoutt that we debaitit.
 Amangis the wyvis with wrinkis and wylis, 1120
 As all my marrowis men begylis,
 Be our fair fals flattery:
 Ye, all tha craftis I can perqueir,
 Richt weill informit be a freir,
 Callit Ypocrasy. 1125
 Bot now, allace, our grit abusioun
 Is clearly knawin to our confusioune,
 Quhilk I may fair rapent.
 Off all creddence now am I quyt,
 Ilk man hes me now at dispyte, 1130
 That reidis the New Tessment:
 Wander be to thame that it wrocht,
 Swa fall thame that the buik hame brocht.
 Als I pray to the rude,
 That Martyne Luter, that fals loun, 1135
 Bullengerus and Melanctoun,
 Had bene smord in thair crode.
 Be him that bere the croun of thorne,
 I wald Sanct Pawle had nevir bene borne;
 And als I wald his buikis 1140
 War nevir red in to the kirk,
 Bot amang freiris into the mirk,
 Or revin amang the ruikis.
Heir fall he lay doun his wairis vpoun the burde.

- | | |
|--|------------------|
| My potent pardonis ye ma see,
Cum fra the Can of Tartarie, | 1145 |
| Weill seilit with oster schellis:
Thocht ye haif no discretioun,
Ye fall haif full remissiouin, | |
| With help of buikis and bellis.
Heir is a rillik, lang and braid,
Of Fyn Makowll the richt chaste bluid, | 1150 Fol. 179.b. |
| With teith and all togidder.
Off Collingis kow heir is a horne,
For eitting of Makconnellis corne, | |
| Was flane in to Baquhidder.
Heir is the coirdis, baith grit and lang,
Quhilk hangit Jonnye Armestrang, | 1155 |
| Of gud hempt soft and sound:
Gude haly pepill, I stand ford,
Quha ever beis hangit in this cord, | |
| Neidis nevir to be drownd.
The culum of Sanct Brydis cow;
The gruntill of Sanct Antonis sow, | 1160 |
| Quhilk bure his haly bell;
Quha evir heiris this bell clynk,
Gife me a duccat to the drink, | |
| He fall nevir gang till Hell,
Without he be with Belliall borne.
Maisteris, trow ye that this be scorne? | 1165 |
| Cum win this pardone, cum.
Quha luvis thair wyvis not with thair hair,
I haif power thame to depart; | 1170 |
| Me think yow deif and dum;
Hes nane of you curst wickett wyvis,
That haldis yow in to sturt and stryvis, | |
| Cum tak my dispensatioun;
Off that cummer I fall mak you quyt,
Howbeit yowr self be in the wyte, | 1175 |
| And mak ane fals narratioun. | |

Cum win the pardone, now lat sic,
For meill, for malt or for money,
For cok, hen, gwse or gryfs.
Off rillikkis heir I haif a hunder;
Quhy cum ye not? this is a woundir;
I trow ye be not wyifs.

1180

1185

Sowtar.

Welcum hame, Robene Romerakar,
Our haly patent pardoner;
Gif ye haif dispensatioun,
To pairt me and my wickett wyfe,
And me deliuer fra sturt and stryfe,
I mak you supplicatioun.

1190

Pardonar.

Fol. 180. a.

I fall the pairt, but mair demand,
Sa I get money in my hand;
Thairfoir lat fe thy cunyie.

Sowtar.

I haif na silver, be my lyfe,
Bot fyve schilling, and my schaping knyfe;
That fall ye haif, but funyie.

1195

Pardonar.

Qu[h]at kin a woman is thy wyfe?

Sowtar.

A quick diuill, schir, a stome of stryfe,
A frog that sylis the wind,
A filland flag, a flyrie suff,
At ilka pant scho lattis a pwff,
And hes no ho behind.

1200

All the lang day scho me dispyttis,
And all the nicht scho flingis and flyttis,
Thus sleip I nevir a wink;
That cokatrice, that commoun heure,
The mekle Divill ma not indeure
Hir stuburnes and stink.

1205

Sowtaris Wyfe.

Theif cairle, thy wordis I hard full weill,
In faith my freindschip thou falt feill,
And I the fang.

1210

Sowtar.

Gif I faid ocht, deme, by the rude,
Except ye war baith fair and gude,
God, nor I hang.

1215

Pardonar.

Fair dame, gif ye wald be a wowar,
To pairt yow twa I haif a powar;
Tell on, ar ye content?

Sowtaris Wyf.

Ye, that I am, with all my hairt,
Fra that fals hursone to depairt,
Sa that theif will consent.
Cawsis to pairete I haif anew,
Becaus I get na chalmer glew,
I tell yow verralie;
I marvell not, sa mot I thryve,
Suppois that fwnggeour nevir swyve,
He is baith cawld and dry.

1220

1225

Pardonar.

Quhat wilt thou gif me for thy pairete?

Sowtaris Wyf.

A cuppill of farkis, with all my haift,
The best claihit in this land.

1230

Pardonar.

Fol. 18o.b.

To paift fen ye ar baith content,
I fall paift yow incontinent,
Bot ye mon do command.
My decreit and my finall sentence is,
Ilk ane of yow vthiris erffis kifs:
Slip doun thyne hoiff, me think the cairle is glaikit,
Sett thow not by, howbeid scho kift and flaikkit.

Heir fall scho kifs his erfs.

Lift vp hir clayis, kifs hir hoill with thy haift.

Sowttar.

I pray yow, sir, forbide hir for to fart.

*Heir the Sowtar fall do the lyk.**Pardonar.*

Dame, pas ye to the eift end of the toun;
And pas ye waft, evin lyk a cukald loun;
Go hence ye baith, with Baliallis braid blifing.
Schirris, saw ye evir mair sorrowles departing?

1240

*Heir fall his boy Wilkin cry of
the hill and fay:*

How, maister, quhair ar ye now?

Pardonar.

I am heir, Wilkyn widdifow.

1245

Wilkin.

Schir, I haif done your bidding,

For I haif fund a grit hors bane,
Ane farar saw ye nevir nane,

Vpoun Thome fleschouris midding.

Schir, ye may gar the wyffis trow

1250

It is ane bane of Sanct Brydis cow,

Gude for the fevir tartane:

Schir, will ye rewile this rilik weill,

All haill the wyvis will kiss and kneill,

Betuix this and Dumbartane.

1255

Pardonar.

Quhat say thay of me in the toun?

Wilkyne.

Sum sayis ye ar a verry loun,

Sum sayis legatus natus,

Sum sayis ane fals fariffrane,

And sum sayis ye ar for certane

1260

Diabulus incarnatus.

But keip yow fra subiectioun

Fol. 181.a.

Of that curst king Correctioun;

For be ye with him fangit,

Becaus ye ar ane Rome rakar,

1265

A commoun publick calfay paikar,

But dowt ye wilbe hangit.

Pardonar.

Quhair fall I luge in to the toun?

Wilkyne.

With gud kynd Christane Andirfoun,

Quhair ye wilbe weill treittit;

1270

Gife ony lymmar yow demandis,

Scho will defend yow with hir handis,

And womanly debaittit.

Bawburde sayis, be the Trinitie,
That scho fall beir yow cumpany,
Quhowbeid ye byid all yeir.

1275

Pardonar.

Thow hes done weill, be Goddis moder,
Tak thow the anc and I the vder,
So fall we mak gud cheir.

Wilkyn.

I pray yow speid yow heir,
And mak na langar tarye;
Byd ye lang thair but weir,
I dreid your wurd ye wary.

1280

Heir fall the begger ryiss and rax him and fay:

[Peurman.]

Quhat thing was yone, that I hard crak and cry?
I haif benc dronand and dreemand on my ky; 1285
With my richt hand my haill body I fane,
Sanct Bryd, Sanct Bryd, send me my ky agane.
I se standand yondar ane haly man,
To mak me help lat me sc gif ye can.
Haly maister, God speid yow, and gud morne. 1290

Pardonar.

Wylcum to me, thocht thou wer at the horne;
Cum win the pardoun, and syne I fall the fane.

Peurman.

Will that pardoun get me my kye agane?

Pardonar.

Cairle, of thy kye I haif no thing ado;

Cum win my pardoun and kifs my rillikis to. 1295

Heir fall the pardonar fane him with his rillikis.

Now lowifs thy purfs and lay doun thy offrand,
And thow fall haif my pardoun evin fra hand.
With raipis and rillikis I fall the fane agane,
Gravell nor gut thow fall nevir haif but pane;
Now win the pardoun, lymmar, or thow art lost.

Fol. 181. b.

1300

Peurman.

Now, haly maister, quhat fall that pardoun cost?

Pardonar.

Lat see quhat money thow beiris in thy bag.

Peurman.

I haif ane groit heir bundin in ane rag.

Pardonar.

Hes thow nane vthir siluer bot anc grote?

Peurman.

Gif I haif mair, sir, cum and ryp my cote.

1305

Pardonar.

Gif me that grote, man, gif thow hes no mair.

Peurman.

With all my hairt, maister, lo, tak it thair;
Now latt me fee your pardoun, with your leif.

Pardonar.

A thowland yeir of pardone I the gife.

Peurman.

A thowfand yeir, I will not leif sa lang:
Delyver me it, maister, syne lat me gang.

1310

Pardonar.

A thowfand yeir I lay vpoun thyne heid,
With totiens quotiens; now mak me no moir pleid.
Thow hes refraint my pardoun now all reddy.

Peurman.

Bot I can se nothing. schir, be our Leddy;
Forwth, maister, I trow I be not wyifs,
To pay or I haif sene my merchandyis.
That ye haif gottin my grote full fair I rew:
Schir, quhidder is your pardone blak or blew?
Maister, sen ye haif tane fra me my cunyie,
My merschandyce schaw me withouttin fennyie,
Or to the bischop I fall pass and planyie.
In Sanctandrus, and summond yow to thair fenyie.

1315

1320

Pardonar.

Quhat cravis thow, cairle, methink thow art not wyifs?

Peurman.

I crave my grote or ellis my merchandyis.

1325

Pardonar.

Fol. 182. a.

I gaif the pardoun for a thowfand yeir.

Peurman.

Quhan fall I gett that pardoun, latt me heir?

Pardonar.

Stand still and I fall tell the all the story:
Quhen thow art deid and gois to Purgatory.

Beand condampnit to pane ane thowland yeir,
Than fall thy pardoun the releif but weir.
Now be content, thou art a mervellus man.

1330

Peurman.

Sall I get nathing for my grote quhill than?

Pardonar.

That fall thou not, I mak it to the plane.

Peurman.

Na than, maister, gif me my grote agane.
Quhat say ye, maisteris? call ye this a gud ressoun,
That he sowld prommeis me ane gud pardoun,
And heir ressaif my money in this steid,
Syne mak me na payment till I be deid?
Quhen I am deid, I wait full sickerly,
My silly fawle fall pass to Purgatory;
Declair me that, now God nor Baliall bind the,
Quhen I am thair, curst cairle, quhair fall I find the?
Nocht in to Hevin bot rader in to Hell;
Quhan thou art thair, thou can not help thy sell.
Quhen wilt thou cum my bailis for to beit?
Or I the find, my hippis will get a heit.
Trowis thou, bowchour, that I will by blind lammis?
Gife me my grote, the Diuill dryte on thy gammis.

1335

1340

1345

Pardonar.

Swyth, stand abak; I trow this man be mangit;
Thow gettis not this grote, thocht thou sowld be hangit.

1350

Peurman.

Gife me my grote, weill bund in to my clowt,

Or, be Goddis breid, Robene fall beir a rowt.

*Heir fall thay saft togedder,
and the peurman fall cast down
the burd and cast the rillikis in the
watter.*

*Heir endis this Interlud and followis ane
vthir Interlud of the samyne Play.*

Heir enteris Folly.

Fol. 182.b.

[*Folly.*]

Gude day, my lordis, and God fane;

Will na man bid guday agane?

1355

Quhan fulis ar fow than ar thay fane;

Ken ye not me?

Quhow call thay me, can ye not tell?

Now, be him that herryit Hell,

I wat not how thay call my fell,

1360

Bot gif I lound lie.

Diligence.

Quhat brybour is yone, that makis sic beiris?

Foly.

The Feind ressaif that mowth that speiris;

Gudman, ga play yow amang your feiris,

1365

With mvk vpoun your mow.

Diligence.

Found fwle, quhair hes thow bene so lait?

Foly.

Mary, cumand doun thruch the bony gait;

Bot thair hes bene ane grit debait,

Betuix me and ane fow.

The sow cryid guff, and I to gay, 1370
Throw speid of sut I gatt away,
Bot in the middis of the cawfay,
I fell in to ane midding;
Scho lap vpoun me with a bend.
Quha evir tha middingis fowld ammend, 1375
God send thame ane mischevous end,
For that is Goddis bidding.
As I was pudlid thair, God wait,
Bot with my club I maid debait;
I fall nevir cum agane that gait, 1380
Schir, be Allhallowis.
I wald the officiaris of the toun,
That sufferis sic confusioune,
That thay war harbreit with Mahoun,
Or hangit on the gallowis. 1385
Fy, that sa fair a cuntre
Sowld stand sa lang but pollecic;
I gif thame to the Diuill hairtie,
That hes the wyte.
I wald the provest wald tak in heid, 1390
Of yone middingis to mak remeid,
Quhilk patt me and the sow at feid.
Quhat ma I do bot flyte?

King.

Pas on, my schirwand Diligence,
And bring yone fule to our prefence. 1395

Diligence.

Fol. 183.a.

It falbe done but tareing;
Foly, thow mon go to the King.

Foly.

The King, quhat kynd a thing is that?

Is yone hie with the goldin hat?

Diligence.

Yone same is he; cum on thy way.

1400

Foly.

Gif ye be King, God gif yow gud day.
I haif anc plent to mak to yow.

King.

Qu[h]ome on, Foly?

Foly.

Mary, of ane sow:

Schir, scho hes sworn that scho fall flay me,
Or ellis byt baith the bagstanis fra me.
Gif ye be King, schir, be Sanct Anne,
Ye fowld do justyce to ilk man;
Had I nocht kepit me with my club,
That sow had drownd me in ane dub.
I heirsay thair is cum to the toun
Ane king callit Correction;
I pray you tell me quhilk is he.

1405

1410

Diligence.

Yone with the wingis; ma thow not fe?

Foly.

Now wally faw that weilard mow;
Schir, I pray yow correct yone sow,
Quhilk, with hir teith, but fwerd or knyf,
Had maist have rest me of my lyf.
Gif ye will not mak correction,
Than gif me your protection,
Of all swyne to be skaithles,
Betuix this toun and Inuerneſſe.

1415

1420

Diligence.

Hes thow, Foly, ane wyf at hame?

Foly.

Ye, that I have, God fend hir schame.
I trow be this scho is neir deid,
I left ane wyf bindand hir heid;
To schaw hir seiknes I think grit schame;
Scho hes sic rumling in hir wame,
That all the nycht my hairt ourcastis,
With bokking and with hinder blastis.

1425

Fol. 183. b.

1430

Diligence.

Peraventour scho be with bairne.

Foly.

Allace, I trow scho be forfarne;
Scho sobbit and scho fell in soun,
And than thay rowit hir vp and doun;
Scho riftit, ruckit and maid sic stendis,
Scho yeild and yet at baith the endis,
Till scho had cassin a cuppill of quartis,
Syne all turnd till a rak of fartis.
Scho blubbirt, bokkit and braikit still,
Hir ers gaid evin lyk ane wind mill;
Scho pust and yiskit with sic riftis,
That verry dirt come furth with driftis;
Sic dry smell droggis fra hir scho schot,
Quhill scho maid all the flure on flot;
Of hir hurdeis scho had na hawld,
Quhill scho had temid hir monyfawld.

1435

1440

1445

Diligence.

Bettir bring hir to the leichis heir.

Foly.

Trittill trattill, scho ma not stein
 Hir verry buttokkis makis sic beir,
 It skarris baith foill and filly; 1450
 Scho bokkis sic baggage fra hir breist,
 Thay want na bubbillis that fittis hir neist,
 With ilk a quhilly lilly.

Diligence.

Recoverit not scho at the last?

Foly.

Ye, bot wat ye weill scho farttit fast, 1455
 Yit quhen scho sichis my hait is fairy.

Diligence.

Will scho nocht drink?

Folly.

Ye, be Sanct Mary,
 Ane quart attanis it will not tary,
 And leif the divill a drop. 1460
 Than sic flobbage scho layis fra hir,
 Abowt the wallis, God wait sic wair;
 Quhen all is drunkin, I get to the¹ skair
 The likkyngis of the cop.

Diligence.

Quhat is in that creill, I pray the tell? 1465

Foly.

Mary, I haif foly hattis to sell.

Diligence.

I pray the, sell me ane or tway.

¹ The has possibly been deleted.

Foly.

Na, tary quhill the market day.
I will sit doun heir, be Sanct Clune,
And gif my babbeis thair difione; 1470
Cum heir gud Gukkis, my dochter deir,
Thow falbe maryit within ane yeir,
Vpoun ane freir of Tullilum;
Na, thow art nowder deif nor dum.
Cum heir, Stulty, my sone and air, 1475
My jo, thow art baith gude and fair;
Now fall I feid yow as I mae,
Cry lyke the gorbettis of ane kae.

Diligence.

Get vp, Folly, but tareing,
And speid yow haistelly to the King; 1480
Gett vp, me think the carle is dum.

Foly.

Now bumbalary, bum, bum.

Diligence.

I trow the truccour lyis in ane transs;
Get vp, man, with a mirry mischanis,
Or be Sanct Dynneifs of Frans, 1485
Thow fall want thy wallat.
Its schame, man, to se how thow lyis.

Foly.

Wa, yit agane, now this is thryifs;
The Divill wirry me, and I ryifs,
Bot I fall brek thy pallat. 1490
Me think my pillok will not ly doun;
Hald doun your heid, ye ladroun loun,

Yone fair lass with the fating goun
 Garris yow this bek and bend.
 Tak thair a neidill for your cace,
 Now for all the hyding of your face,
 Had ye it in till a quiet place,
 Ye wald not wane to flend.
 Thir bony anis that ar cled in silk,
 Thay ar als wantoun as ane wilk;
 I wald forbear baith breid and milk,
 To kifs thy bony lippis.
 Suppois ye luik as ye war wreth,
 War we at quiet behind a claih,
 Ye wald nocth spair to preve my graith,
 With hobbing of your hippis.
 Be God, I ken yow weill annewch,
 Ye ar fane thocht ye mak it twich;
 Think ye not on into the fewch,
 Befyd the quarrell hoillis?
 Ye wan fra me baith hoifs and schone,
 And gart me mak mowis to the mone,
 And ay lap on your cours abone.

Diligence.

Thow mon be dung with poillis;
 Swyth, harlot, haist the to the King,
 And lat allane thy tratling.
 Lo, heir is Folly, schir, all reddy,
 A richt sweir fwyngeour, be our Leddy.

Foly.

Thow art nocth half so sfeir thy fell;
 Quhat menis this pulpet, I pray the tell?

Diligence.

Our new bischoppis hes maid a preiching,

Bot thou hard nevir sa plesand teiching;
Yone bischop will preiche thruche all the cost.

Foly.

Than stryk ane hag in to the post,
For I hard nevir in all my lyfe,
A bischop cum to preiche in Fyfe.
Gife bischopis to be preichouris leiris,
Walloway, quhat fall word of freiris?
And prellattis preiche in bruch and land,
The silly freiris, I vndirstand,
Thay will get na mair meill nor malt;
So I dreid freiris fall dee for falt.
Sen fwa is that, yone nobill king
Will mak men bischoppis for preiching.
Quhat say ye, schir, hald ye not best,
That I ga preiche amang the rest?
Quhen I haif preichit on my best wyifs,
Than will I sell my merchandyiss,
To my bredis and tendis maitis,
That dwellis amang the Thre Estaitis;
For I haif heir gud chaffray,
Till ony fwle that listis to by.

1525

1530

1535

Fol. 185. a.

1540

Heir fall Folly hing vp his hattis upon the pulpet.

God sen I had ane doctoris hude.

King.

Quhy, Foly, wald thou mak ane preiching?

Foly.

Ye, that I wald, schir, be the rude,
But owder flattry or fleiching.

1545

King.

Now, bruder, lat ws heir yone teiching,
To pass our tyme and heir him raiff.

Diligence

He war far meitar in the ketching.
Amang the pottis, sa Chryſt me ſaiſi.
Fond Foly, I will be thy clark,
And anſchir ay with amene.

1550

Foly.

Now, att the begynnyng of my wark,
The Feind ressaive that gracles gane.

Heir fall Folly begin his sermon

Text

Stultorum numerus infinitus.

Salamone, the moist sapient king,
In Israell quhen he did ring,
Thir wordis in effect he did wryte,
The number of fulis ar infnyte.
I think no schame, sa Chryst me faive
To be ane fule amang the laive;
Howbeit ane hundredth standis heirby
Peranter ar als guckit fulis as I.

੧੫੬

150

Stultorum numerus infinitus.

I haif of my genology,
Dwelland in every country,
Erlis, duckis, kingis and empriouris,
With mony gukkit conquerouris;

1565

Fol. 185, b.

Quhilk dois in foly perseveir,
And hes done so this mony a yeir;
Sum feikis in warldly digniteis,
And sum in sensuall vaniteis. 1570
Quhat vailis all thir vane honouris,
Nocht beand feur to leve twa houris?
Sum gredy fule dois fill the box,
Ane vthir fule cumis and brekis the lokkis,
And spendis that vthir fulis hes spaird, 1575
Quha nevir thocht on thame to waird;
Sum dois as thay sowlid nevir dee.
Is not this foly, quhat fay yie?

Sapientia huius mundi est stultia apud Deu[m].

Becaus thair is fa mony fulis,
Rydand on hors, and sum on mulis, 1580
Heir I haif brocht gud chaffry
Till ony fule that lykis to by;
And specialy for the Thre Staitis,
Quhair I haif mony tendir maitis;
Quhilk gart thame gang, as ye ma fe,
Bakwart thruche all the centre. 1585
With my cramery gif ye list mell,
Heir I haif foly hattis to fell:
Quhomedfor is this hat, wald ye ken?
Mary, for infaciab le merchand men, 1590
Quhen God hes send thame haboundance,
Ar nocht content with sufficance,
Bot sailis in to the stormy blastis,
In wintter to get grittar caftis,
In mony terrible grit torment, 1595
Aganis the actis of parliament;
Sum tynis thair geir, and sum ar dround:
With this sic merchandis sowlid be cround.

Diligence.

Quhometo myndis thow to sell that hude?
I trow, to sum grit man of gude.

1600

Fol. 186.a.

This hude, to sell richt fane I wald,
To him that is baith awld and cald,
Reddy to pass till Hell or Hevin,
And hes fair bairnis fax or fevin;
And is of aige fourfcoir of yeir,
And takkis a lafs to be his peir,
Quhilk is not fourtene yeiris of aige,
And bindis with hir in mariage,
Gifand hir trest that scho not wald
Richt haistelly mak him cukcald.
Quho mareis beand so neir deid,
Sett on this hatt vpoun his heid.

1605

1610

Diligence.

Quhat hwde is that, tell me, I pray the?

Foly.

This is ane haly hude, I say the;
This hude is ordanit, I the asseure,
For sfrituall fulis, that takkis in cure
The fawlis of grit dyoceis,
And regiment of grit abbafeis;
For gredines of wardly pelf,
That can not justly gyd thame self;
Vthir fawlis to faive, it settis thame weill,
Syne sendis thair awin fawle to the Deill.
Quho evir dois so, this I conclude,
Vpoun his heid sett on this hude.

1615

1620

Diligence.

Foly, is thair ony sic men,
Now in the kirk, that thow can ken?
How fall I ken thame?

1625

Foly.

Na, keip that cloſs.
Ex fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos;
And fulis speik of the prellacie,
It will be haldin heresie.

1630

King.

Speik on, Foly, I gif the leif.

Foly.

Than haive I remissioune in my fleif,
Will ye leif me to speik of kingis?

King.

Ye, hardelly speik of all kin thingis.

1635

Foly.

Conformand to my first narratioun,
Ye ar all fulis, be Goddis passioun.

Fol. 186. b.

Diligence.

Thow leis; I trow the fule be mangit.

Foly.

Gif I lie, God, nor thow be hangit;
For I haif heir, I to the tell,
Ane nobill kaip imperiell,
Quhilk is not ordanit for dringis,
Bot for duikis, empriouris and kingis,
For princely and imperiall fulis.

1640

Thay sowld have luggis als lang as mvlis; 1645
 The pryd of princis, withowttin fail,
 Garris all the wrold rin top our taill;
 To win thame warldly gloir and gude,
 Thay cure not schedding of Cristin blude.
 Quhat cummer haif we had in Scotland, 1650
 Be our awld ennemeis of Ingland;
 Had not bene the support of France,
 We had bene brocht to grit mischance.
 Now I heir say, the empriour 1655
 Schaipis for to be ane conquerour,
 And is movand his ordinance,
 Aganis the nobill king of France;
 Bot I knaw not his just querrell,
 That he hes for to mak battell.
 All the princis of Allmanyie, 1660
 Spanyie, Flanderis and Italie,
 This present yeir ar all on flocht;
 Sum will thair wagis find deir bocht.
 The Paip, with bumbard, speir and scheild,
 Hes send his army to the feild; 1665
 Sanct Petir, Sanct Pawle, nor Sanctandrow,
 Rasit nevir sic ane oist, I trow.
 Is this fraternall cheritie,
 Or furius foly, quhat say yie?
 Thay leird not this at Chryftis sculis, 1670
 Thairfoir I think thame verry fulis;
 I think it folly, be Goddis moder,
 Ilk Cristin prince to ding doun vder.
 Becaus that this hatt sowld belang thame,
 Ga thow and pairte it richt amang thame. 1675
 The profesy, withowttin weir,
 Off Marling beis compleit this yeir;
 For my guddame, the gyrecarling,
 Leird me this prophecy of Marling, Fol. 187.a.

Quhairof I fall schaw the sentence, 1680
Gif ye will gif me awdience.

Flan, Fran refurgent, simul Ispan viribus vrgent,
Dani vastabunt, Valances bella parabunt.
Sic tibi nomen in a,
Mulier caccauit in olla:
Hoc epulum commedes. 1685

Diligence.

Mary, that is ane evill saird mefs.

Foly.

So, be this prophecy, planely it appeiris,
That mortall weir falbe amang the freiris;
That thay fall not weill knew in to thair cloisteris,
To quhome that thay fall say thair pater nosteris;
Wald thay fall to, and fecht with speir and scheild,
The Divill mak cair quhilk of thame tynt the feild.
Now of my sermond I have maid ane end,
To Gilly Mowband I yow recommend; 1690
And als I yow beseik richt hertfully,
Pray for the fawle of gud Kae Cappetie,
Quha laitly drownd him self in to Lochlevin,
That his fweit fawle may be aboif in hevin.

Finis of this Interlude.

Ane vihir Interlude.

*Heir entiris Flattery new landit owt of France
and stormesit at the May.*

[*Flattery.*]

Mak roum, siris, how, that I may rin; 1700
Lo, se how I am new cum in,
Begareit all in findry hewis:

Lat be your din till I begin,
 And I fall tell yow of my newis.
 Throw all realmes crifnit I haif past, 1705
 And am cum heir now at the last;
 Stormested be sie, ay, sen Yule day,
 That we war fane till hew our mast,
 Not half a myle beyond the May.
 Bot now amang yow I will remane, 1710
 I purpois nevir to faill agane,
 To put my self in chance of watter.
 Was nevir sene sic wind and rane,
 Nor of schipmen sic clittir clatter;
 Sum bad haill, sum bad stand by, 1715
 On steirburde, how, alluff, fy, fy,
 Quhill all the raipis began to rattill;
 Was nevir wy sa fleid as I,
 Quhen all the sailis plaid brittill brattill.
 To se the wawis it was a woundir, 1720
 And wound that raif the sailis in schunder;
 Bot I lay braikand lyk a brok,
 And schot sa fast, abone and vnder,
 The Divill durst not cum neir my dok.
 Now am I chaipit fra that fray, 1725
 Quhat say ye, schir, am I not gay?
 Ken ye not Flattrry your awin fule,
 That yeid to mak this new array;
 Was I not heir with yow at Yule?
 Yis, be my faith, I think on weill. 1730
 Quhair ar my fallowis that wald I feill?
 We sowld haif cumin heir for a kaft;
 How, Falsatt, how.

Falsatt.

Wa, serve the Diuill,
 Quhais that cryis for me sa fast? 1735

Flattery.

Quhy, bruder Falsat, knawis thow not me?
I am thy bruder, Flattre.

Falsat.

Now, welcum, be the Trinitie,
This meting cumis for gude.
Now lat me braiss the in myne armes;
Quhen freindis meitis, hairtis warmes,
Quod Johine, that freely fude.
How hapnit thow in to this place?

1740

Flattery.

Now, be my fawle, bot evin be cace,
I come in sleipand at the port,
Or evir I wist, amang this fort.
Quhair is Diffait, that lymmar loun?

1745

Falsat.

I left him drinkand in the toun;
He will be heir incontinent.

Fol. 188.a.

Flattery.

Now, be the haly sacrament,
Tha tydanis confortis all my hairt;
I wat Diffait will tak ane pairte;
He is richt crafty as ye ken,
And counsalour to the merchand men.
Lat ws ly still baith heir, and spy
Gife we persaif him rynnand by.

1750

*Heir fall Diffait entir.**[Diffait].*

Bongour, bredir, with all myne hairt,
Heir am I cum to tak your pairte,
Baith in to gude and evill.

1755

I met Gud Counsale be the way,
Quha pot me in ane fellone fray,
I gife him to the Divill.

1760

Falsett.
How chaippit thow, I pray the tell?

Diffait.

I slippit in ane fowl bordell,
And hid me in ane bawburdis bed;
Bot fuddanly hir schankis I sched,
With hochurhudy amang hir howis;
God wait gif we maid mony mowis.
How come ye heir, I pray yow tell me?

1765

Falset.
Mary, seikand King Humanitie.

1770

Diffait.

Now be the gud lady that did me beir,
That famyn hors is my awin meir:
Now till our purpoiss lat ws ga,
Quhat is your counsale, I pray yow fa?
Sen we thre seikis yone nobill king,
Lat ws devyiss sum subtell thing;
And als I pray yow as your bruder,
That we be ilk ane trew till vder.
I mak ane wow, with all my hairt,
In evill and gude to tak your pairete;
I pray to God, nor I bc hangit,
Bot I fall dy or ye be wrangit.

1775

1780

Falset.
Quhat is your counsale that we do?

Diffait.

Fol. 188.b.

Mary, this is my counsale, lo;
Till tak our tyme quhill we ma get it,
For now thair is no man to let it.
Fra tyme the king begin to steir him,
Gud Counsale than I dreid cum neir him;
And be we knawin with Correctioun,
It will be our confusiouin.
Thairfoir now, brethir, devyis
To find sum toy of the new gyis. 1785

1790

Flattery.

Mary, I fall fynd ane thowsand wylis;
We mon tvrne our claihis and chainge our stylis,
And diffagyis ws that na man ken ws.
Hes na man clerkis clething to len ws?
And lat ws keip grave countenance,
As we war new cumin owt of France. 1795

Diffait.

Be my fawle, that is weill devysit;
Ye fall see me sone diffagyis. 1800

Falset.

So fall I be, man, be the Rude;
Now sum gud fallow len me ane hude.

Heir fall Flattery help his twa marrowis.

Diffait.

Now am I buskit, quha can spy?
The Diuill stik me gif this be I;
Is this I, or nocht I, can ye not say,
Or hes the Feind, or fairfolk, borne me away? 1805

Falset.

And war my hair vp in ane how,
The feind a man wald ken me now.
Quhat sayis thow of my gay garmoun?

Diffait.

I say thow lukis evin lyk a loun.
Now, bruder Flattery, quhat do ye?
Quhat kynd a man schaip ye to be?

1810

Flattery.

Now, be my faith, my bruder deir,
I will ga counterfute the freir.

Diffait.

A freir, quhairto, thow can not preiche?

1815

Flattery.

Quhattrak, bot I can flattir and fleiche;
Peraventur cum to that honour,
To be the kingis confessour.
Peur freiris ar fre at every fest,
And merchellit ay amang the best;
Als God hes lent to thame sic gracis,
That bischoppis puttis thame in thair placis,
Owtthrwch thair dyoccis to preiche,
Bot farly not howbeid thay fleiche,
For schaw thay all the veretie,
Thaill want the bischoppis cheretic.
Yit thocht the corne be nevir so scant,
Gud wyvis will nevir lat freiris want;
For quhy? thay ar thair confessouris,
Thair prudent hevinly counsalouris;
Thairfoir wyvis planely takkis thair pairtis,
And schawis the secreteis of thair hairtis

Fol. 189.a.

1820

1825

1830

To freiris, with bettir will, I trow,
Nor thay do to thair bedfallow.

Dissate.

And I rest anis a freiris cowl,
Betuix Sanct Johinstoun and Kynnowll;
I fall ga fetche it, gif thou wilt tary.

1835

Flattery.

Now play me that of cumpanary;
Ye saw him nocht this hundredth yeir,
That bettir can counterfet the freir.

1840

Dissait.

Heir is thy ganenyng all and sum,
This is the cowl of Tullylum.

Flattery.

Quha hes ane porteris to len me?
The feind a fawll, I trow, will ken me.

Falsat.

Bruder, pass on quhair evir thou will,
Thow may be fallow to freir Gill;
Bot with Correctioun and we be kend,
I dreid we mak a schamefull end.

1845

Flattery.

For that mater I dreid na thing,
Freiris ar exemit fra the King;
For freiris will reddy entres gett,
Quhen lordis ar haldin at the yett.

1850

Fol. 189. b.

Falsat.

We mon do mair yit, be Sanct James,
3 X

For we mon change all thre our names;
Cristin me, and I fall bapteis the.

1855

Diffait.

Be God, and thairabowt mot it be;
How will thou call me, I pray the tell?

Falsat.

Mary, I wat not how to call my fell.

Diffait.

Bot yit anis name the bairnis name.

Falsat.

Discretioun, Discretioun, a Goddis name.

1860

Diffait.

I neid not now to cair for thrift,
Bot quhat salbe my godbairne gift?

Falsat.

I gif the all the divillis of Hell.

Diffait.

Na, bruder, hald that to thy fell;
Now sit doun, lat me bapteis the,
Bot yit I wat not quhat to call the.

1865

Falsat.

I pray the, name the bairnis name.

Diffait.

Sapience, Sapience, a Goddis name.

Flattery.

Bruder Diffait, cum bapteis me.

Diffait.

Than sit doun lawly on thy kne.

1870

Flattery.

Now, bruder, name the bairnis name.

Diffait.

Devotioun, in the Diuillis name.

Flattery.

The Diuill restaf the, laidroun loun,
Thow hes wat all my new schein croun.

Diffait.

Devotioun, Sapience, and Discretioun,
We thre may rewll a haill regioun;
We fall fynd mony crafty thingis,
For to begyle ane hundredth kingis;
For thow fall crak, and thow fall clattir,
And I fall fenyie, and thow fall flattir.

1875

1880

Flattery.

Fol. 190.a.

Bot I wald haif, or we depairtit,
A drink to mak ws bettir hairtit.

Diffait.

Weill said, be him that herreit Hell,
I was evin thinkand that my fell.

*Heir fall thay drink, and the King fall cum
furth of his chalmer, and call for Wantones.*

Now till we get the kingis presence,
We will sit doun and keip sylence;
I fe ane yonder, quhatevir he be,
I trow ful weill yone fame is hie.

1885

Steir nocht, bruder, bot hald ws still,
Till we haif hard quhat be his will.

1890

*Heir the King hes bene with his concubyne, and
thaireftir returnis to his yung cumpany.*

King.

Now quhair is Placebo and Solace?
Quhair is my mynyeoun Wantones?
Wantones, how, cum to me sone.

Wantones.

Quhy cryid ye, schir, till I had done?

King.

Qu[h]at was thou doand, tell me that?

1895

Wantones.

Mary, leirand how my fader me gat.
I wait not how it standis, but dowt,
Methink the wvard rynnys round abowt.

King.

And so think I, man, be my thirst,
I se fyiftene monis in the lift.

190

Wantones.

Lat Hamelines, my laſſ, allane,
Scho bendit vp ay twa for ane.

Hamelines.

Howbeit, ye gat that ye defyrit,
Or I was temprit ye was tyrit.

Denger.

And als for Placebo and Sollace,
I held thame baith in mirrenes;
Howbeit I maid it sumthing tewch,
I fand thame chalmer glew anewch.

1905

Sollace.

Mary, thow wald gar ane hundreth tyre;
Thow hes ane cunt lyk ane quaw myre.

1910

Danger.

Fol. 190.b.

Now, fowl fall yow, it is na boudis,
Befoir ane king to speik fowl woundis;
Or evir ye cum that gait agane,
To kifs my cloff ye falbe fane.

Sollace.

Now schaw me, schir, I yow exhort,
How ar ye of your lufe content;
Think ye not this ane mirry sport?

1915

King.

Ye, that I do, in verement.
Quhat bernis ar yone vpoun the bent?
I did not se thame all this day.

1920

Wantones.

Thay will be heir incontinent;
Stand still and heir quhat thay will fay.

*Heir fall the thre Vycis cum and mak thair
salutatioun to the King, and fay.*

[*Thre Vycis.*]

Lawd, honor, gloir, trivmphant victorie,
Be to your moost excellent maiestie.

And Devotioun to be my confessour;
 I trow thir thre come in a happy hour.
 Heir I mak the my secretar,
 And thow fall be my thefawarar, 1960
 And thow salt be my counsalour,
 In sprituall thingis to be confessour.

Flattery.

Soverane, I sweir yow, be Sanct An,
 Ye mett nevir with ane wyfar man;
 Mony a craft, schir, I can, 1965
 War thay weill knawin.
 I haif na feill of flattery,
 Bot fosterit with philosophie,
 A strange man in astronomy,
 Quhilk salbe sone schawin. 1970

Falsat.

And I haif grit intelligence,
 In quelling of the quyntacence;
 Bot to preve my experience,
 Sir, len me fourty crownis,
 To mak mvltiplicatioun, 1975
 And tak my obligatioun;
 Gif we mak fals narratioun,
 Hald ws for verry lownis.

*Diffait.***Fol. 191.b.**

Schir, I ken be your phisnomye,
 Ye fall conqueifs, or ellis I lye, 1980
 Danskyn, Denmark and all Almane,
 Spittelseild and the realme of Spane;
 Ye fall haive at your goivrnance,
 Remsfrew and the realme of France,

Ye Rugling and the toun of Rome,
Corforphyne and all Cristindome;
Quhairto, schir, be the Trinitie,
Ye ar ane verry aperfee.

1985

Flattery.

Schir, quhen I dwelt in Italy,
I leirit the craft of palmestry;
Schaw me the luffe, schir, of your hand,
And I fall gar yow vndirstand,
Gif your grace be infortunat,
Or gife ye be predestinat.
I see ye will have fyiftene quenis,
And fyiftene scoir of concubenis.
Now, the Virgin Mary fave your grace,
Saw evir man fa quyt a face,
Swa grit ane arme, fa fair ane hand,
Thair is not sic a leg in all this land.
War ye in harnes, I think na wounder,
Howbeid ye dang doun twenty hunder.

1990

1995

2000

Diffait.

Be my fawle, that is trew thow fais,
Was nevir man sett sa weill his clais;
Thair is na man in Cristianitie,
So meit to be ane king as ye.

2005

Falset.

Schir, thank the haly Trinitie,
That fend ws to your cumpany;
For, God, nor I gaip in ane gallowis,
Gif evir ye fand thre bettir fallowis.

2010

King.

Ye ar all wylcum, be the rude;
Ye seme to be thre men of guude.

*Finis of this Interlude, and pairt of Play.
Hairstir fall Gud Counsale appair, and
salbe bofhit away, and Lady Cheftetie and
Verrtie fall be put in stokis, and Sensualite
fall gyd the yung king for a tyme.*

[King.]

Bot quhae is yone that standis sa still?
Go spy, and speir quhat is his will;
And gif he yairnis my presence,
Bring him to me with diligence.

Fol. 192.2.

2015

Dissait.

That falbe done, be Godis breid,
We fall him bring owdir quick or deid.

Flattery.

I dreid full soir, be God him sell,
That yone awld carle be Gud Counfall;
Get he anis to the kingis presence,
We thre will get na audience.

2020

Dissait.

That mater fall I tak in hand,
And say it is the kingis command,
That he annone devoyd this place,
And cum not neir the kingis grace,
And that vndir the pane of tressone.

2025

Flattery.

Bruder, I think that counsale resfone;¹

¹ MS. has *refome*.

Now lat ws heir quhat he will say.
Awld berdit mowth, gude day, gud day.

2030

Gude Counfall.

Gud day, agane, schiris, be the Rude,
I pray God mak yow men of gude.

Dissait.

Pray not for that to lord nor leddy,
For we ar men of gude all reddy;
Sir, schaw till ws quhat is your name.

2035

Gud Counsale.

Gude Counsale thay call me at hame.

Falsset.

Quhat sayis thow, cairle, art thow Gud Counsale?
Swyth, pass the hence, vnhappy vnsale.

Gud Counsale.

I pray yow, schiris, gife me licence,
To cum anis to the kingis presence,
To speik bot thre wordis with his grace.

2040

Flattery.

Swyth, hurfone cairle, devoyd this place.

Gud Counsale.

Fol. 192. b.

Bruder, I ken yow weill annewch,
Howbeid ye mak it nevir sa tewch;
Flattery, Dissait and Fals Report,
Thay will not suffer to resort
Gude Counsale to the kingis presence.

2045

Diffait.

Swyth, hursone karle, ga pak the hence.

Heir fall thay hurle away Gud Counsale.

[*Gud Counsale.*]

Sen at this tyme I can gett na presence,
Is no remeid bot tak in pacience; 2050
Howbeit Gud Counsale heftaly be not hard
With yung princis, yit sowld thay not be skard;
Bot quhen yowtheid hes blawin his wantoun blast,
Than fall Gude Counsale rewill him at the last.

Heir fall the Thre Vycis pass to ane counsale.

Flattery.

Now quhill Gud Counsale is absent, 2055
Bredir, we mon be diligent,
And mak betuix ws sovir bandis,
Quhen vacanis fallis in ony landis,
That every man fall help his fellow.

Diffait.

I hald, deir bruder, be Allhallow, 2060
So thow fische not within our boundis.

Flattery.

That fall I not, be cokkis woundis,
Bot I fall planely tak your pairtis.

Falset.

So fall we thyne, with all our hairtis;
Bot haift ws quhill the king is yung, 2065
And lat ilk man keip weill a tung,
And in ilk quartir have a spy,
Ws till aduertcifs haistelly,
Quhen ony cawfualiteis

Sall happen in our cuntrieis; 2070
 And lat ws mak provisioun,
 Or he cum to discretiou.
 No moir he wat now, nor ane fanct,
 Quhat thing it is to haive of want;
 Or he cum to his perfyt aige, 2075
 We falbe ficker of our waige,
 And than, lat ilk ane cairle craves vthir. Fol. 193.a.

Diffait.

That mowth speik mair, my awin deir bruthir.

*Heir fall Veritie entir and pass to hir place,
 quhair Flattery fall spy hir with feir.*

[*Veritie.*]

Gif men of me wald haif intelligence,
 Or knew my name, thay call me Veritie; 2080
 Off Chryftis law I haif experience,
 And hes ourfalt mony stormy sie.
 Now am I seikand king Humanicie,
 For of his grace I have gud esperance;
 Fra tyme that he acquentit be with me, 2085
 His heich honour and gloir I fall avance.

Diffait.

Sancte Pater, quhair haif ye bene?
 Declair to ws of your novellis.

Flattery.

Thair is new lichtit on the grene,
 Dame Veritie, be bukis and bellis; 2090
 Bot cum scho to the kingis presence,
 Thair is na bute for ws to byde;
 Thairfoir, I rid ws all go hence.

Falset.

That will we not yit, be Sanct Bryd,
Bot we fall owdir gang or ryd
To lordis of Spritualitie,
And gar thame trow, yone bag of pryd
Hes spokin manifest heresie.
2095

*Heir the Vycis gais to the Sprituall Eſtait, and
byis vpoun Veretie, desiring hir to be put in
captiuitie, quhilk is done with diligence.*

Flattery.

Quhat buk is that, harlat, in to thy hand?
Owt, wallowy, this is the New Testment,
In Inglis tung, and prentit in Ingland:
Heresy, heresy, fy, fyre incontinent.
2100

Veretie.

Forswth freind, ye haive ane wrang jugment,
For in that buike thair is no heresie,
Bot Chrystis word richt dulce and redolent,
Ane¹ springand well of sinceir veretie.
2105 Fol. 193.b.

Difſait.

Cum on your way, for all your yallow lokkis,
Your wantone wordis, but dowt ye fall repent;
This nicht ye fall bedryt ane pair of stokkis,
And syne the morne be brocht to jugement.
2110

Veretie.

For Chrystis faik I am richt weill content,
To suffer all thing that fall pleifs his grace;
Howbeit ye put a thowſand to torment,
A hundreth thowſand fall ryſſ in thair place.

Heir fall Veretie fit doun on hir kneis and say:

¹ MS. has *And.*

Gett vp, thow fleipis all to lang, O Lord, 2115
And mak ane resonable reformatioun,
On thame quhilk dois tramp doun thyne hevinly word,
And hes ane deidly indignatioun,
At thame quhilk makis trew narratioun.
Suffer thame not no moir to be mollest; 2120
O Lord, I mak the supplicatioun,
With thyne vnfreindis lat me not be opprest.
I haif no moir to say.

Flattery.

Sit doun, and tak yow rest,
All nicht till it be day. 2125

Dissait.

My lordis, we have, with diligence,
Bucklit weill vp yone bladdrand baird.

Spritualitie.

I think ye farve sum recompence;
Tak thair ten crownis for your reward.

Heir fall entir Chaiſtetie and say:

[Chaiſtetie.]

How lang fall this inconstant world endure, 2130
That I fowld baneift be fa lang, allace?
Few crateuris, or none, takis of me ceure,
Quhilgis garris me mony nichtis ly harbreles;
Thocht I have past all nicht fra place to place,
Amang the Temporall and Sprituall Estaitis; 2135
Nor amang princis I can gett na grace,
Bot busteously ar haldin at thair yaitis.

Dilligence.

Fol. 194.2

Lady, I pray yow schaw to me your name.
It dois me noy your lamentatioun.

Chasfetie.

My freind, thairof I neid not think na schame; 2140
Dame Chasfetie, baneist frome toun to toun.

Dilligence.

Than pass to ladeis of religioun,
Quha makkis thair vow to observe chasfetie;
Lo, quhair thair sittis ane priores of renown,
Amang the rest of Spritualitie. 2145

*Heir fall scho pass to the haill Sprituall Estait,
and scho fall not be refauit, bot put away.*

Dilligence.

Madame, quhat garris yow gang sa lait?
Tell me how ye haif done debait,
With the Temporall and Sprituall Stait;
Quha did yow moist kyndnes?

Chasfetie.

In faith, I fand bot ill and war, 2150
That gart me stand frome thame afar,
Evin lyk a beggar at the bar,
And flement me moir and less.

Dilligence.

I counsale yow, but tareing,
Pass till Humanitie the king, 2155
Perchance he of his grace benyng,
Will mak to yow support.

Chaiſtetie.

Off your counſale I am content,
To paſſ to him incontinent,
And my ſcheruice till him preſent,
In howp of ſum conforſt.

2160

Sollace.

Soverane, get vp and ſie ane hevinly ficht,
Ane fair lady in quhyt abilyement;
Scho may be peir to ony king or knycht,
Moift lyk ane angell, be my jugement.

2165

Senzualitie.

Now, lat me ſe quhat this mater ma mene,
Perchance that I may knaw hir be hir face;
But dowt this is dame Cheſtetie, I wene.
Sir, scho and I ma not byd in a place,
Bot, gif it be the plesour of your grace,
That I remane in to your cumpany,
Than this woman richt haifelly gar chace,
That scho be not no moir fene in this cuntre.

Fol. 194 b.

2170

King.

As evir ye pleiſs, ſweit hairt, fo fall it be;
Dispone hir as ye think expedient;
Evin as ye liſt to latt hir leif or de,
I will refer to yow that jugement.

2175

Senzualitie.

Paſſ on than, Sapience and Discretioune,
And baneiſſ hir owt of the kingis preſence.

Difſait.

That fall we do, madame, be Goddis paſſioune,
We fall do your command with diligēce,

2180

And at your hand serve gudly recompence.
 Dame Chestetie, cum on, be nocht agast;
 We fall richt sone, vpoun your awin expence,
 In to the stokkis your bony seit mak fast.

2185

*Heir fall they harle Chestety to the stokkis,
 and scho fall say:*

[*Chestety.*]

I pray yow, schiris, be patient,
 For I falbe obedient
 Till do quhat ye command;
 Sen I se thair is no remeid,
 Howbeit it war to suffer deid,
 Or flemd fourth of the land.
 I wyt the empriour Constantyne,
 That I am put to sic rewyne,
 And baneist frome the kirk;
 For, sen he maid the Paip a king,
 In Rome I cowld get na lugeing,
 Bot hyd me in the mirke.
 Bot lady Sensualitie
 Sensyne hes gydit that cuntry,
 And mekle of the rest;
 And now scho rewlis all this land,
 And hes directit hir command,
 That I sowld be opprest.
 Bot all cumis for the best
 To thame that lovis the Lord;

2190

2195

2200

2205

*Heir fall they put hir in the stokkis, and scho fall
 say [to Verete:]¹*

Sister, allace, this is a cairfull caice,
 That we with princis sowld sa be abhord.

¹ Inserted by a different hand.

Verete.

Be blyth, sister, I trest, within schort space,
 That we falbe richt honorablie restord,
 And with the king we falbe at concord;
 For I heir tell Devyne Correctioun,
 Is new landit, thankit be God our Lord;
 I wat he will be our protectioun.

2210

2215

*Finis of this Interlude.**Ane Proclamatioun to be tane in eftirwart of the
Pa[r]liament.¹**Heir fall meffinger Dilligence say:**[Dilligence.]*

At the command of king Humanitie,
 I warne and chairge all memberis of parliament,
 Baith Sprituall Stait and Temporalitie,
 That to his grace thay be obedient,
 And speid thame to the court incontinent,
 In gud ordour arrayit ryally.
 Quho beis absent ar inobedient,
 The kingis dispflefour thay fall vndirly.

2220

And als I mak yow exortatioun,
 Sen ye haif hard the first pairt of our play,
 Ga tak ane drink and mak collatioun;
 Ilk man drink to his marrow, I yow pray.
 Tary nocht lang, it is lait of the day;
 Lat sum drink aill and sum the cleret wyne;
 Be grit doctouris of phefik I heir fay,
 That mighty drink confortis a dull ingyne.

2225

2230

This vers eikit [quhilk is in the first proclamatioun:]

Prudent pepill, I pray yow all,

¹ Inserted afterwards, but probably by the same hand as the MS.

Tak no man greif in speciall,
For we fall speik in generall,
For pastyme be my fay.¹

2235

Thairfoir till our rymes be rung,
And our mistonit sangis be fung,
Lat every man keip weill a tung,
And every woman tway.

And ye ladeis that list to pische,
Lift vp your taill, steill in a dische,
And gife your quhiflecaw cry quiche,
Stop in ane wiſp of stray.

2240

Latt not your bleddir birst, I pray yow,
For that is evin annewch till slay yow,
Beauſſ thair is to cum, a ſay yow,

2245

The best pairte of our play.

*Heir fall entir Correctionis Varlet, for reformation,
and ſay:*

[*Correctionis Varlet.*]

Schiris, stand a bak and hald yow coy,
I am the king Correctionis boy
Cum heir to dres his place.

2250

Se that ye mak obedience
Vnto his nobill excellencie,
Fra tyme ye fe his face;
For he makis reformationis,
Owtthrwch all Cristin nationis,

2255

Quhair he findis grit debaitis;
And, fa far as I vndirſtand,
He fall reforme in to this land
All the Thre Eſtaitis.
God furth of Hevin he hes him ſend,

2260

To punneis all that dois offend
Vnto his maiestie;
As evir him lift to tak vengence,

¹ This line was first written *For pastyme and play.*

Sum tyme with swerd and pestilence,
With derth and povertie.

2265

Bot quhen the pepill dois repent,
And beis to God obedient,
Than will he geif thame grace;
Bot thay that will not be correctit,
Richt fuddanly will be derectit,
And flemid far frome his face.

2270

For scylence I protest,
Of lord, laird and leddy;
Now will I rin, but rest,
And tell that all is redy.

2275

Diffait.

Bruder, hard ye yone proclamatioun?
I dreid full fair for reformatioun
Yone message makkis me mangit.
Quhat is your counsale, to me tell?
Remane we heir, be God him sell,
We will all thre be hangit.

2280

Flattery.

I will ga to Spritualitie,
And preiche owt thruche his dyocie,
Quhair I wilbe vnknawin;
Or keip me cloiss in to sum closter,
With mony peteous pater noster,
Till all the boist be blawfn.

2285

Diffait.

Fol. 196.2.

I will be treittit, as ye ken,
With my maisteris, the merchandmen,
Quhilk can mak small debait;

2290

Ye ken richt few of thame that thryvis,
Or can begyle the landwart wyvis,
But me, thair man Diffait.
Now Falsat, quhat fall be thy chift?

Falsat.

Na, cair thou not, man, for my thrift;
Trow thou that I be daft?

Na, I will leif a lusty lyfe,
Withowttin ony sturt or stryfe,
Amang the men of craft.

Flattery.

I will remane na mair befyd yow; 2300
I counsale yow richt weill to gyd yow;
Byd nocht vpoun Correctionoun.
Fairweill, I will na langar tary;
I pray the alreche quene of Fary
To be your protectioun. 2305

Diffait.

Falsat.

Na, weill said, be the sacrament,
That fall I do incontinent, 231c
Thocht it had twenty lokkis.

Heir fall thay stell the kingis box, etc.

Lo, heir the box, now lat ws ga;
This may suffyice for our rewardis.

Diffait.

Ye, that it may, man, be this day,

It may weill mak ws landward lairdis; 2315
Now latt ws cast away thir clais,
In dreid sum follow on the chace.

Falsat.

Richt weill devysit, be Sanct Blaifs;
Wald God we war owt of this place.
Heir fall thay cast away thair conterfit clais.

Diffait.

Now, sen thair is no man to wrang ws, 2320
I pray yow, bruder, with all myne haire,
Latt ws now pairet this pelf amang ws;
Syne hestelly latt ws depart.

Falsatt.

Fol. 196.b.

Trowis thow to get als mekle as I?
That fall thow not; I stall the box; 2325
Thow did na thing bot luikit by,
And lurkit lyk a wylly fox.

Diffait.

Thy heid fall beir a cuppill of knokkis,
Pelour, withoutt I get my pairet.
Swyth, hurfone smaik, ryve vp the lokkis, 2330
Or I fall stik the thruch the haire.
Heir fall thay fecht, with fylence.

Falsat.

Allace, for evir myne ee is owt;
Walloway, will no man red the men?

Diffait.

Vpoun thy clof tak thair a clownt,
To be cowrtace I fall the ken. 2335

Fair weill, for I am at the flicht,
 I will not byd on na demandis;
 And we tway meit agane this nicht,
 Thy feit fall be wirth fourty handis.

Correctionoun enteris.

*I tak heir bot certane schort pairtis out of the speichis,
 because of lang proces of the Play.*

Correctionoun.

I am ane juge, richt potent and seveir, 2340
 Cum to do justice mony thowsand myle;
 I am sa constant, baith in peax and weir,
 Na bud nor favour ma my face ourfyle.
 Thair is thairfoir richt mony in this yle
 Of my repair, but dowt quhilk dois repent; 2345
 Bot vertewis men I trest fall on me smyle,
 And of my cuming be richt weill content.

Gud Counsale.

Wylcum, my lord, wylcum ten thowsand tymes,
 Till all faythfull and trew men of this regioun;
 Wylcum for till correct all faltis and crymes, 2350
 Amang this cankart congregatioun.
 Lowifs Cheftety, I mak yow supplicatioun,
 And put till fredome fair lady Veretie,
 Quhilk, be vnsaithfull folk of this regioun,
 Lyis bund ful fast in to captiuitie. 2355

Correctionoun.

I mervell, Gud Counsale, how that may be;
 Ar ye not with the king familiar? Fol. 197.a

Gud Counsale.

That am I not, my lord, full wais me,
 Bot, lyk ane brybour haldin at the bar,

Thay play bokeik, evin as I war a skar. 2360
 Thair come thre knavis in clething conterfait,
 And fra the king thay gart me stand a far,
 Quhois names war Falsat, Flattery and Diffait;
 Bot, quhen thay knavis hard tell of your cuming,
 Thay stall away, ilk ane a sindry gait, 2365
 And kest fra thame thair conterfait clething.
 For thair leving full weill thay can debait;
 The merchandmen thay haive rerset Diffait,
 And for Falsat, full weill, my lord, I ken,
 He will be richt weill treitit air and lait, 2370
 Amang the maist pairt of the craftismen.
 Flattery hes tane the habeit of a freir,
 Purposing to begyle the Sprituall Estait.

Correctioun.

But dowt, my freindis, and I leive half a yeir,
 I fall ferche owt thair iniquitie. 2375
 Quhair lyis yone ladyis in captiuicie?
 How now, sisteris, quho hes yow so disgysit?

Veretie.

Vnmercifull memberis of iniquitie
 Dispytfully hes ws, my lord, supprysit.

Correctioun.

Ga, put yone ladyis to thair libertie 2380
 Incontinent, and brek doun all the stokkis;
 But dowt thay ar full deir wylcum to me.
 Mak diligence; methink ye do bot mokkis;
 Speid hand, and spair not for to brek the lokkis,
 And tendirly tak thame vp be the hand. 2385
 Had I thame heir, thay knavis sowld ken my knokkis,
 That thame opprest and baneist of this land.

*Heir fall thay be tane owt of the stokkis, and
 thay fall say:*

[*Gude Counsale, Veretie, Chestetie.*]

We thank yow, schir, of your benignitie;
 Bot, I beseki your maiestie royall,
 That ye wald pass to king Humanitie,
 And fleme fra him yone lady Sensuall,
 And entir in his scheruice Gude Counsall,
 For ye will find him verry counsalable.

2390

Fol. 197.b.

Correctionoun.

Cum on, sisteris, as ye haif said I fall,
 And gar him stand at yow thre, firme and stable.

2395

*Heir fall Gud Counsale, Verete and Chestetie,
 cum to the king with Correctionoun.*

Correctionoun.¹

Get vp, schir king, ye haif slepit anewch,
 In to the armes of lady Sensuall;
 Be seure that moir belangis to the plewch,
 As eftirward perchance rehersis I fall.
 Remembir sow the king Sardanapall
 Amang fair ladyis tuk his lust sa lang,
 So that the moist pairet of his liegis all
 Rebeld, and syne him dulfly doun thrang.

2400

Remembir how in to the tyme of Noy,
 For the fowle stinkand syn of lichery,
 God, be my wand, did all the wrold distroy;
 Sodome and Gomer richt so full rigourusly,
 For that self syn war brint rycht crewally.
 Thairfoir I the command incontinent
 Banneis frome the that huir Sensualitie,
 Or ellis but dowlrudly thow salt repent.

2405

2410

King.

Be quhome haif ye so grit awtoritie,
 Quhilk dois presome for till correct a king?

¹ So in MS.

Knaw ye nocht me, the king Humanitie,
That in my regiou恩 roially did ring?

2415

Correctioun.

I haif power grit princis to doun thring,
That leivis contrar the maiestie devyne;
Agane the trewth quhilk planely dois maling,
But thay repent, I put thame to rewyne.
I wilbegin at the, quhilk is the heid,
And mak on the first reformatioun;
Thy liegis than will follow the but plead.
Swyth, harlot, henfs the withoutt dillatioun.

2420

Sensualitie.

My lord, I mak yow supplicatioun,
Gif me licence to pass agane to Rome;
Amang the princis of that natiou恩,
I lat yow wit my bewty thair will blome.

2425

Heir fall Sensualitie depairt fra the king. Fol. 198.a.

Correctioun.

My lord, sen ye ar quyt of Sensualitie,
Ressaif in to your scheruice Gud Counsale,
And richt so this fair lady Chestetie,
Till ye mary sum quene of blude royall;
Observe than chestetie matrimoniall.
Richt so ressaif heir Veretie be the hand;
Vse thair counsale, your fame fall nevir fall,
Thairfoir with thame mak ane perpetuall band.

2430

2435

Heir fall the king ressaif the Thre Vertewis.

[King.]

I am content your counsale till inclyne,
Ye beand of so gud conditioun.
At your command fall be all that is myne,
And heir I gif yow full commissioun,

To pvneiss faltis and gif remissioun;
 To all vertew I falbe consonable;
 With yow I fall confirme ane vnioun,
 And, at your counsale, stand ay firme and stable.

2440

Correction.

I counsale yow incontinent,
 Agane proclaim the parliament,
 Of all the Thre Estaitis;
 That thay be heir with diligence,
 To mak to yow obedience,
 And sone dress all debaitis.

2445

King.

That fall be done, but mair demand.
 How, Diligence, cum heir fra hand,
 And tak your informatioun;
 Go, warne the Spritualitie,
 Richt so the Temporalitie,
 To gif ws thair counsailis.
 Quho so beis absent to thame schaw,
 That thay fall vndirly our law,
 And puneist be that failis.

2450

2455

Diligence.

Schir, I fall, baith in bruch and land,
 With diligence do your command,
 Vpoun my awin expens.
 Schir, I haif scheruit all this yeir,
 Bot I gat nevir ane dynneir
 Yit, for my recompence.

2460

King.

Fol. 198.b.
 Pafs on, for thou falbe regairdit,
 And for thy scheruice weill rewardit;
 For quhy? with my consent,

2465

Thow fall haif yeirly for thy hyre,
The teind mvssillis of the ferry myre,
Confirmd in parliament.

2470

Dilligence.

I will get riches with that rent,
Estir the day of dome,
Quhen, in the coillottis of Trannent,
 Buttir will grow on brome.
All nicht I had fa mekle drowth
 I micht not sleip a wink;
Or I proclaime ocht with my mowth,
 But dowt I mon haif drink.

2475

Correctionoun.

Cum heir Placebo and Solace,
With your compayneoun Wantones,
 I ken weill your conditioun.
For tyfting of Humanitie,
To ressaif Sensualitie,
 Ye mon suffir pvnitioun.

2480

Wantoness.

We grant, my lord, we haif done ill,
Thairfoir we put ws in your will;
 Bot we haif bene abusit,
For in gudfaith, schir, we belevit,
That lichery sowld no man haif grevit,
 Becausing it is so vfit.
Schir, we fall mend our conditioun,
So ye gif ws ane fre remissioune;
 Bot gif ws leif to sing,
To dance, and play at chess and tabillis,
To reid storyis and mirry fabillis,
 For plesour of the king.

2490

2495

Correction.

So that ye do non vthir cryme,
Ye fall be pardond at this tyme;
For quhy? as I suppois,
Princes sumtyme mon feik sollace,
With mirth and lefull mirrenes,
Thair spreitis to reioiss.

2500

King.

FOL. 199.a.

Quhair is Sapience and Discretioun?
And quhy cumis not Devotioun nar?

Veretie.

Sapience, schir, was ane verry loun,
And Discretioun was nyne tymes war.
The swth, schir, gif I wald report,
Thay did begyle your excellence,
And wald not suffer to resort
Non of ws thre to your presence.

2505

2510

Chayfletie.

Thay thre was Flattery and Diffait,
And Falsat, that vnhappy loun,
Aganis ws thre quhilk maid debait,
And baneist ws frome toun to toun;
Thay gart ws tway fall in to soun,
Quhen thay ws lokkit in the stokkis;
That dastard quhilk ye call Discretioun,
Full thiftoisly he stall your box.

2515

King.

The Divill tak thame, sen thay ar gane,
Me thocht thame ay thre verry smaikis;
I mak ane vow to sweit Sanct Fillane,
Get I thame thay fall beir thair paikis;

2520

I fe thay playd with me the glaikkis.
Gud Counsale, now schaw me the best;
Sen I fix on yow thre my staikis,
How fall I keip my realme in reft?

2525

*Heir fall the Thre Estaitis compeir to the
parliament, and the king fall say:*

My prudent lordis of the Thre Estaitis,
It is our will, aboif all vthir thing,
For to reforme all thay that makis debaitis
Contrair the richt, quhilk daylie dois maling.
And thay that dois the commoun weill doun thring,
With help and counsale of king Correc*tion*,
It is our will for to mak puniffing,
And plane oppreffouris put to subiectioun.

2530

Dilligence.

Fol. 199. b.

All mener of men I warne, that bene opprest,
Cum and complene, and thay fall be redrest;
For quhy? it is yone nobill princis willis,
That all compleneraris fall gif in thair billis.

2535

Fohine the Commoun weill.

Owt of my gait, for Goddis faik lat me gae;
Tell me agane, gudmaister, quhat ye sae.

2540

Dilligence.

I warne all that bene wrangusly offendit,
Cum and complene, and thay fall be amendit.

Commoun weill.

Thankit be Chryft, that ware the croun of thorne,
For I was nevir sa blyth fen I was borne.

Dilligence.

Quhat is thy name, fallow, that wald I feill?

2545

Johine.

Forwth, thay call me Johine the Commoun weill.
Gud maister, I wald speir at yow ane thing;
Quhair trest ye fall I find yone new maid king?

Dilligence.

Cum our, and I fall schaw the till his grace.

Johine.

Now Godis braid bennisoun licht vpoun that face; 2550
Stand by the gait, lat se gif I can lowp,
I mon rin fast, in dreid I gett a cowp.

*Heir fall Johine ryn to lowp our the water,
and he fall fall in the middis of it.*

Dilligence.

Speid the away, thow taryis all to lang.

Johine.

Schir, be this day, I micht not faster gang.
Gudday, gudday, grit God saive baith your gracis; 2555
Wally, wally, faw tha twa weill fard facis.

King.

Schaw me thy name, gud man, I the command.

Johine.

Mary, Johine the Commoun weill of fair Scotland.

King.

The Commoun weill hes bene amang his fais.

Johine.

Fol. 200.a.

Ye, that, schir, garris the Commoun weill want clais. 2560

Correclion.

Johine, quhome vpoun complene ye, or quho makis yow debaitis?

Johine.

Schir, I complene vpoun the King and all the Thre Estaitis;
As for our reverend faderis of Spritualitie,
Ar led be Covettyce, and¹ this cairle and Temporalitie;
And als ye se Temporalitie hes neid of Correctioun, 2565
Quhilke hes lang tyme bene led be publict oppressioun.
Lo, see quhair the loun lyis lurkand at his bak;
Get vp, I think to se thy craig gar a raip crak.
How, fenyeit Flattery, the Feind fart on that face,
Quhen ye war gydar of the court we gat littill grace; 2570
Ryss vp Falfat and Diffait, without ony sonyie,
I pray God nor the Divillis dam dryt on that grunyie.
Behald as the loun luikis evin lyk a theif,
Mony wicht workmen ye haif brocht to mischeif.
My soverane lord Correctioun, I mak yow supplicatioun, 2575
Put thir tryit trucouris frome Cryftis congregatioun.

Correctioun.

As ye haif devysit, but dowlit it salbe done;
Cum heir annone, my scherwandis, and do your det sone;
Put first the thre pilouris in to the prissone strang,
Howbeit ye hang thame hestelly, yedo thame nowrang. 2580

Firſt Sariand.

Soverane lord, we fall obey all your commandis.
Bruder, vpoun thay harlottis lay on your handis;
Ryss vp, Lowry, ye luik evin lyk a lurdane,
Your mowth war meit evin to drink owt a jurdane.

Secund Sariand.

Cum heir, gossep, cum heir, cum heir, 2585
Your rakles lyf ye fall repent;
Quhen had ye wont to be fo fweir?
Stand still and be obedient.

¹ And has perhaps been deleted.

i Sariand.

Thair is not ane in all this toun,
Bot I wald nocht this taill war tawd,
Bot I wald hang him for his goun,
Quhiddir he war lord or lawid.
I trow this pylour be spurgawd;
Thow art ane stif knaif I stand ford,
Howbeit I se thy skalp skyr skawd;
Put in thyne handis in to this cord.

Heir as they led and put in the stokkis.

Gud Counsale.

Fol. 200. b.

My wirdy lordis, sen ye haif on hand
Sum reformatiouen to mak in to this land,
And als ye knew it is the kingis mynd,
Quhilk to the commoun weill hes ay bene kyned, 2600
Thocht reiff and thift war stanchit weill annewch,
Yit sum thing moir belangis to the plewch.
Now in to peice ye sowld provyd for weiris,
And be feur off how mony thowfand speiris
The king ma be, quhen he hes ocht ado;
For quhy? my lordis, this is my resson, lo, 2605
The husbendmen and commouns thay war wound,
Go in the battell formest in the brount.
Bot I haif tynt myne experience,
Withoutt ye mak sum bettir diligince,
The commoun weill mon vthir wayis be stylit,
Or, be my faith, the realme will be begylit.
Thir peur commouns, daylie as ye may se, 2610
Declynis doun till extreme povertie;
For sum ar heichtit so in to thair mail,
Thair wynning will nocht find thame wattir caill.
How kirkmen heichtis thair teindis, it is weill knawin,
That husbendmen no wayis may hald thair awin; 2615
And now begynis ane plaig vpoun thame new,

That gentillmen thair steidings takis in few; 2620
Thus mon thay pay grit ferme or leif the steid;
And sum ar planely hurlit owt be the heid,
Thay ar distroyit withoutt God on thame rew.

Povertie.

Schir, be Godis breid, that taill is verry trew;
It is weill kend I had baith nolt and horfs, 2625
Now all my geir ye se vpoun my cors.

Correctionn.

Or I depairt, I think to mak gud ordour.

Commoun weill.

I pray yow, fir, begin than at the bordour;
For how sowld we defend ws agane Ingland,
Quhen we can nocht, within our native land, 2630
Distroy our awin Scottis commoun trator theivis,
That to leill labowraris daylie dois mischeivis?
War I ane king, my lord, be cokkis woundis,
Quha evir held commoun theivis within thair boundis,
Quhairthrow that leill men daylie might be wrangit, 2635
Withoutt remeid thair chestanis sowld be hangit; Fol. 201.a.
Quhidder he war ane knyght, lord or laird,
The Diuill beir me till Hell and he war spaird.

Temporalitie.

Quhat vthir ennemyis hes thow, lat ws ken?

Commoun weill.

Schir, I complene vpoun all ydill men, 2640
For quhy, schir? it is Goddis awin bidding,
All Cristiane men to wirk for thair leving;
Sanct Pawle, the pillar of the kirk,
Sayis to tha wratchis that will nocht wirk,
And bene to vertewis labour laith, 2645
Qui non laborat non menduceth;

This bene in Inglis young to treit,
 Quho labouris nocth he fall not eit.
 This bene agane thir strang beggaris,
 Fidlaris, pypparis and pardonaris; 2650
 Thir juglaris, jestouris and ydill henfouris,
 Thir cariowris and thir quynte sensouris;
 Thir babill beraris and thir bairdis,
 Thir sweir swyngouris, v ith lordis and lairdis,
 Mo than thair rentis may sustene, 2655
 Or to thair proffeit neidfull bene;
 Quhilk bene ay blythest of discordis,
 And deidly feid amang the lordis;
 For than thay trucouris man be treitit,
 Or ellis thair quarrellis ar vndebaitit. 2660
 And munkis, preiftis, channonis and freiris,
 Augustynis, Carmeleitis and Cordeleiris;
 And vthiris that in cowlis bene cled,
 Quhilk labouris not and bene weill fed.

Correclion.

Quhome vpoun ma wilt thou complene? 2665

Johine.

Mary, schir, ma and mae agane;
 For the peur pepill cryis with cairis
 The grit misysing of justice airis,
 Exercit mair for covettyce,
 Nor for pvnissing of vyce. 2670
 Ane pegrall theif that steilis a kow
 Is hangit; bot he that steilis a bow,
 With als mekle geir as he may turfs,
 That theif is hangit be the purfs. Fol. 201. b.
 So pykand pegrall theivis ar hangit,
 Bot he that all the warld hes wrangit,
 A crewall tirrand, a strang transgressour,
 Ane commoun publict plane oppressour,

2675

By buddis will he obtene favouris,
Off thesawrar and compositowris;
Thocht he serve grit pvnisioun,
Gettis esy compoſitioun.
And thruche lawis confistoriall,
Prolixt, corrupt and pertiall,
The commoun pepill ar put at vnder;
Thocht thay be peure, it is na wounder.

2680

2685

Correction.

Gud Johine, I grant all that is trew,
Your infortoun full fair I rew;
Or I pairte of this natioun,
I fall mak reformatioun.

2690

And als, my lordis Temporalitie,
I yow command in tyme, that yie
Expell oppresioun of your landis;
And als I say to yow merchandis,
And evir I fynd, be land or sie,
Diffait in to your cumpayne,
Quhilk ar to commoun weill contrare,
I wow to God, I fall not spair
To put my sword to executioun,

2695

And mak on yow extreme pvnissioun.
Mairattour, my lord Temporalitie,
In gudly haift I will that yie
Sett in to few your temporall landis,
To men that labowris with thair handis,
Bot nocht to jynkyne gentill man,
That nowdir will he wirk or can,
Quhairby that pollicy may increas.

2700

2705

Temporalitie.

I am content, schir, be the mes,
Swa that the Spritualitie
Sett thairis in few als weill as we.

2710

[Correction.]

My Sprituall lordis, ar ye content?

Spiritualitie.

Na, we mon tak avyfement;
In sic materis for to conclude
Our hestelly, I think nocht gude.

Fol. 202.a.

Correctionoun.

Conclude ye not with the commoun weill,
Ye falbe puneist, be fweit Sanct Jeill.

2715

Spiritualitie.

Schir, I can schaw yow exemptionoun
Fra your temporall pvnissioune,
The quhilk we purpois to debait.

Correctionoun.

Wa, than ye think to stryve for stait.
My lordis, quhat say ye to this pley?

2720

Temporalitie.

My soverane lord, we will obey,
And tak your pairete with hairt and hand,
Quhat evir ye pleis ws to command.

Heir fall thay sit down and ake grace.

Bot we besek yow, our soverane,
Of all our crymes that ar bygane,
To gif ws twa ane full remissioune;
And heir we mak to yow condissioune,
The commoun weill for till defend,
Frome hynefurth till our lyvis end.

2725

2730

Correctionoun.

On that conditioun, I am content
Tell pardoun yow, sen ye repent,

And Commoun weill tak be the hand,
And mak with him perpetuall band.

Heir fall thay imbrace the Commoun weill.

Correction¹.

Johine, haif ye ony ma debaitis
Aganis my lordis the Sprituall Estaitis?

2735

Johine.

Na, schir, we dar not speik a word;
To plene on preistis it is na bowrd.

Spiritualitie.

Flyt on thy fill, fule, I defy the,
Sa thow schaw bot the verety.

2740

Johine.

Gramercy, than fall I not spair.
First to complene on our vicair;
The peur cottar lyand to die,
Havand small bairnis two or thre,
And hes two ky withowttin mo,
The vicar most haif on of tho;
With the gray coit that happis the bed,
Howbeid the wyf be pearly cled.
And gif the wyf de on the morne,
Thocht all the bairnis fowld be forlorne,
The vthir cow he cleikis away,
With hir peur coit of roploch gray.
Wald God this custome war put doun,
Quhilk nevir was foundit be ressoun.

2745

Fol. 202. b.

2750

Temporalitie.

Ar all thay tailis trew, that thow tellis?

2755

¹ So in MS.

Povertie.

Trew, schir, yee, the Diuill stik me ellis;
 For, be the holy Trinitie,
 That same was practik vpoun me.
 For our vicar, God gif him pyne,
 Hes yit thre tydy ky of myne,
 Ane for my fader, and for my wif ane vder,
 The thrid cow he tuik for Meg my moder.

2700

Fohine.

Our persone heir he takis na vder pyne,
 Bot to ressaif his teindis, and spend thame syne;
 Howbeit that he be obleist be ressoun,
 To preiche the evangell to his parichoun;
 And thocht thay want the preiching sevintene yeir,
 Our persone will not want ane scheif of beir.

2765

Temporalitie.

Forswth, my lordis, I think we sowlid conclude,
 Twiching this kow ye haif ane confwetude;
 We will decerne heir that the kingis grace
 Sall wryt vnto the Poipis halynefs,
 With his consent, be proclamatioun,
 Baith cors present and cow we fall cry doun.

2770

Spirituality.

To that, my lordis, planely we disconsent;
 Natar thairof I tak ane instrument.

2775

Scryb.

Ye gar me wryt mony findry act,
 And to me ye nevir cast in a plack.

Poverty.

Ha, my lordis, for the holy Trinitie,
Remembir for to reforme the consistory;
It hes mair neid of reformatioun;
Nor Plutois court, be cokkis passioun.

2780

Perfone.

Fol. 203. 2.

Quhat causf hes thow, pylour, for to plenyie?
Quhair was thow evir summond to thair senyie?

Povertie.

Mary, I lent my goffop my meir to fetche in coilis,
And he hir drownit in to the quarrell hoilis,
And I ran to the constry for to plenyie,
And thair I hapnit amang ane greidy menyie.
Thay gaif me first ane thing thay call citandum,
Within awcht dayis I gat bot libellandum,
Within ane moneth I gat ad opponendum.
In half ane yeir I gat interloquendum,
And syne I gat, quhow call yeid? ad replicandum;
Bot I cowld nevir ane word yit vndirstand him.
And than thay gart me cast owt mony plakkis,
And gart me pay for four and twenty actis;
Bot or thay come half gait ad concludendum,
The feind ane plak was left for to defend him.
Thus thay postponit me twa yeir with thair trane,
Syne, hodie ad octo, bad me cum agane,
And than, thay ruikis, thay rowpit woundir fast,
For centence silver thay cryit at the last;
Off pronunciandum thay maid me woundir fane,
Bot I gat nevir my gud gra meir agane.

2785

2790

2795

2800

Temporalite.

My lordis, we mon reforme thir consistory lawis,
Quhois grit defame abone the hevin blawis.

2805

I wist ane man, in perfewing ane kow,
 Or he had done he spendit half a bow;
 So that the kingis honor we may advance,
 We will conclud as thay haif done in France; 2810
 Lat sprituall materis pas to Spritualitie,
 And temporall materis to Temporalitie:
 Quho failis in this fall coift thame of thair gude.
 Scrib, mak ane act, for so we will conclude.

Spiritualitie.

That act, my lordis, planely I yow declair, 2815
 It is aganis our proffeit singulair.
 Till all your actis planely I disconsent,
 Notar thairof I tak ane instrument.

*Heir fall entir Commoun Thift.**[Common Thift.]*

Ga by the gait, man, lat me gang;
 How diuill come I in to this thrang? 2820
 With sorrow I may sing my fang,
 And I be tane.
 I haif run baith nicht and day, Fol. 203. b.
 Throw speid of sute I gat away;
 Bot be I kend heir, walloway, 2825
 I wilbe flane.

Povertie.

Quhat is thy name, man, be thy thift?

Thift.

Hurfone, thay call me Commoun Thift,
 For I had nevir na vder chift,
 Sen I was borne. 2830
 In Ewisdaill was my dwelling place,
 Mony wyse gart I cry, Allace,
 At my hand thay gat nevir grace,
 Bot ay forlorne.

- Sum fayis ane king is cum amang ws,
That purposis to heid and hang ws; 2835
Thair is na grace, and he may fang ws,
Bot on ane pin.
Ring he, we theivis will get na gude;
I pray God and the holy rude, 2840
Sen he had smord in till his cude,
And all his kin.
Get this curst king me in his grippis,
My craig will wit quhat weyis my hippis;
The Divill I gif thair tung and lippis, 2845
That of me tellis.
Adew, I dar noct langar tary,
For be I kend, thay will me kary,
And put me in ane fery fary,
I see nocth ellis. 2850
I raif, be him that herreit Hell,
I had almaist foryet my fell;
Will na gud fallow to me tell,
Quhare I may fynd
The Erle of Rothes best haiknay? 2855
That was my erand heir away;
He is richt stark, as I heir fay,
And swift as wind.
Heir is my brydill and my spurris,
To gar him lanfs our feild and furris, 2860
Mycht I him gett now Ewis the durris,
I tak na cure;
Off that hors nicht I get ane sicht,
I haif na dowt yit or midnicht,
That he and I sowld tak the flicht 2865
Thruche Dysart mvre.
Off cumpanary, tell me, bruder,
Quhilk is the richt way to the Struder;
I wald be wylcum to my moder,
Gif I nicht speid. 2870
Fol. 204. a.

I wald gif baith my hat and bonat
 To gett my Lord Lindsayis broun jonet;
 War we beyond the watter of Annet,
 We sowld nocht dreid.
 Quhat now, Oppressioun, my bruder deir,
 Quhat mekle Divill hes brocht the heir?
 Maister, tell me the cause perqueir,
 Quhat ye haif done.

2875

Oppressioun.

Forswth, the kingis maiestie
 Hes sett me heir, as ye may see;
 Micht I speik with Temporalitie,
 He wald releif me sone;
 [I beseik you my brether deir,¹]
 Bot half ane hour for to sit heir,
 Yc knew that I was nevir sweir
 Yow till defend.
 Put in your leg in to my place,
 And heir I sweir be Goddis grace,
 Yow to releif within schort space,
 Syne lat yow wend.

2880

2885

2890

Thift.

Than, maister deir, gif me your hand,
 And mak to me ane sover band,
 That ye fall cum agane fra hand,
 Withowttin faill.

Oppressioun.

Tak thair my hand richt hairtfully;
 Als I promit the verraly,
 To gif to the ane cuppill of ky.
 In Liddisdaill.

2895

*Heir fall Commoun Thift put his feit in the stokkis,
 and Oppressioun fall fleill away and betra him.*

¹ Omitted in MS.

Bruder, tak patience in thy pane,
For I fweir the, be Sanct Fillane,
We twa fall nevir meit agane,
In land nor toun.

2900

Thift.

Maister, will ye not keip conditioun,
And put me furth of this suspiciooun?

Oppressioun.

Na nevir, quhill I get remissioun.
Adew my compayneoun;
I fall command the to thy dame.

2905

Thift.

Adew than, in the Divillis name;
For to be fals thinkis thow na schame;
To leif me in this pane,
Thow art ane loun, and that ane liddir.

Fol. 204. b.

2910

Oppressioun.

Bo, man, I will go to Baquihiddir,
It fall be Pasche, be Goddis moder,
Or evir we meit agane.
Haif I nocht maid ane honest chift,
That hes betrafis Commoun Thift?
For thair is nocht vnder the lift,
A curstar cors.
I am richt feur that he and I,
Within this half yeir, craftely
Hes stowin ane thowsand scheip and ky,
By meiris and horfs.
Wald God, that I war found and haill,
Now liftit in to Liddisdaill,
The Mers fowld fynd me beif and caill,
Quhattrak of breid.

2915

2920

2925

War I thair liftit with my lyfe,
 The Diuill sowld stik me with a knyf,
 And evir I come agane in Fyse,
 Quhill I wor deid. 2930
 Adew, I leif the Divill amang yow,
 That in his fingaris he may fang yow,
 With all leill men that dois belang yow;
 For I may rew,
 That evir I come in to this land. 2935
 For quhy? ye may weill vndirstand,
 I gat na geir to turne myne hand;
 Yit anis adew.

Correctioun.

I counsale yow, schir, now fra hand,
 Gar baneiss yone freir owt of this land, 2940
 And that incontinent.
 Do ye not so, withowttin weir,
 We will mak all this toun on steir,
 I knew his fals intent.
 Yone flatstrand knavis, withowttin fable, 2945
 I think thay ar nocht proffitable,
 For Chryftis regioun.
 To begin reformation,
 Mak of thame deprivatioun,
 This is my opiniouon. 2950

First Sariand.

Schir, pleiss ye that we twa invaid thame,
 And ye fall se ws sone degraid thame,
 Of cowle and skaiparie. Fol. 205. a.

Correctioun.

Pas on, I am richt weill content;
 Syne baneiss thame incontinent, 2955
 Owt of this cuntrie.

Firſt Sariand.

Cum on, ſchir freir, and be nocht fleit,
The king, our maifter, mon be obeyit,
 Bot ye fall haif no harme;
Gif ye wald travell fra toun to toun; 2960
I think this huid, and hevy goun,
 Will hold your wame our warme.

Flattery.

Now, quhat is this, thir monſtouris menis?
I am exemit fra kingis and quenis,
 And fra all humane law. 2965

Secound Sariand.

Tak ye the huid, and I the goun;
This lymmar luikis als lyk a loun,
 As ony that evir I faw.

Firſt Sariand.

Thir freiris, to escaip pvniffiou,
Haldis thame at thair exemption, 2970
 And no man will obey;
Thay ar exemit, I yow affure,
Fra paipis, kingis and empriour,
 And that makis all the pley.

Second Sariand.

On Domisday, quhen Chryst fall fay, 2975
 Venite benedicti,
The freiris will fay, withoutt delay,
 Nos sumus exempti.

Heir fall thay spulye Flattery of the kings habeit.

Gud Counsale.

Schir, be the haly Trinitie,
This same is fenyet Flattrie,
I ken him be his face;
Belevand for to get promotioune,
He said that his name was Devotioun,
And so begyld your grace.

2980

First Sariand.

Cum on, Schir Flattery, be the mesf,
We fall leir yow to dance,
Within ane bony littill spaice,
Ane new paven of France.

2985

Flattery.

Now, my lord, for Goddis saik, latt nocht hang me,
Howbeit thir widdefowis wald wrang me,
I can mak no debait,
To win my meit at plewch or harrowis,
Bot I fall help to hang my marrowis,
Baith Falfat and Difflait.

2990 Fol. 205. b.

Correccioun.

Than pass thy way, and graith the gallowis,
Syne help for to hang vp thy fallowis,
Thow gettis na vder grace.

2995

Flattery.

Off that office I am content,
Bot our prellattis I dreid repent,
Be I flemid frome their face.

3000

*Heir fall Flattery pass to the stokkis and
sit besyd his marrowis.*

Dissait.

Now Flattery, my awld compayneoun,
Quhat dois yone king Correctioun,
Knewis thow not his entent?
Declair till ws of thy novellis.

Flattery.

Yeill all be hangit, I se nocht ellis, 3005
And that incontinent.

Dissait.

Now, wallaway, will he gar hang ws?
The Divill brocht yone curst king amang ws,
For mekle sturt and stryfe.

Flattery.

I had bene put to deid amang yow, 3010
War nocht I tuik on hand to hang yow,
And so I savit my lyfe.
I heir thame fay, thay will cry doun
All freiris and preiftis of this regiouin,
Sa far as I can feill; 3015
Becaus thay ar not neceffar,
And als thay ar all haill contrar,
To Johine the Commun Weill.

Povertie.

Now I beseik yow, for Allhallowis,
Gar hang Dissait and all his fallowis, 3020
And baneifs Flattery af the toun,
For thair was nevir sic ane loun;
That beand done, I hald it best,
That every man go tak his rest.

Correctioun.

As thow hes said, it fall be done;
Swyth, sariandis, hang yone swyngeouris sone.

3025

*Heir fall the sariandis lowiss thame furth
of the flokkis and leid thame to the gallows.*

Fol. 206. 2.

Firſt Sariand.

Cum heir, schir theif, cum heir, cum heir,
Quhen war ye wont to be so sweir?
To hunt cattell ye war ay speidy,
Thairfoir ye fall waif in a widdy.

3030

Thift.

Man I be hangit, allace, allace?
Is thair nane heir may get me grace?
Yit, or I dee, gif me a drink.

Firſt Sariand.

Fy, hurfone cairkle, I feill a stink.

Thift.

Thocht I wald not that it war wittin,
Schir, in gud faith, I am beschittin,
To wit the veretie, gif ye pleiss,
Lowiss doun my hoiss, put in your neiss.

3035

Firſt Sariand.

Thow art ane lymmar, I stand ford,
Slip in thy heid in to this cord,
For thow had nevir ane metar tippat.

3040

Thift.

Allace, this is ane fellone rippat;
The widdefow wardanis tuik my geir,

And left me nowdir hors nor meir,
Nor erdly gude that me belangit;
Now, walloway, I mon be hangit.

3045

Repent your lyvis, all plane oppressouris,
All mvrdressaris and strang transgressouris,
Or ellis ga chuse yow gud confessouris,
And mak yow ford;
For and ye tary in this land,
And come vnder Correctionis band,
Your grace falbe, I vndirstand,
Ane gud scharp cord.

3050

Adew my brethir commoun theivis,
That helpit me in my mischeivis;
Adew, Grossaris, Niksonis and Bellis,
Oft haif we fairne owtthruche the fellis;
Adew Robsonis, Hawis and Pylis,
That in our craft hes mony wylis;
Littillis, Trumbillis and Armestrangis;
Adew all theivis that me belangis,
Tailyeouris, Erewynis and Elwandis,
Speidy of feit and flicht of handis;
The Scottis of Eisdaill and the Grames;
I haif na tyme to tell your names.
With king Correction be ye fangit,
Beleif richt seur ye will be hangit.

3055

Fol. 206. b.

3060

3065

Firſt Sariand.
Speid hand, man, with thy clittir clatter.

Thift.

For Goddis saik, man, latt me mak watter,
Howbeit I haif bene cattell greidy,
It is shame to pische in a widdy.

3070

Heir fall Flattery hang Thift.

Secound Sariand.

Cum heir, Diffait, my compayneoun;
 Saw evir man lykar anc loun
 To hing vpoun anc gallowis?

3075

Diffait.

This is annewch to mak me mangit;
 Dull fell me, sen I mon be hangit,
 Lat me speik with my fallowis.

I trow wan fortoun brocht me heir;
 Quhat mekle feind maid me so speid?
 Sen it was said it was sevin yeir,
 That I fowld waif in till a widdye:
 I leirit my maisteris to be greidy.
 Adew, for I se no remeid;
 Se quhat it is to be evill deid.

3080

3085

Secound Sariand.

Now in this helter put in thyne heid;
 Stand still, me think ye draw abak.

Diffait.

Allace, maister, ye hurt my crag.

Secound Sariand.

It will hurt bettir, I wad anc plak,
 Richt now, quhen ye hing on a knag.

3090

Diffait.

Adew, my maisteris, merchand men,
 I haif yow scheruit, as ye ken,
 Trewly, baith air and lait.
 I say to yow for conclusioun,
 I dreid ye gang to confusiouin,
 Fra tymе ye want Diffait.
 I leirit yow merchandis mony a wyle,

3095

Vpaallandis wyvis for to begyle,
Vpoun the mercat day;
And gart thame trow your stuff was guid,
Quhen it was rottin, be the rude,
And swer it was not sway.
I was ay roundand in your eir,
And leird yow for to ban and fweir,
Quhat your geir coift in France,
Howbeid the divill a word was trew.
Your craftines gif Correctioun knew,
Wald turne yow to mischance.
I leird yow wylis monyfald;
To mix the new wyne with the ald,
That fassone was na folly;
To sell richt deir and by gud chaip,
And mix ry meill amang the saip,
And saffroun with oyldolly.
Foryett not ockar, I counsale yow,
Mair nor the vicar dois the cow,
Or lordis thair dowbill maill;
Howbeit your elwand be to scant,
Or your pund wecht twa vncis want,
Think that bot lyttill faill.
Adew, the grit clan Jamefoun,
The blude rowyall of Cowpar toun,
I was ay to yow trew;
Boith Anderfone and Paterfone,
Abone thame all, Thome Williamfone,
My absens fair will rew.
Thome Williamfone, it is your parte,
To pray for me with all your harte,
And think vpoun my warkis;
How I leird yow ane gud lessoun,
For to begyle, in Edinburcht toun,
The bischop and his clerkis.

3100 Fol. 207. a.

3105

3110

3115

3120

3125

3130

Ye yung merchandis may cry allace,
Lucklaw. Welandis, Carruders, Dowglace,
Yon curst king ye may ban; 3135
Had I levit bot half ane yeir.
I sowld haif leird yow craftis perqueir,
To begyle wyse and man.
How, may ye merchandis mak debait,
Fra ye want me, your man Dissait; 3140
For yow I mak grit cair.
Withoutt I ryfs fra deid to lyve,
I wait weill, ye will nevir thryve,
Fairdar nor the fourt air.
Heir fall Dissait be hangit.

First Sariand.

Fol. 207, b.

Cum heir, Falset, and mens this gallowis;
Ye mon hyng vp amang your fallowis,
For your cankart conditioun;
Mony a ne wicht man haif ye wrangit,
Thairfoir, but dowt, ye fall be hangit,
But mercy or remissioune.

Falset.

Allace, mon I be hangit to?
Quhat mekle diuill is this ado?
How com I to this cummer?
My gud maisteris, ye craftismen,
Want ye Falsat, full weill I ken,
Ye will de all for hunger.
Ye men of craft may cry, Allace,
Quhen ye want me, ye want your grace;
Thairfoir put in to wryte
My lessonis that I did yow leir,
Howbeid the commownnis ene ye bleir,
Compt ye not that a myte.

Find me ane wobstar that is leill, Or ane walker that will not steill,	Thair craftines I ken;	3165
Or ane millar that hes na falt, That will steill nowdir meill nor malt;	Hald thame for hely men.	
At our fleshouris tak ye no greif, Thocht that ye blaw lene mvttone and beif,	To gard seme fat and fair,	3170
Thay think that practik bot a mow, Howbeid the divill a thing it dow,	To thame I leird that lair.	
I leird telyeouris, in every toun, To schaip fyve quarteris fra a goun,	In Angus and in Fyffe;	3175
To vpalandis telyeouris I geve gud leve, To steill a silly stump or sleve,	To Kittok his awin wyfe.	3180
My gud mester, Andro Fortoun, Of telyeouris that may weir the croun,	For me he will be mangit; ¹	
Telyeour Beverage, my sone and air, I wait for me will rudly rair,	Fra tymе he se me hangit.	3185
The bairfit dekin, Jamy Raff, Quha nevir yit bocht kow nor caff,	Becaus he can not steill;	Fol. 208.a.
Willy Caidyeoch will mak no pleid, Howbeit his wyf want beif and breid,	Get he gud mat and meill.	3190
To the browstaris of Cowpar toun, I leif thame my blak malefoun,	Als hairyly as I may;	3195
To mak thin aill thay think na falt, Off mekle barme and littill malt,	Agane the mercat day.	

¹ MS. has *hangit*, and repeats it in line 3186.

And thay can mak, withowttin dowt,
A kynd of aill thay call Harnis owt; 3200
 Wait ye how thay mak that?
 A culroun quene, a laithly lurdane,
 Off strang wesche scho ill tak a jurdane,
 And settis in the pylefat;
 Quha drinkis of that aill, man or pege, 3205
 It will gar all thair harnis rege.
 That jurdane I may rew,
 It gart my heid ryn hiddy giddy.
 Schiris, God, nor I de in ane widdye,
 Gif this taill be not trew. 3210
 Speir at the sowttar, Gordy Selly,
 Frome tyme that he hes fild his belly,
 With this vnhelsum haill;
 Than all the baxtaris will he ban,
 That mixis breid with dust and bran, 3215
 And fyne flour with beir meill.
 Adew, my maisteris, wrychtis and mafonis,
 I neid not leir yow ony lessonis,
 Ye knaw my craft perqueir.
 Adew, blaksmythis and loremeris, 3220
 Adew, the stinkand cordeneris,
 That sellis the schone our deir.
 Goldsmythis, fair weill, abone thame all
 Remembir my memoriall;
 With mony ane crafty cast; 3225
 To mix set ye not by twa prenis,
 Fyne ducat gold with hard gudlynis,
 Lyk as I leird yow last.
 Quhen I was lugit vpaland,
 The schiphirdis maid to me ane band, 3230
 Richt craftelly to steill;
 Than did I gif a confirmatioun,
 Till all the schiphirdis of this natioun,
 That thay sowlid nevir be leill;

And ilk ane to reiset ane vder.	3235
I knew fals schiphirdis fifty fuder,	
War all thair cawteilis kend,	
How thay mak thair conventionis,	
On montanis far fra ony townis;	
God, lat thame nevir mend.	3240
Amang craftsmen it is ane woundir,	
To find ten leill amang ane hundir;	
The trewth I to yow tell.	
Adew, I ma na langar tary,	
I mon pafs to the king of Fary,	3245
Or ellis strecht way till Hell.	
<i>Heir fall he luik vp to his marrowis that ar hingand, and say:</i>	
Wais me for the, gud Commoun Thift,	
Was nevir man ¹ maid mair honest chift,	
His leving for to win;	
Thair was nocht in all Liddisdaill,	3250
That ky mair craftelly cowd staill,	
Quhair thow hingis on that pin.	
Sawthan ressaif thy sawle, Diffait,	
Thow was to me ane faithfull mait,	
And als my fader bruder.	3255
Duill fell the silly merchand men,	
To mak thame scherwice weill I ken,	
Sall nevir get ane vder.	
<i>Heir fall Flattery fessin the cord abovt his nek, and thaireftir Falfat fall say:</i>	
Gif ony man list for to be my mait,	
Cum follow me, for I am at the gait;	3260
Cum follow me, all cative cuvettous kingis,	
Revaris but richt of vthir menis realmes and ringis;	
Togidder with all wrangus conquerouris;	
And bring with yow all publict oppressowris,	
With Pharo king of the Egipitianis,	

¹ MS. has *mand.*

With him in Hell fall be your recompences;
 All crewall scheddaris of bluid innocent,
 Cum follow me, or ellis ryn and repent.

[Prelats that hes ma benefeits nor thrie,¹]

Fol. 209. a.

And will not preiche nor teiche the veretie;

3270

Withowt at God in tyme thay cry for graces,

In hiddous Hell I fall prepair thair places;

Cum follow me, all fals corruptit juges,

With Ponte Pylat I fall prepair your lugis;

All the officiallis that pairtis men with thair wyvis, 3275

Cum follow me, or ellis ga mend your lyvis;

With all fals ledaris of the constry law,

With wantone scrybis and clarkis all in ane raw,

That to the peur makis mony pertiall trane,

Syne hodie ad octo garis thame cum agane;

3280

And ye that takis reward at both the handis,

Ye fall with me be bund in Bellialis bandis.

Cum fallow me, all curst vnhappy wyvis,
 That with your gudmen dayly flyttis and stryvis;
 And quetyly with rebaldis makis repair, 3285

And takis na ceur to mak ane wrangus air;

Ye fall in Hell rewardit be, I wene,

With Jesabell, of Ysraell the quene.

I haif ane curst vnhappy wyf my sell,

Wald God scho war befoir me in till Hell;

3290

That bismair, war scho thair, withowttin dowt,

Owt of the Hell the Divill scho wald ding owt.

Ye maryit men, evin as ye lvif your lyvis,

Lat nevir no preiftis be haimly with your wyvis;

My wyfe with preiftis scho did me grit vnricht,

3295

And maid me nyne tymes cukald on a nicht.

Fair weill, for I mon to the widdy wend,

For quhy? Falsett maid nevir ane bettir end.

*Heir fall Flattery hing him vp, and a
 kae fall be castin vp, as it war his sawll.*

¹ This line has been omitted in the MS.

Flattery.

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| Haif I noch chaipit the widdy weill? | |
| Yee, that I haif, be sweit Sanct Jeill; | 3300 |
| For I had nocht bene wrangit, | |
| Becaups I servit, be Alhallowis, | |
| To haif bene merchellit with my fallowis, | |
| And heich abone thame hangit. | |
| I maid far ma faltis nor my maitis; | 3305 |
| I begyld all the Thre Estaitis, | |
| With my ypoctesie; | Fol. 209. b. |
| Quhen I had on the freiris hude, | |
| All men belevit that I was gude; | |
| Now juge ye gif I lie. | 3310 |
| Tak ane rakles rubiature, | |
| Ane theif, ane tirrand or ane trature, | |
| Off every vyce the plant; | |
| Gif him the habeit of ane freir, | |
| The wyvis will trow, withowttin weir, | 3315 |
| He be ane verry sanct. | |
| I knew the cowill and skaiplary | |
| Generis moir heit nor cheretie, | |
| Thocht thay be blak or blew; | |
| Quhat halines is thair within | 3320 |
| Ane wolf cled in ane lambis skin? | |
| Juge ye gif this be trew. | |
| Sen I haif chaipit this fery fary, | |
| Adew, I will na langar tary, | |
| To cummer yow with my clatter; | 3325 |
| Bot I will with ane humill spreit, | |
| Ga serve the heremeit of Lawreit, | |
| And leir him for to flatter. | |

Gude Counsale.

- Or ye depairt, schir, of this regioun,
Gif Johine the Commoun Weill ane gay garmoun; 3330

Becaus the commoun weill hes bene ourlukit,
 That is the caus that Commoun Weill is cruikit;
 With singular profeit he hes bene supprysit,
 That he is naikit, lene and disagysit.

Correction.

As ye haif said, fader, I am content; 3335
 Sariandis, gif Johine ane new abilyement,
 Off satyne damefs or of velvet fyne,
 And gif him place in to our parliament fyne.

Commoun Weill.

All vertewis pepill now may be reioysit,
 Sen Commoun Weill hes gottin ane gay garmoun, 3340
 And ignorantis owt of the kirk deposit;
 Devoit doctouris and clerkis of renoun
 Now in the kirk fall haif dominiouin,
 And Gud Counsale, with lady Veretie,
 Ar profest with our kingis maestie. 3345
 Blift be that realme that hes ane prudent king, Fol. 210.a.
 Quhilk dois delyt to heir the veretie,
 Punissing thame quhilk planely dois maling,
 Contrair the commoun weill and equitie.
 Thair may na pepill haif prosperite, 3350
 Quhair ignorance hes the dominiouin,
 And commoun weill by tirrandis strampit doun.

Finis.

*Heir I omit the actis maid at this parliament with¹
 the reformation of the Sprituall Estait, becaus
 the same is prolix, and sa passis to the conclusion.*

Dilligence.

Famows pepill, hairstly I yow requeir
 This littill sport to tak in patience;

¹ *With* repeated in MS.

We trest in God, leif we ane vder yeir,
Quhair we haif falit we fall do diligence,
With moir plesour mak yow gude recompence;
Becaups we haif bene sumparte tedioufs,
With mater rude, denude of eloquence,
And als, perchance, to sum men odious.3355

Adew, we will mak no langar tary,
Prayand to Jesu Chryſt, oure Saluiour,
That, be the requeift of his moder Mary,
He do preſerve this famous awditour.
Withoutt that grittar materis do incurc,
For your plesour we fall devyſe and ſport,
Pleſand till every gentill creatour,
To raiſſ your ſpreitſis to plesour and conforſt.

Now lat ilk man his way awance,
Lat sum go drink and sum ga dance;
Menstrallis blaw vp ane brawll of France,
 Lat see quha hobbillis best;
For I will rin incontinent,
To the taverne or evir I stent;
I pray to God omnipotent,
 To send yow all gud rest.

*Heir endis the schort interludis of Schir Daviid Lyndsayis play
maid in the Grensyd besyd Edinburcht in anno 155 yeiris.*

NOTE.—On folio 210b., originally blank in the MS., a later hand has inserted two pieces, *Dantie and doryt to all manis eyes*, two stanzas of 4 lines; *Now, Goffop, I must neids be gon*, 25 lines; and 10 lines of a third, *My Mistres is in Musik passing skilfull*, the continuation (12 lines) being written in at the foot of folio 211a, and (8 lines) at the top of 211b—in all, 5 stanzas of 6 lines. A “Sonet,” *Lyke as the littill Emmet haith kir gall*, of 14 lines, is written in at the foot of 211b. These four pieces will be found in the Appendix.

HEIRE ENDIS THE BUIK OF MIRRY BALLETTIS,
SET FURTH BE DIUERS NEW AND ANCIENT POETTIS.

Fol. 211.a.

HEIR FOLLOWIS BALLATIS OF LUVE
 DEVYDIT IN FOUR PAIRTIS.
 THE FIRST AR SONGIS OF LUVE;
 THE SECOUND AR CONTEMPTIS OF LUVE
 AND EVILL WEMEN;
 THE THRID AR CONTEMPISES OF EVILL
 FALS VICIUS MEN; AND THE FOURT AR
 BALLATTIS DETESTING OF LUVE
 AND LICHERY.

THE FOURT PAIRT OF THIS BUIK.

To the Reidar.

Fol. 211. b.

HEIR haif ye luvaris ballattis at your will,
 How evir your natur dire&tit is vntill;
 Bot wald ye luve estir my counsalling,
 Luve first your God aboif all vder thing;
 Nixt as your self, your nichtbur beir gud will.

5

Ballatis of Lufe.

Fol. 212. a.

CLXXXI.

[*O, foly Hairt, fetterit in Fantesye.*]*Disputatio.*

O, FOLY hairt, fetterit in fantesye,
Wincust with werry wardly wane plesance,
Compone thy self and lat thi sychin be,
Think that this warld is all bot wariance.
Tak nevir no thing in to remembrance,
That may displeis thi makar immortail;
Think quhat he sufferit and keip thyne observance,
Remembir als that thow man die but faill.

5

Syche for no forrow bot for thi syn allane,
Greit for thi gilt thow ma get forgifnaifs;
Sen of thy deid the day is incertane,
Keip the ay clene fra cryme in every caifs.
Thow hes no caus to tak sic havincs,
Thairfoir be blyth or thow fall beir the blame;
Thow sychis so fair with pane in every plaifs,
That sickerly thow garris me think grit schame.

10

15

Rejponsio Cordis.

I may noct feis bot fyche, I am sa fair,
Thairfoir get vp, and tak ane pen, and wryt,
And all the caiss I fall to the declair,
Off my peteous and peroles pane perfyt.
I dreid me soir that thow be fund the wyt,
Corpus. Than in a greif I grathit me to ryss,
Quhen I fat doun and dresset me to dyt,
Sychand full soir, my hairt said on this wyss.

20

Cor. Fair weill all joy, and walcum steidsaftnes,
Evir mair with me for to be mancipait;
My hoip, my haill, is turnit in hawyneſſ;
Thair is no mirth my mynd may recetait,
Sen that my lufe hes left me desolait,
Quhilk I luvit best attour all erdly thing;
Thair is nocht wycht in to this warld I wait,
That hes moir cauſ to fyche quhen he fuld sing.

25

30

That lady leill of wirchep wes the well,
To quhome wes lent sic liberalitie,
That now my wit exceidis for to tell;
Amang all vthir scho wes a per fe,
Curtas and kynd, full of humilitie,
Bayth gyd and grund of all gud gouernance.

35

Corpus. Quhen I hard this, I said, Alace, lat be,
Cast out of mynd sic wardlie wane plesance.

40

Cair nocht for hir, scho wes ay wnkynd,
Pensyt and proud, rycht fenyeyit and frawdolent;
Cor. Allacce, lat be, I wait I knew hir mynd;
The for to pleisſ scho wes ay diligent,
And fickerlie scho set all hir intent,
To lufe the best abouf all creatur;
Thairfoir me think that thou fuld nocht repent,
That chosin hes so trew a paramour.

45 Fol. 212. b.

Corpus. To luve I wet it is bot naturall
Till all mankynd, in youtheid specialie;
Bot sen that thou art cheif and principall,
Grantit be God to gowirne thy bodie,
Thow fuld the set to scherwe him idently,
And luf him best that bocht the with his blud;
My hart, remembir how deir he cowth by,
Quhen he for the wes rent vpoun the rud.

50

55

Cor. Thy langege is to me intollerabill,
 Thairfoir I will thow sobir the and heir;
 I lat the wit I am nocht wariabill,
 Na nevir fall vnto my lady deir. 60
 I will hir lufe quhill I be brocht on beir,
 And mak hir scherwice suthlie incertane;
 Reproif me nocht, for I warne the but weir,
 War scho to lufe I wald hir lufe agane.

Corpus. Quhen of my haire, I hard the fynall end,
 That schort wald scherwe this foirsaid lady fre; 65
 I did wrang, me thocht, for to contend,
 Bot I besocht to lat sic syching be;
 Syne to my haire I haill confermit me;
 For quhy? I lufe that lady in a paire,
 The quhilk wes flour of all faminitie, 70
 And thus endit my body with my haire.

Finis.

CLXXXII.

[*Be ye ane Luvar, think ye nocth ye fuld.*]

BE ye ane luvar, think ye nocth ye fuld
 Be weill adwyfit in your gouerning?
 Be ye nocth fa, it will on yow be tauld;
 Bewar thairwith for dreid of misdemeyng.
 Be nocth a wreche, nor skerche in your spending. 5
 Be layth alway to do amiss or shame;
 Be rewlit ryght and keip this doctring,
 Be secreit, trew, incressing of your name.

Be ye ane lear, that is werft of all,
Be ye ane tratlar, that I hald als ewill; 10
Be ye ane janglar, and ye fra vertew fall,
Be nevir mair on to thir vicis thrall;
Be now and ay the maistir of your will,
Be nevir he that lesing fall proclaime;
Be nocht of langage quhair ye fuld be still, 15
Be secreit, trew, increassing of your name.

Be nocht abasit for no wicket tung,
Be nocht sa set as I haif said yow heir;
Be nocht sa lerge vnto thir fawis fung,
Be nocht our proud, thinkand ye haif no peir; 20
Be ye so wyifs that vderis at yow leir,
Be nevir he to sklander nor defame;
Be of your lufe nor prechour as a freir,
Be secreit, trew, increassing of your name.

Finis quod Dumbar.

CLXXXIII.

[*Off Luve quhay lyikis to haif Joy.*]

OFF luve quhay lyikis to haif joy or confort,
Ye man begin and leir this A B C Fol. 213. a.
Heirestir writtin; quha will it ryght repoirt?
First to be courtes, wyifs, gentill and fre,
Lairge, honest, gentill, bayth secreit and preve, 5
And of him self na vantour, as I wene.
Be sobir, trew, and every day luste,
And quhair thow luvis se thow be senedill sene.

Be nocht our hamely in to prefens.
 Nor yit our wandand in to secreit wiſs;
 Se all thy deidis be mixt with plefance,
 And quhen thou maj prophir hir thy ſcherwiſs.
 Paynit nocht thy wirdis, ſe that thou be nocht niſs.
 Speik nocht in termis of clergy:
 Vie the to rewlis that may the weill ſuffiſs,
 And, as I trefte, thair fall the few denny.

10

My ſone, quhill thou of yowthed hes the flour.
 Yarnand to be of luvis obſcherwans,
 Alſwa cheiſſ the a lusty paramour.
 Fulfillit of gudly gouirnance.
 Thow yarnand of hir to haif plefans.
 Wirk by this counſale that I the gif,
 Tak tent to this lair, be ay leill¹ to thi luf.

15

Gif that I fall the wiſſ the narreſt way.
 Be nocht lang out of hir prefens:
 Certis it is futh, I hard men ſay,
 Is no thing hinderand moir than lang absens.
 Be nocht of wirdis our grit perfluens,
 Nor yit of langage aw thair leſt,
 In myddill way, thi tung be ay nureſt.

20

25

30

Se for na thing that thou abafid be,
 In the begynnynge thocht ſcho wer nevir ſo nyſs:
 On the firſt day, and the kepar be ſle,
 Ane caſtell is nocht ay win be geperdyſs:
 Clayth is nocht haldin at the firſt pryiſ.
 I ſay for me, lat ilk man ſay quhat thai liſt,
 Quhay weill abidiſ is abill to ſpeid beſt.

35

Gif mony luvaris thi lady will perſew,
 Swa at thou leif nocht in joleſy;
 Scho is the bettir ſwa that ſcho be trew,

40

¹ MS. has *leill* and *trew*, the two latter words being partially erased.

Non wald hir luve war scho nocht womanly.
Repair nocht till hir ay oppinly,
Bot in all tyme be reddy hir to pleis,
Howbeit thi hairt thow think sumtyme at weifs.

Be nocht a vantour, gif thow thinkis to speid,
For that is haittit of wemen atour all thing;
Harche not, se thow haif no dreid,
Gif thow hir luf, thow man mak sum conkining,
For harcheneſ ſois grit hindering,
Howbeit¹ for luf that thow wald almaift de,
Bot reveling mone be firſt in the.

45

50

Fair weill, fweit ſone, thow ſpeidis, ſchir, now or nevir, Fol. 213.b.
Sen I haif teld the all haill my devyſs,
Do my counſale, and fra it nocht diſfevir,
For and thow do, certiſs, thow art nocht wyſs.
Leif hir nocht thocht scho be nevir ſo he empryſs,
Bot ay be gudly to that gay,
Turne thyne intent quhen that scho wrythis away.

55

Finis quod Mersar.

CLXXXIV.

[Luve preysis, but Comparesone.]

LUVE preysis, but comparesone,
Both² gentill, ſempill, generall;
And of fre will gevis wareſone,
As fortoun chansis to befall.

¹ MS. has *Howbeit*. ² Originally *Bot*.

For luve makis nobill ladeis thrall,
To bassir men of birth and blud,
So luve garris sobir wemen small
Git maistrice our grit men of gud.

5

Ferme luve for fauour, feir or seid,
Of riche nor pur to speik fuld spair;
For luve to hienes hes no heid,
Nor lychtleis lawlines ane air;
Bot puttis all personis in compair,
This prowerb planely for till preue,
That men and wemen, less and mair,
Ar cumd of Adame and of Eue.

10

15

So thocht my lyking wer a leddy,
And I no lord, yit nocth the less
Scho fuld my ferwyce find als reddy,
As duke to duches docht him dres.
For as proud princely luve expref
Is to haif souerenitic,
So ferwice cumis of sympilnes,
And leilest lufe of law degré.

20

So luvaris lair no leid fuld lak,
A lord to lufe a silly laſs,
A leddy als for luf to tak
Ane proper page hir tyme to pafſ.
For quhy? as bricht bene birneift braſſ,
As siluer wrocht at all dewyſſ;
And als gud drinking out of glaſſ,
As gold, thocht gold gif grittar pryſſ.

25

30

Suld I presome this fedull ſchaw,
Or lat me langouris be lamentit,
Na I effrey for feir and aw,
Hir comlie heid be miſcontenttit;

35

I dar nocth preifs hir to presentit;
For be scho wreth I will nocth wowit,
Bot pleifs hir proudens to imprentit,
Scho may perfaue sum Inglis throw it.

40

Finis quod Scott.

CLXXXV.

[*Sen that I am a Presoneir.*]

SEN that I am a presoneir
Till hir that farest is and best,
I me commend, fra yeir till yeir,
In till hir bandoun for to rest.
I govit on that gudliest,
So lang to luk I tuk laseir,
Quhill I wes tane withouttin test,
And led furth as a presoneir.

Fol. 214.a.

Hir sweit having, and fresche bewte,
Hes wondit mc but fwerd or lance;
With hir to go commandit me,
Ontill the castell of pennance.
I said, Is this your gournance,
To tak men for thair loking heir?
Bewty sayis, Ya, schir, perchance
Ye be my ladeis presoneir.

5

10

15

Thai had me bundin to the yet,
Quhair Strangenes had bene portar ay,
And in deliuering me thairat,
And in thir termis can thai say,

20

Do wait, and lat him nocht away.
 Quo Strangnes vnto the porteir,
 Ontill my lady, I dar lay,
 Ye be to pure a prefoneir.

Thai keft me in a deip dungeoun,
 And fetterit me but lok or cheyne;
 The capitane hecht Comparesone,
 To luke on me he thocht greit deyne.
 Thocht I wes wo I durft nocht pleyne,
 For he had fetterit mony affeir;
 With petous voce thus cuth I sene,
 Wo is a wosfull prefoneir.

25

30

35

40

Langour wes weche vpoun the wall,
 That nevir sleipit bot evir wouke;
 Scorne wes bourdour in the hall,
 And oft on me his babill schuke,
 Lukand with mony a dengerous luke.
 Quhat is he yone, that methis ws neir?
 Ye be to townage, be this buke,
 To be my ladeis prefoneir.

Gud Houp rownit in my eir,
 And bad me baldlie breve a bill;
 With Lawlines he fuld it beir,
 With Fair Scherwice fendlit hir till.
 I wouk, and wret hir all my will;
 Fair Scherwice fur withouttin feir,
 Sayand till hir with wirdis still,
 Haif pety of your prefoneir.

45

Than Lawlines to Petie went,
 And said till hir in termis schort,
 Lat we yone prefoneir be schent,
 Will no man do to ws support;

Fol. 214. b.

50

Gar lay ane fege vnto yone fort.
 Than Petie said, I fall appeir;
 Thocht sayis, I hecht, cum¹ I ourthort,
 I houp to lowls the prefoneir.

55

Than to battell thai war arreyit all,
 And ay the wawart kept Thocht;
 Lust bur the benner to the wall,
 And Bissines the grit gyn brocht.
 Skorne cryis out, sayis, Wald ye ocht?
 Lust sayis, We wald haif entre heir;
 Comparisone sayis, That is for nocht,
 Ye will nocht wyn the prefoneir.

60

Thai thairin schup for to defend,
 And thai thairfurth sailyeit ane hour;
 Than Bissines the grit gyn bend,
 Straik doun the top of the foir tour.
 Comparisone began to lour,
 And cryit furth, I yow requeir,
 Soft and fair and do fawour,
 And tak to yow the prefoneir.

65

70

Thai syrit the yettis deliuerly
 With faggottis wer grit and huge;
 And Strangenes, quhair that he did ly,
 Wes brint in to the porter luge.
 Lustely thay lakit bot a juge,
 Sik straikis and stychling wes on steir,
 The semeliest wes maid assege,
 To quhome that he wes prefoneir.

75

80

Thrucht Skornes nos thai put a prik,
 This he wes banist and gat a blek;
 Comparisone wes erdit quik,
 And Langour lap and brak his nek.

4 G

¹ Indistinct, might be *wun*.

Thai failyeit fast, all the fek,
Lust chasit my ladeis chalmirleir,
Gud Fame wes drownit in a fek;
Thus ransonit thai the prefoneir.

85

Fra Sklandir hard Lust had vndone
His enemeis, him aganis
Assemblit ane semely fort full sone,
And raifs and rowttit all the planis.
His cusing in the court remanis,
Bot jalouis folkis and geangleiris,
And fals Invy that no thing lanis,
Blew out on Luvis prefoneir.

90

95

Syne Matremony, that nobill king,
Was grevit, and gadderit ane grit oft,
And all enermit without lesing
Cheft Sklander to the west se cost.
Than wes he and his linege lost.
And Matremony, withowttin weir,
The band of freindschip hes indost,
Betuix Bewty and the prefoneir.

Fol. 215. a.

100

Be that of eild wes Gud Famiss air,
And cumyne to continwatioun,
And to the court maid his repair,
Quhair Matremony than woir the crowne.
He gat ane confirmationn,
All that his modir aucht but weir,
And baid stll, as it wes resone,
With Bewty and the prefoneir.

105

110

Finis.

CLXXXVI.

[*Wald my gud Lady lufe me best.*]

WALD my gud lady lufe me best,
And wirk eftir my will,
I fuld ane garmond gudliest
Gar mak hir body till.

Off he honour fuld be hir hud,
Vpoun hir heid to weir,
Garneift with gouirnance so gud,
Na demyng fuld hir deir.

5

Hir sark fuld be hir body nixt,
Of chestetie so quhyt,
With schame and dreid togidder mixt,
The same fuld be perfyt.

10

Hir kirtill fuld be of clene constance,
Lasit with lesun lufe,
The mailyeis of continwance
For nevir to remvfe.

15

Hir gown fuld be of gudliness,
Weill ribband with renowne,
Pursillit with plesour in ilk place,
Furrit with fyne fassoun.

20

Hir belt fuld be of benignitie,
Abowt hir middill meit;
Hir mantill of humilitie,
To tholl bayth wind and weit.

Hir hat fuld be of fair having,
And hir tepat of trewth;

25

Hir patelet of gud pansing.
Hir hals ribband of rewth.

Hir slevis fuld be of esperance,
To keip hir fra dispair;
Hir gluvis of gud gouirnance,
To hyd hir synyearis fair.

Hir schone fuld be of sickernes,
In syne that scho nocth flyd;
Hir hoiss of honestie, I ges,
I fuld for hir provyd.

Wald scho put on this garmond gay,
I durst sweir by my feill,
That scho woir nevir grene nor gray,
That set hir half so weill.

Fol. 215. b.

30

35

40

Finis of the Garmont of gud Ladeis.
Quod Maistir Robert Henrysoun.¹

CLXXXVII.

[*Was nocth gud King Salomon.*]

WAS nocth gud king Salomon
Reuisit in findry wyifs,
With every lufely paragon,²
Glistering befoir his eis?
Gif this be trew, trew as it wafs, lady, lady,
Suld nocth I scherwe yow, allace, my fair lady? 5

Quhen Paris wes inamorit
Of Helena, dame bewteis speir,

¹ The author's name has been afterwards added.² Altered to *very lufe of paragon.*

Than Venus firſt him promiſit
To venter on and nocht for to feir;
Quhat ſturdie ſtormes indurit he, lady, lady,
To wyn hir lufe, or it wald be, my deir lady.

10

Knaw ye nocht how Troyelus
Wanderit and lost his joy,
With faitis and fyveris mervalous,
For Crefſeid fair that dwelt in Trow?
Till petie plantit intill hir breift, lady, lady,
Till fleip with him and grant him refi, my deir lady.

15

I reid ſumtyme, how venterousſ
Leander wes his luf to pleifs,
Quho fwame the watteris perralouſſ,
Of Abedon thais ſurgane feis,
Till cum till hir thair at ſcho lay, lady, lady,
Quhair he wes drownit by the way, my deir lady.

20

How fay ye than be Peramous,
That promiſit his luf for to meit,
Quho fand, be fortoun mervalousſ,
Ane bludy clayth beſoir his feit?
For Tisbeis faik him ſelf he flew, lady, lady,
To pruve hc wes ane luvar trew, my deir lady.

25

30

Hercules for Ectione
Murderit ane monſteir fell,
He pot him ſelf in jepordie,
Perrelus as the ſtory dois tell;
Reſkewand hir vpoun the ſchoir, lady, lady,
Or els be chance had deid thairfoir, my deir lady.

Fol. 216. a.

35

Annaxerat ſo¹ bewtyfull,
Quhome Kiphis did behold and fe,

¹ Altered to *the*.

With sychis and fobbis petifull,
That peragon lang wowit he; 40
And quhene he culd nocth win hir fo, lady, lady,
He went and he hangit him self for wo, my deir lady.

Off all thir maiteris mervalus,
Gud ladeis, yit I can tell yow moir;
The goddis hes bene full amorus, 45
Off¹ Jupiter by lernit loir;
Twyiss on the day his chop² thai schred, lady, lady,
To cum till Alcumenois bed, my deir lady.

Gif bewty breidis sic blisfulnes,
In amoring of God and man, 50
Gud ladeis, lat nocth wilfullnes
Exuperat your bewteis than;
To slay the hairt ye yeild and craif, lady, lady,
Ye grant thame your gud willis to haif, my deir lady.

Gif³ all thir wechtis of wirdines, 55
Indiuorit sic panis to tak,
With wailyeant deidis and sturdines,
Inventering for thair ladeis faik,
Quhy fuld nocth I, pur sempill man, lady, lady,
Lawbour and scherwe yow the best that I can, my deir lady? 60

Finis, quod ane Inglisman.⁴

CLXXXVIII.

[*For to declair the he Magnificens.*]

FOR to declair the he magnificens,
And grit bountie that in to ladeis is,

¹In MS. altered to *As.* ²Afterwards altered to *schop*.
³Originally *Naw gif*. ⁴*Quod ane Inglisman* has been inserted afterwards.

The wirdines and verteus excellens,
 The lawd, the brut, the bewty, and the blifs,
 My barbir tung is vnwirthy, I wiſſ;
 Bot nocht the les my pen I will apply,
 To say the futh, thocht eloquens I miſſ,
 Off feſmenene the fame to forteſie.

Thocht ald dotaris addressit thair delyt,
 To dyt of ladeis defamatioun,
 Wa wirthe wycht fuld fet his appetyt,
 To reid ſic rollis of reprobatioun;
 Bot titar mak plane proclamatioun,
 To gaddir all ſic bybillis besely,
 And in the fyre mak thair locatioun,
 Off famenyne the fame to forteſie.

For quho fo lift the rycht for to reherſſ,
 To gloir humane thai mak habilitie;
 Quhen men ar ſad at thame ſolace thai ferſſ,
 As habitaklis of all humilitie;
 Thai bring grit weiris to tranqulitie,
 Malis of men thai meifs and pacefy,
 To faul and bodeis bayth vtilitie;
 Thairfoir all men thair fame fuld forteſie.

Thocht ane perfone had paciable to ſpend,
 All mychttis movit within the mappamond
 Wanting wemenis weifſair wer at end;
 Without thair conforſt cair fuld him confound.
 Quhair ladeis abydis blifs dois ay abound,
 And quhair thai fle felicitie gois by,
 But thair ſolace no ſege may be found,
 Thairfoir all men thair fame fuld forteſie.

Sen God hes grantit thame ſic gudlinas,
 And formit thame eſtir fa syn faſſioun,

Fol. 216. b.

5

10

15

20

25

30

Syne put sa blumyng bewty in thair face,
 Quhy fuld nocht men hald thame of he renown?
 Sene God hes gevin thame sa grit guerdoun,
 With sic meiknes done thame magnifie,
 Quhi fuld men mak to thame comparesone,
 Bot our allquhair thair fames to fortefie?

Off Mary myld, the maid immaculat,
 To fortefie of famenene the fame,
 Christ wes incarnat and incorporat,
 And nureist nyn monethis in hir wame;
 And eftir borne, and bocht ws fra the blame
 Of Baliall, that brint ws bittirly;
 That onlie act saivis thame all fra schame,
 And our allquhair thair fame dois fortify.

Ladeis thai ar of excelland valour,
 Ladeis ar ding to haif auctoritic,
 Ladeis ar clene of confortand culour,
 Ladeis ar wyifs and full of veritic;
 Ladeis ar chest and full of cheritic,
 Ladeis ar menis perradice erdly,
 Ladeis ar plantit full of puritie;
 Thairsoir all men thair fame fuld fortefie.

War all the erd papir and perchmyne,
 And pennis wer all treis, herbis and flouris,
 And all the sternis in the lift dois schyne,
 War in this erd moist ornat oratouris,
 The se wer ynk, with fresche fluidis and schouris;
 All wer to small ane buk to edify,
 For to contene of ladeis the honouris,
 And factis that thair fame dois fortefie.

Finis quod Stewart.

RECORDED ON 10/10/1978

WASSAYE MS

Syne put fa blumyng bewty in thair face,
Quhy fuld nocht men hald thame of he renown?
Sene God hes gevin thame fa grit guerdoun,
With sic meiknes done thame magnifie,
Quhi fuld men mak to thame comparesone,
Bot our allquhair thair fames to fortefie?

Off Mary myld, the maid immaculat,
To fortefie of famenene the fame,
Christ wes incarnat and incorporat,
And nureist nyn monethis in hir wame;
And estir borne, and bocht ws fra the blame
Of Baliall, that brint ws bittirly;
That onlie act faivis thame all fra schame,
And our allquhair thair same dois fortify.

Ladeis thai ar of excelland valour,
Ladeis ar ding to haif auctoritie,
Ladeis ar clene of confortand culour,
Ladeis ar wyifs and full of veritie;
Ladeis ar chest and full of cheritie,
Ladeis ar menis perradice erdly,
Ladeis ar plantit full of puritie;
Thairfoir all men thair fame fuld fortefie.

War all the erd papir and perchmyne,
And pennis wer all treis, herbis and flouris,
And all the sternis in the lift dois schyne,
War in this erd moist ornat oratouris,
The se wer ynk, with fresche fluidis and schouris;
All wer to small ane buk to edify,
For to contene of ladeis the honouris,
And factis that thair fame dois fortefie.

Finis quod Stewart.

RECORDED BY J. C. H.

MAXWELL F. M.

T H E
B A N N A T Y N E
M A N U S C R I P T

COMPILED BY
G E O R G E B A N N A T Y N E
1568

P A R T V

PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB
MDCCCLXXIX

66263

L

SEARCHED
INDEXED
SERIALIZED
FILED

THE BANNATYNE MS.

CONTENTS.

PART V.

	PAGE
CLXXXIX.—My Hairt is lost onlie for Lufe of one,	617
CXC.—Quhen I think on my Lady deir,	618
CXCI.—The Bewty of hir amorus Ene,	620
CXCII.—Quhen Flora had ourfret the Firth,	621
CXCIII.—The Well of Vertew, and Flour of Womanheid,	622
CXCIV.—To yow that is the Harbre of my Hairt,	623
CXCV.—Maist ameyn Rosier, gratious and resplendent. Quod Stewart,	625
CXCVI.—Frefche fragrant Flour of Bewty souerane,	626
CXCVII.—O, Maistres myn, till yow I me commend,	628
CXCVIII.—In to my Hairt imprentit is fo foir,	629
CXCIX.—Off Lufe and Trewth with lang continwans,	630
CC.—Of every Joy most joyfull Joy it is,	632
CCI.—Brycht Sterne of Bewtie and Well of Lustines,	634
CCII.—Bayth gud, and fair, and womanlie,	635
CCIII.—Now in this mirthfull Tyme of May,	636
CCIV.—My Hairt is thrall, begone me fro,	637
CCV.—Ma Commendationis with Humilitie,	639
CCVI.—My sorufull Pane and Wo for to complene,	641
CCVII.—O Cupid, King, quhome to fall I complene?	643
CCVIII.—Fair weill, my Hairt, fair weill, bayth Freind and Fo,	645
CCIX.—Allace, depairting Grund of Wo,	646
CCX.—In May in a Morning, I movit me one,	647
CCXI.—My wofull Werd complene I may rycht foir,	649
C CXII.—Thus, wairfull Thocht, myne E hes wrocht to Wo,	651
CCXIII.—O, wrechit, infernall, crewall Element,	651

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CCXIV.—Flour of all Fairheid, gif I fall found the fra,	653
CCXV.—O, Maistres myld, haif Mynd on me,	654
CCXVI.—Haif Hairt in Hairt, ye Hairt of Hairtis haill,	655
CCXVII.—Wald my gud Ladye that I luif,	656
CCXVIII.—Support your Scheruand, peirles Paramour,	659
CCXIX.—Quhen Tayis Bank wes blumyt brycht,	660
CCXX.—O, lusty May, with Flora Quene,	664
CCXXI.—All for Ane is my Mane,	665
CCXXII.—Be glaid alye that Luvaris bene,	665
CCXXIII.—Glf ye wald Lufe and luvit be,	667
CCXXIV.—The Song of Troyelus. Quod Chauseir,	668
CCXXV.—As Phebus bricht in Speir merediane. Quod Bannatyne,	669
CCXXVI.—My Hairt is heich aboif, my Body is full of Blifs,	671
CCXXVII.—Lait, lait on Sleip, as I wes laid,	672
CCXXVIII.—No Woundir is althocht my Hairt be Thrall,	674
CCXXIX.—My Trewth is plicht vnto my Lufe benyng. Quod Fethy,	676
CCXXX.—Lanterne of Lufe, and Lady fair of Hew. Quod Steill,	677
CCXXXI.—Hence, Hairt, with hir that most depaire. Quod Scott,	678
CCXXXII.—The Anschir to Hairtis. Quod Scott,	680
CCXXXIII.—Quha is perfyte to put in Wryt. Quod Scott,	681
CCXXXIV.—It cumis yow Luvaris to be laill. Quod Scott,	683
CCXXXV.—Absent I am ryght foir aganis my Will. [Quod Steill],	685
CCXXXVI.—I wilbe plane, and Lufe affane. Quod Scott,	686
CCXXXVII.—Only to yow in Erd that I lufe best. Quod Scott,	686
CCXXXVIII.—My dullit Corfs dois hairtly recommend,	688
CCXXXIX.—O, lusty Flour of Yowth, benyng and bricht,	689
CCXL.—Sueit Hairt, sen I your Freind only wes ay,	691
CCXLI.—My Hairt, repoils the and the rest,	691

CONTENTS.

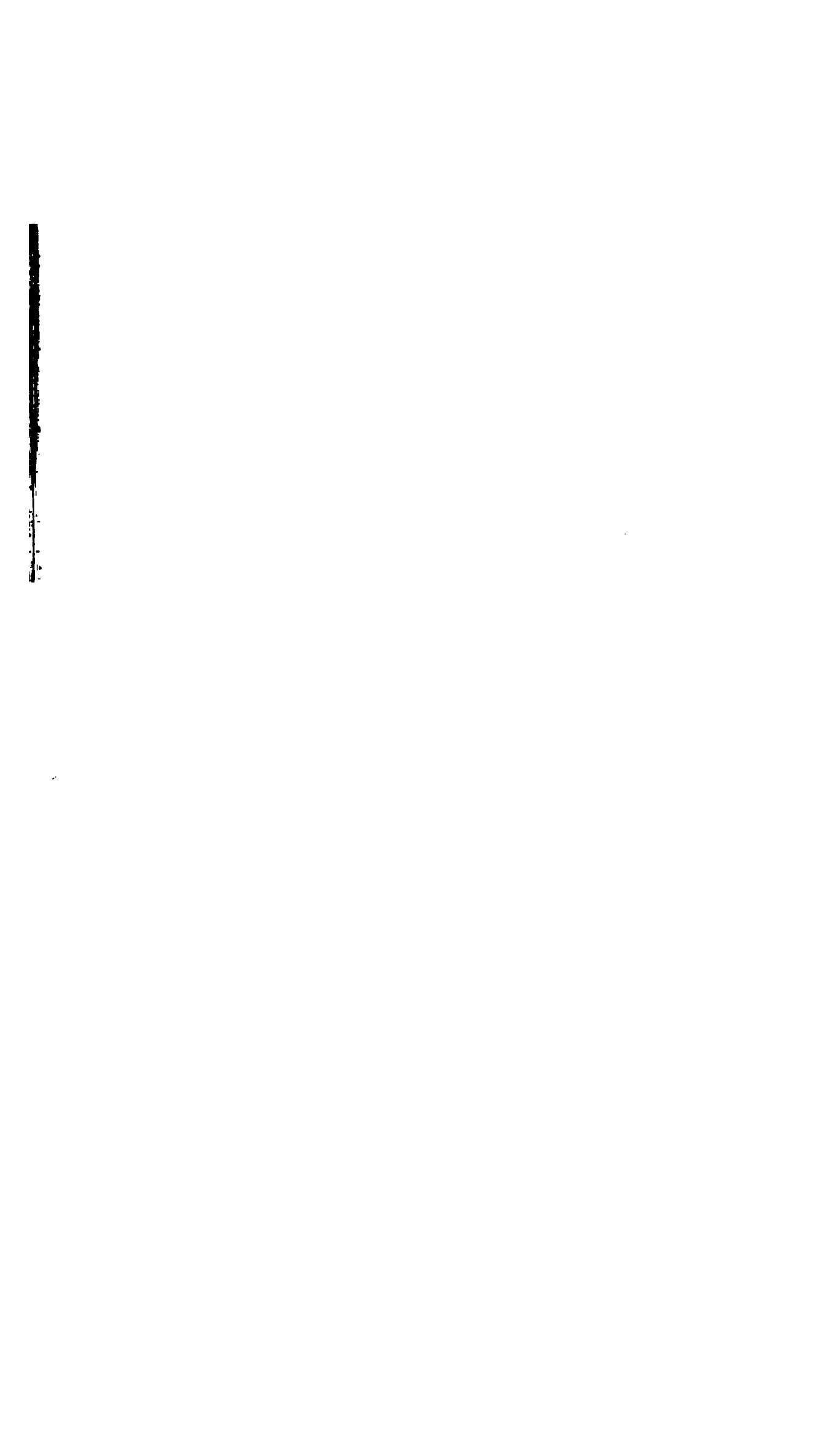
	PAGE
CCXLII.—Rycht as the Glas bene thirlit thrucht with Bemis,	693
The Ballat of the Prayis of Wemen,	694
CCXLIII.—I marvell of thir vane, fantaflik Men. Quod Weddirburne,	694
CCXLIV.—Vp, helsum Hairt, thy Rutis rais and lowp. Quod Scott,	702
CCXLV.—Quhair Luve is kendlit confortiles,	703
CCXLVI.—Gife Langour makis Men licht. Quod King Harry Stewart,	706
CCXLVII.—How fuld my febill Body fure? Quod Scott,	707
CCXLVIII.—Ane Laid may lufe aye Leddy of Estait,	709
CCXLIX.—Marvilling in Mynd, quhat ailis Fortoun at me. Quod Scott,	710
CCL.—Pan sing in Hairt with Spreit opprest. Quod Fethé,	711
CCLI.—Depairte, depairte, depairte! Quod Scott,	713
CCLII.—That evir I luvit, allace thairfoir. Quod Scott,	715
CCLIII.—So fremmit is my Fortoun and my Werd,	716
CCLIV.—Oppressit Hairt indure. Quod Scott,	718
CCLV.—Leif Luve, and lat me leif allone. Quod Scott,	720
CCLVI.—Thocht I in grit Distress. Quod Scott,	722
CCLVII.—Quhat art thow, Lufe, for till allow?	723
CCLVIII.—Lamenting soir my Weird and bissy Cure,	725
CCLIX.—In to the Nycht, quhen to ilk Wicht Natur derekis Rest,	726
CCLX.—The moir I luve and ferf at all my Mycht,	727
CCLXI.—Quhen Phebus fair with Bemis bricht, Ballatis of Remedy of Luve,	728
CCLXII.—Remeidis of Luve,	730
CCLXIII.—I am as I am and so will I be,	731
CCLXIV.—Langour to leive, allace. Quod Scott,	733
CCLXV.—Favour is fair, in Luvis lair. Quod Scott,	735
CCLXVI.—Thir lenterne Dayis ar luely lang. Quod Stewart,	736
CCLXVII.—Returne the, Hairt, hamewart agane. Quod Alexander Scott,	737
CCLXVIII.—Quhen ye wer plesit to pleiss me hertfully,	739

CONTENTS.

	<small>PAGE</small>
CCLXIX.—Quhy sowld I lufe, bot gif I war luvit?	739
CCLXX.—Irkit I am with langum Luvis Lair. Quod Montgomery,	739
CCLXXI.—I mvie and mervellis in my Mynd. Quod Scott,	741
CCLXXII.—Fane wald I lufe, but quhair abowt? [Quod Clerk],	744
CCLXXIII.—In June the Jem of Joy and Geme. Quod Scott,	746
CCLXXIV.—Thair is nocht ane Winche that I fe,	747
CCLXXV.—To lufe vnluvit it is ane Pane. Quod Scott,	748
CCLXXVI.—My Hart is quhyt, and no delyte I haif of Ladeis fair,	749
CCLXXVII.—In all this Warid no Man may wit,	751
CCLXXVIII.—Schort Epegrammis aganis Women,	753
CCLXXIX.—This Work quha sa fall sie or reid. Quod Chauseir,	755
CLXXX.—Bruthir, be wyifs, I reid yow now. Quod Sir Johine Moffett,	758
CCLXXXI.—My Luve was fals and full of Flattery. Quod Weddirburne,	760
CCLXXXII.—Thir Ladyis fair that makis Repair. Quod Dumbar,	762
CCLXXXIII.—The Vse of Court richt weill I knaw, Ballatis aganis Evill Wemen,	764
CCLXXXIV.—The beifly Lust, the furius Appetyt,	765
CCLXXXV.—Devyce, Proves and eik Humilitie. Quod Chauseir,	765
CCLXXXVI.—O, wicket Wemen, wilfull and variable. Quod Chaucer,	766
CCLXXXVII.—Aganis Mariage of evill Wyvis,	768
CCLXXXVIII.—Commonyng betuix the Meister and the Heure,	769
CCLXXXIX.—Off Luve,	771
CCXC.—Furth ouer the Mold at morrow as I ment. Quod Stewart,	773
	774

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CCXCI.—Ane vthir Ballat of Vnpossibilitis compaird to the Trewth of Wemen in Luve,	776
CCXCII.—Ane vthir Ballat of Vmpossibilitis,	777
CCXCIII.—My Hairt is gone, Confort is none,	779
CCXCIV.—Ane aigit Man twys fowrty Yeiris. Quod Kennedy,	780
Ballatis of the Prayifs of Wemen, and to the Reproche of vicious Men,	782
CCXCV.—Allace, so sobir is the Micht. Quod Merfar, . .	782
CCXCVI.—The Lettre of Cupeid. Quod Chauseir,	783
CCXCVII.—All tho that list of Wemen evill to speik. Quod Chauseir,	799
CCXCVIII.—Ladeis be war that plesand ar. Quod Scott,	804
CCXCIX.—For to declair the he Magnificens. Quod Stewart,	805
CCC.—Thir Billis ar brevit to Birdis in speciaill. Quod Merfar,	808
CCCI.—Now of Wemen this I say for me. Quod Dumbar,	809
CCCIL.—I think thir Men ar verry fals and vane. Quod Weddirburne,	810
CCCIII.—Fra Raige of Yowth the Rynk hes rune, The Contempt of blyndit Luve,	814
CCCIV.—Quha will behald of Luve the Chance. Quod Dumbar,	816



CLXXXIX.

[*My hairt is lost onlie for lufe of one.*]

MY hairt is lost onlie for lufe of one;
Foir laik of speche and all for schamefulnes,
I dar nocth speik my purpois to propone,
Nor wat nocth how my purpois how till dress.
Speik I to hir, and scho be maircileſſ,
And nocth do denye agane to speik to me,
Than haif I tynt my speiking moir and leſſ;
Onſped spechebettir vnfspokin be.

Fol. 217. a.

I dar nocth speik, in dreid that scho dispyt
My rurall termes, and say I do bot raif;
And speik I nocth vnto my lady quhyt,
Without speche hir luf I can nocth haif.
Bot gif I speik, quhat can I of hir craif?
I spair to speik for laik of eloquens;
And scho but speche my synis cuth persaif,
I wald not speik to hir magnificens.

10

15

Fayne wald I speik and speiking mycht awaill,
And scho for speiking wald speik to me agane;
I spair to speik for spilling of my taill,
Than I my speiking spendit hes in vane.
To speik and speid nocth it is ane leſtand pane;
How fall I speik? I dar nocth speik for dreid;
Be it gud or evill to speik to me agane,
Yit fall I speik, vnfspokin can nocth speid.

20

Quhat fall I speik, sen I mon speik on forſ,
To hir that is of speche most eloquent?
I fall speik how that my cairfull cors,
Throw laik of speche, is day and hour torment,

25

Becaus I can nocht speik to hir my haill intent,
 For laik of speche and ornat termis plane;
 Beseikand hir with speiking reuerent,
 That scho wald speik to confort me agane.

30

Finis quod

1.

CXC.

[*Quhen I think on my Lady deir.*]

QUHEN I think on my lady deir,
 War nocht Gud Hoip, I wald be schent;
 Sic panis to me thair can appeir,
 That I nocht wait quhair I fall went.
 To bowne me than our busk and bent,
 It is non but for all my beir;
 So am I vexit² in myne entent,
 Quhen I think on my lady deir.

5

Than is thair non to confort me,
 Quhen I am standand in that stage;
 Suppois I wer in point till de,
 Thair is nocht wrey in wardlie wreg.
 To rug me than out of that rege
 Thay cumis Gud Hoip with lachand cheir,
 And biddis me lat all sorrowis swage,
 Quhen I think on my lady deir.

10

15

How fall I lat all sorrowis sefs?
 Gud Hoip, I pray the, tell me this;
 My lady may my cors increas,
 And all my hell turne vntill bliss.

Fol. 217. .

20

¹ Blank in MS. ² *Vexit* has had the pen drawn through it.

I may be mad quhen I hir miss;
Suppois I wald this is no weir,
How my thow fra this warld me wifs,
Quhen I think on my lady deir.

Yit fall I wifs the fra this way,
Sa thow tak heid vnto my lair;
Gif that thow luvis ane lady gay,
Si thow be nevir in dispair.
Suppois that scho be nevir fo fair,
Yit may thow fang hir to thi feir;
Thairfoir be blyth bayth lait and air,
Quhen thow thinkis on thi lady deir.

Oft tyme hes bene hard and sene
Ane loird hes luvit ane las full weill,
And eik a laid ane lady scheyne,
So luf of fortoun turnis hir quheill.
Suppois ane fremmit fair thow feill,
Yit in hir scherwice perseveir;
Suppois that scho be stif as steill,
Yit fall thow win thi lady deir.

Gif thow luvis hir, and scho nocth the,
With wisdome yit thow may hir win,
Thocht scho be cumd of grit degre,
And thow be cumin of sempill kin.
Se in hir scherwice thow nocth blin,
Bot ay be curtas to that cleir,
And fa¹ that gentrice be hir within,
Sa fall thou win thi lady deir.

Now to Gud Hoip I gif my hand,
That I fall luf my lady best;
Quhair evir I fair our se or land,
My hairet with hir fall evir moir rest.

¹Altered by another hand to *gijf*.

Syne do to me as evir scho left,
 For I am hiris quhill I am heir;
 For in that fre my fayth is fast,
 Quhen I think on my lady deir.

55

Finis.

CXCI.

[*The Bewty of hir amorus Ene.*]

THE bewty of hir amorus ene,
 Quhen I behald my lady bricht,
 Dois perfs my hairet with dairtis kene,
 I am so reft be luvis micht.
 Rest man I nocht day nor nycht,
 My hairet is so in hir scherwice,
 Quhilk is the verry lantrene lycht,
 Off womanheid ane flour delice.

5

Scho is the preclair portratour,
 Fulfillit with all lustineis,
 Of puchritud the fair figour,
 The mirrour eik of all meikness.
 The verry stapill of steidsaftness,
 Off flurist fame the strang pavice;
 Scho is the gem of gentilnes,
 Off womanheid ane flour delice.

Fol. 218. a.

10

Now, sen I am hir scheruitoure,
 And flurist in my yeiris grene,
 I trest I do to lang indure,
 That will nocht schaw my karis kene.

15

20

This to my lady will I mene,
That I so lufe without fantice;
Scho is my souerene and serene,
Off womanheid the flour delice.

Finis.

CXCII.

[*Quhen Flora had ourfret the Firth.*]

QUHEN Flora had ourfret the firth,
In May of every moneth quene;
Quhen merle and maviss singis with mirth,
Sueit melling in the schawis schene;
Quhen all luvaris reiosit bene, 5
And most desyrys of thair pray;
I hard a lusty luvar mene,
I luve bot I dar nocth assay.

Strang ar the panis I daylie pruse,
Bot yit with pacience I fustene, 10
I am so setterit with the lufe
Onlie of my lady schene,
Quhilk for hir bewty mycht be quene,
Natour fa craftely alwey
Hes done depaint that sweit serene; 15
Quhome I luf I dar nocth assay.

Scho is so brycht of hyd and hew,
I lufe bot hir allone I wene;
Is non hir luf that may eschew,
That blenkis of that dulce amene; 20

622 THE WELL OF VERTEW, AND FLOUR OF WOMANHEID.

So cumly cleir at hir twa ene,
That scho ma luvaris dois effrey,
Than evir of Grice did fair Helene;
Quhom I lufe I dar nocht affay.

Finis.

CXCIII.

[*The Well of Vertew, and Flour of Womanheid.*]

THE well of vertew, and flour of womanheid,
And patronē vnto patiens;
Lady of lawty, bayth in word and deid,
Ryght sobir, sweit, full meik of eloquens,
Bayth gud and fair; to your magnificens
I me commend, as I haif done befoir,
My sempill hairet for now and evir moir.

5

For evir moir I fall yow scherwice mak,
Syne, of befoir, in to my mynd I maid;
Sen first I knew your ladischip, but lak,
Bewty, yowth of womanheid ye had,
Withouttin rest my hairet cowth nocht evad.
Thus am I youris, and evir sensyne hes bene
Commandit be your gudly twa fair ene.

Fol. 21& b.

10

Your twa fair ene makis me oft syis to sing,
Your twa fair ene makis me to fyche also,
Your twa fair ene makis me grit conforting,
Your twa fair ene is wycht of all my wo,
Your twa fair ene may no man keip thame fro,
Withouttin rest, that gettis a fycyt of thame;
This of all vertew were ye now the name.

15

20

Ye beir the name of gentilnes of blud,
 Ye beir the name that mony for yow deis,
 Ye bair the name ye ar bayth fair and gud,
 Ye beir the name that faris than yow seis;
 Ye beir the name fortoun and ye aggkreis,
 Ye beir the name of landis of lenth and breid,
 The well of vertew and flour of womanheid.

25

Finis.

CXCIV.

[*To yow that is the Harbre of my Hairt.*]

TO yow that is the harbre of my hairt,
 And creatour in quhome my confort lyis,
 Unfeneandlie with hairtlie lufe mvvart,
 I me commend ten hundredth thowsand syis;
 Beseikand yow in my maist humill wyifs,
 Ye wald disdane to vesy this scripture,
 Dire&t fra me, your hummill scheruitur;

5

Quhilk luvis yow withowttin variance,
 Attour all leid that levis or de may,
 And thocht my body mak diffeuerance
 Fra yow, with yow my hairt remanis ay.
 Allace, fweit hairt, I wait nocht quhat I say,
 Bot soir I dowt ye tak to littill cure
 Of my grit pyne that is your scheruitour.

10

I dwell in dolour quhill the day be gone,
 And on the nyght I tak na manar of rest,

15

Bot to and fro lamenting myne allone;
 Thinkand on yow, the farest and the best,
 Maist womanlie, and eik the wirthiest,
 That is or wes formit be dame Nature; 20
 Allace, do grace, and saif your scheruiture.

Allace, grant grace your scheruiture to saif,
 Sen in your face so grit grace dois appeir;
 Delay nocht grace quhill I be gone to graif,
 For fall that cace I by your grace to deir. 25 *Fol. 219. a.*
 I haif your scheruand bene this mony yeir,
 Yarnyng na fee thairfoir to recure,
 Bot onlie grace to saif your scheruiture.

And thocht ye will na mercy of me haif,
 Bot as your bund in balis evir bynd, 30
 I dar weill say, so Christ my faull mot saif,
 Ane trewar scherwand fall ye nevir fynd.
 Bot now, allace, trew men ar now left behynd,
 With forow flane and send to sapulture,
 As falbe sene on me, your scheruiture. 35

Heirfoir, sueit hairt, sum gudlie ansuering
 Of this sedull I yow beselk to send,
 Quhilk of my cair may be sum conforting,
 And medecyne my melody to amend.
 Wryt quhat ye will, I fall it keip vnkend 40
 Full cloiss fra ony cristiane criature,
 Except my self, your faythfull scheruiture.

Finis.

CXXV.

[*Maist ameyn Rosier, gratiouſ and reſplendent.*]

MAIST ameyn rosier, gratiouſ and reſplendent,
Excedand trew, benyng and verteus,
Fragrant olif, violat rubicument,
To man¹ fyght is wondir gratiouſ.
Hir benyng luk, with blenkis amorus,
Peris my hairt, that soir I fyche oft syis,
Bot for remeid my wit can nocht devyis.

Hir cristall ene, all forgit with delyt,
Surmonting topatioun, annamalit celicall,
Hir courtlie cors, of portratour perfyt,
Hes me becumin hir fcheruand and hir thrall.
Scho to my sycht is gudliest of all,
That evir I saw fulfillit of grace;
That I² hir knew I joy, and sayis allace,

My wittis fyve ar vnsufficient
Hir bewty brycht fchortlie to declair;
Bayth hummill, amiable and fobir of intent,
Wyifs and disreit, degeſt and debonair;
Off womanheid and vertew exemplair;
And gif hir gudnas may be comprehendit,
Be manis wit may na thing be amendit.

Constant of wit, excellent of bewtie,
Exceding vthiris in hir gouirnance,
Woyd of all pryd, full of humilitie,
Prudent of speche, but vice or variance;
My hairt is hirris with all obscheruans.
A warld of wiſdome appeiris in hir face,
He is at eisſ that standis in hir grace.

4 I

5

10

15

20

25

Fol. 219. b.

¹ Altered afterwards to *mens*. ² *Evir* has here been deleted.

Christ, sen scho knew, so trew as I hir lufe,
 And syne wald rew, adew all syt for ay;
 My haire to play, ilk day wer set abufe,
 Fra hir behuse, remvse my wit away;
 Sall nevir ane attane the deth but weir,
 For war scho gane, wer nane to me so deir.

30

Finis quod Stewart.

CXCVI.

[*Fresche fragrant Flour of Bewty souerane.*]

FRESCHE fragrant flour of bewty souerane,
 My hummill scheruice tak nocht in disdane,
 Bot me accep to be your scheruiture,
 That in your cur with cair cotidiane
 My spreit as thrall is setterit to remane,
 That but your grace my life may nocht indur,
 Your sycht hes flane my cors without recure;
 But your remeid my lawbour is in vane,
 That luvis yow best abuve all creature;

5

And evir fall withouttin fenyeing;
 To quhome my haire I send in gournyng,
 Wondit with dreid, abyding the confort
 Of yow, my luf, maist bowfum and benyng;
 Quhois cristall ene, vnto my mynd rolling,
 Reuellis my pane, but solace or repoirt.
 Ressaif to grace your scherwand, I exhort,
 For and ye list to mak me conforting,
 All my diseiss war turnit in dispoirt.

10

15

Moir amorus wes nevir erdlie wicht,
Be natur wrocht of plesand bewty bricht,
Quhome to behald ane hevin is of delyt,
Of womanheid the mirrorr schynand lycht;
Quhilk is the rute of my remembrance rycht;
Joyand my spreit the verteus to indyt
Of yow, lady, the spectacle perfyte,
Of all this warld apperand to my fycht;
I may nocht leſt your lufe and ye me nyt.

20

25

Go, littill bill, and be my aduocat
Onto my lady best modeſtiaſt;
Bid hir haif rewth vpoun hir luvar trew,
And mak hir hairt with mercy mytigat.
For in hir lufe I am ſo laqueat,
That I may nocht enchenge hir for no new;
I may forthink that evir I hir knew;
To me in mynd and ſcho be indurat,
All erdlie joy for evir moir adew.

30

35

Befeik that ſchene with hummill reuerence
The to reſſaif, and haif remembrance
On me, hir ſcheruand, ſubieſt and hir thrall,
That of my wo ſcho haif compacieſce,
Quhilk nevir did hir falt nor yit offence;
Bot evir bowſum, obeyand to hir call,
In word and deid hes bene, and evir moir fall,
With hairt and mynd and all obeysance,
Go thi for grace yow instantlie call.

Fol. 220. a.

40

45

Say alſo to that gudlie fair and freſche,
Of all my panis ſcho may me weill relesche,
With breif in bill or bodwart ſend agane,
Quhilk mycht releif me of my havineſſ,
My plungit corſ, that dalie in diſtreſ,

50

That on hir grace fall evir moir remane,
 That merciles, hir scheruand be nocht flane;
 Quhilk, and scho do, hir fame fall evir decrees,
 In hurt and hindering of hir gud name.

Bot wo wer me that it fuld so betyd, 55
 That scho thairthrow fuld be cald ane homicyd;
 Thairfoir do grace and be nocht obstinat,
 Without scho do scho will be notifyd
 A manslaar, and thairfoir ratefyd.

Bot, O allace, be nocht so indurat, 60
 With mercy mak your malice mitigiat;
 I ask bot grace, quhilk nocht fuld be denyd,
 For scheruice done vnto your hie estait.

Adew, fair weill, my lustre lady sueit,
 Adew, my feill, and confort of my spreit, 65
 Alſs trew as steill I falbe to your grace;
 Adew my joy and paramour compleit;
 My haire with noy, bot gif ye iuft decreit,
 Will me distroy throw amouris of your face.
 Adew my haire, the flour of lustinece, 70
 Quhen we depairt with forow sone I meit
 With panis smart and sychis cald, allace.

Finis.

CXCVII.

[*O Maistres myn, till yow I me commend.*]

O, MAISTRES myn, till yow I me commend,
 All haill my haire sen that ye haif in cure,

For, but your grace, my lyfe is neir the end,
Now lat me nocht in danger me endure.
Off lyiflyk lufe suppois I be fure,
Quhay wat na God may me sum succur fend,
Than for your lufe quhy wald ye I sorfure?
O, maistres myn, till yow I me commend.

5

The wyntir nycht ane hour I may nocht fleip
For thocht of yow, bot tumland to and fro,
Me think ye ar in to my armys sueit,
And quhen I walkyn ye ar so far me fro.
Allace, allace, than walkynnys my wo,
Than wary I the tyme that I¹ yow kend;
War nocht Gud Hoip, my hairet wald birst in two;
O, maistres myn, till yow I me commend.

10

Fol. 220. b.

15

Sen ye ar ane that hes my hairet alhaill,
Without senyeing I may it nocht genstand;
Ye ar the bontie bliss of all my baill,
Bayth lyfe and deth standis in to your hand.
Sen that I am fair bunding in your band,
That nycht or day I wait nocht quhair to wend,
Lat me anis say that I your freindschip fand;
O, maistres myn, till yow I me commend.

20

Finis.

CXCVIII.

[*In to my Hairt emprentit is so soir.*]

IN to my hairet emprentit is so soir
Hir schap, hir forme, and eik hir seymlines,

¹ / has been afterwards inserted.

Hir port, hir cheir, hir gudnas mair and mair;
 Hir womanheid and eik hir gentilnes,
 Hir trewth, hir fayth and also hir meiknes,
 With all verteouſ ſiche ſet in his degré,
 Thair is no lak bot onlie pete. 5

Hir ſad demyng of will nocht variable,
 Off luk benyng and rut of all plesans,
 And exampillair to all that bene ſtable,
 Discreit, prudent, of wiſdome ſufficiens;
 Mirrour of wit, grund of gud gouirnans,
 A wold of bewty compaſſit in hir face,
 Quhois preſent luk did throcht my hart glace. 10

Quhat wondir is than thocht I be with dreid,
 Inly ſuppoſit for to askin grace
 Of hir, that is a quene of womanheid?
 For weill I wat, that in ſo he a place,
 I will nocht be in diſpair in no caice,
 Bot ſufſir lawly thus that I indure, 15
 Till ſcho of pietie tak me in hir cure. 20

Finis.

CXCIX.

[*Off Luſe and Trewhth with lang Continwans.*]

OFF luſe and trewhth with lang continwans,
 All may ye luvaris cum leir at me,
 That nevir a wicht had conforſt nor plesans,
 In wold to think nor yit behald with e,

In that intent to turne fra hir bewty,
That evir I had and hes my haire compleit,
Sen first I saw that womanlie and sweiſt.

5

Nowthir for joy, nor ſcherp aduersitie,
Nor for diſdane, dreid, danger nor diſpair,
For lyfe, for deth, for wo, for deſtany,
For bliſs, for baill, for conforſt nor for cair,
For chance of fortoun turnand heir and thair,
For hir fall nevir turne my plane haire trew,
Quhat I ſuffir of ſorow, auld or new.

10

Fol. 221. a.

My faythfull haire returne fra hir fall nevir
Vnto no vddir lady vpoun life,
Quhilk but ganekalling I gif hir for evir,
With haill consent of all my wittis fyfe;
Quhill dethis rege vnto the rut me ryfe,
Thair fall no vthir in to this warld, but dreid,
Depairt me fra the flour of womanheid.

15

20

For weill I wet that natur hes me wrocht
To wirſchep hir abone all erdlie wicht,
And for that cauſ h̄es in this warld bene brocht,
To be hir ſcheruand fassit ay but flycht;
Hir fresche effeir and hevinlie bewty bricht,
To confidder and for to discriſ,
And for to luf hir leill in all my life.

25

Thocht I fuld de for trew lufe of that wicht,
I fall hir luf onlie withowttin mo,
That for to fle my haire it hes nocht micht,
Bot with that wicht to byd and brift in wo.
God grant that I to graif beſoir hir go,
For of this warld fra scho tak leif to fair,
The joy of it fair weill for evir mair.

30

35

The lord of luf I thank, ane thowfand syifs
 My faythfull hairt hes set so sad and sound,
 Vnto hir most fair, most womanlie and wyifs,
 That natur wrocht in to this warlde so round.
 Weill fair that wicht that gaif so sweit a sound,
 Thairwith sic plesans in to my hairt went,
 That I neir flane wes with my awin consent.

40

The figurat dairt, invennomit with blis,
 Forgit with lufe and fedderit with delyt,
 Withowttin waine hes wondit me I wifs,
 The harme of quhilk will nevir moir be quyt;
 Quhois grundin point vnto my hairt did wryt
 In to my mynd evir in remembrans,
 Off lufe and trewth with lang continuans.

45

Finis.

CC.

[Off every Joy most joyfull Joy it is.]

OFF every joy most joyfull joy it is,
 In leill luyng ay lestand lise to leid,
 And of all sorrow most sorowfull sorow I wifs,
 Off sueit amouris the fellony and feid,
 With dully dartis and dwammis war no deid;
 I say as one vnwirthy thocht I be,
 That evir I luvit, allace, and welis me.

Fol. 221. b.

5

I say allace, that evir I saw that sycht,
 Quhair I haif set my hairt fo foley soir,
 For to remoif frome thame I haif nocht mycht,
 Bot in her bandone lyis bundin moir and moir;

10

Bot weilis me I haif remeid thairfoir,
On hir to louk and think on hir bewty;
That evir I luvit, allace, and welis me.

I say allace, for sorow and for pane,
That I am within danger and dispair,
Bot weillis me I haif remeid agane,
My fayth is fest on ane both' gud and fair;
Of bontie bewtie that is the flour and air,
Quhiilk rest fra me myne hairt owt of myne e; 15
That evir I luvit, allace, and weill is me.

I say allace, for joy and sorow bland,
Vmquhile I syche and vmquhile I sing,
Quhylome I sit and vthir quhylis I stand.
Vmquhill I lawche and quhill I weip and wring, 25
Quhyll hait, quhyll cald, that lathis my living;
Quhairfoir I haif resone to fay perde,
That evir I luvit, allace, and weill is me.

I say allace, for dreid my lady be
Withon moir rik arreistit be the renye,
Bot, God of his grace, gif I wer set and he, 30
In feild to wyn and weld withouttin fenye,
And nevir the les suppois schow nocth dedenyne
On me to luk, I fall hir luvar be;
That evir I luvit, allace, and welis me. 35

I say allace, for evir I waill in wo,
Nor of my wit quhen I fall fra hir wend,
My wofull hairt neir will depairete in two,
For of my wo is nane can tell the tend;
Bot weill is me quhen that I fand hir frend, 40
My hairt is blyth as ony fowl to fle;
That evir I luvit, allace, and weill is me.

BRYCHT STEENE OF BEWTE

Quhairfor Iut Haly I wak the messinger
 Vane my hame withowthin me or ill:
 See is the wyl of hys thow an myt deir
 I the beseik of her my lute this bell.
 And pray is hit gif that it be his will
 To greate me grace for his benignicie
 To let place and say how well is me

5

Farewell.

CCII.

Bryche Steene of Bewtie and Well of Lufines.

BRKYCHT Steene of bewtie and well of lufines.
 Flour of honour and be nobilitie,
 Jem and grit jowell of wit and stedfastnes,
 Kewterit lady in liberaltie,
 Our all this land ye stand as a per se,
 For bewtie, bewtie, trewth and womanheid
 Springyth in yow as flouris in the meid.

F. 1. 222. 2

5

Thairfor I wait, sen that the God aboif
 Her formit yow so fair of hyd and hew,
 Wald nocht ye fuld luvit be and lufe.
 And mercy haif vpoun your scheruand trew?
 Quhairfor, sweit hairet, of me haif rewth and rew,
 Louke quhat ye ask of God in your preyer,
 And yeild your scheruand in the same maneir.

10

Dreidfull dispair oft syis dois me schoir,
 And cursit dangeir my fillie hairet to slay,
 Wicket wanhoip sayis I fall luse no moir,

15

Saif asperans, freindis I fynd no may,
Quhilk oftymes biddis me to yow say,
Haif mercy lady and be nocth obstinat,
For deth in schort your scherwand will chakmait. 20

Bethink yow how that holie scriptour sayth,
Quhai faikles slayis fall nevir moir se the face
Of God eterne, or than wyifs clerkis leith;
And sen that ye ma, lady, with your grace, 25
The lyfe or deth of me, your man, purchace,
O God forbeid that evir so yow betyd,
That ye fuld be ane cursit homicyd.

Finis.

CCII.

[*Bayth gud, and fair, and womanlie.*]

BAYTH gud and fair and womanlie,
Debonair, steidfaist, wyifs and trew,
Courtas, hummill and lawlie,
And grundit weill in all vertew;
To quhois scheruice I fall perfew 5
Wirchep without villony,
And evir annone I falbe trew,
Bayth gud and fair and womanlie.

Honour for evir vnto that fre,
That natur formit hes so fair; 10
In wirchep of hir fresche bewtie,
To Luvis court I will repair,

To scherue and lufe without dispair;
 For this I wait hir most wirthy,
 For to be callit our allquhair,
 Bayth gud and fair and womanly.

15

Sen that I gif my haire hir to,
 Quhy wyt I hir of my mournyng?
 Thocht I be wo, quhat wyt hes scho?
 Quhat wald I moir of my sweit thing,
 That wait nocht of my womenting?
 Quhen I hir se confort am I,
 Hir fair effeir and fresch having
 Is gud and fair and womanlie.

Fol. 222. b.

20

Thing in this warld that I best luf,
 My merry haire and conforting,
 To quhois scheruice I fall perfew,
 Quhill deid mak our departing;
 Faythfull, constant and bening,
 I falbe quhill the lyfe is in me,
 And luf hir best attour all thing,
 Bayth gud and fair and womanlie.

25

30

Finis.

CCIII.

[*Now in this mirthfull Tyme of May.*]

NOW in this mirthfull tyme of May,
 My dullit spreit for to reioys,
 I fall with sobir mynd assay,
 Gif I can ocht in metir glofs.

Syn all the poyntis of my purpois
In secreit wyifs falbe asselyeit,
How in my garth thair growis a roiss,
Wes fresche and fair and now is felyeit.

5

All winttir throcht this roiss wes reid,
And now in May it changis hew,
Thairsoir I trow that it be deid,
And als the stak that it on grew.
Suld I for plesour plant a new?
Na, that I wow to God in plane,
Said it fair weill all flouris adew,
Bot gif that roiss reuert agane.

10

15

For of all plefans to my sycht,
That grew on grund, it beris the gre,¹
My haire wes on that day and nyght,
It wes so plesand for to se.
Now thair is nowdir erb nor tre
Sall grow within my garding mair,
Quhill I get wit quhat gart it de,
This foirsaid flour that wes so fair.

20

Finis.

CCIV.

[*My Hairt is Thrall, begone me fro.*]

MY hairt is thrall, begone me fro,
Vnto the gudliest vpoun lif,
No windir is² thocht it be so,
For non may with hir bewtie strif.

¹ Originally *name*, and altered to *gre* by another hand. ² Is after inserted.

Till hir I will nowdir compair maid nor wif,
That levand is in to this warld allane,
Hir to discrif surmontis my wittis fyse,
Aboif all vthiris scho is my souerane.

5

For to discribe hir bonteis all at schort,
My barbir tounig it is vnsufficient,
And als my cunning can it nocht report;
Bot, weill I wait, vndir the firmament
Is no compair to that ross redolent,
Quhilk hes my hairt haill in to hir cure,
And evir fall abid thair permanent,
Till I be closit in my sepulture.

Fol. 223. a.

10

For weill I wait scho is the gudliest,
That evir formit wes be dame nature,
Aboif all vthiris the most semliest,
The mirrouer of hewis and nurtour,
The maist plesand patronne of portratour,
A warld of bewtie compassid in hir face,
And of womanheid the rich mirrouer;
That I hir knew I joy, and sayis allace.

20

Hir ene, that is as beriall brycht,
Hes wondit me and mony hundredth mo;
Fra hir to fle I haif nowdir strenth nor mycht,
Bot bound hir thrall quhiddir I will or no.
Allace, thocht scho becumin is my fo,
I fall hir scheruand be my lyvis space,
And nevir for to change for weill nor wo,
Bot to await vpoun hir mercy and grace.

25

30

Hir hew is hevinlie to behold,
Moir meik wes nevir creature on life,
With hair brycht glitterand as the gold,
So standis scho in gre superlatyfe;

35

For quhois saik I fuffir mony syfe,
Hir bewty in my mynd so prentit bene;
And yit my sorrowis fall I nevir mycht,
Bot onlie to that gudlie fair and schene.

40

Bot God, sen that scho knew my constance,
The fervent lufe vntill that cumlie cleir,
I haif till hir withowttin variance,
Quhill I almaist is bowne to my beir;
And help in erd ma me no medifoneir,
Bot scho that is most gudlie, fair and wyifs,
Thairfoir your scheruand saif and be nocth fueir,
And mercy haif on him that mercy cryiss.

45

Now mercy, lady, on my grevoiss pane,
And lat me nocth daylie thus indure,
And saif your man erar than he be flane,
Sen that my lyif lyis haly in your cure;
Or than to God ye do grit injure,
And fall accusis yow faules of my ded,
And thairthrow schame fall evir mair indure,
And grit lak vnto your womanhed.

50

55

Finis.

CCV.

[*Ma Commendationis with Humilitie.*]

MA commendationis with humilitie
I send vnto hir faythfull womanheid,
Than thair is dropis of wattir in fe,
Sternis in the hevene, flouris in the meid.

Fol. 223. b.

Pleiss ye remembir quhen ye thir lettres reid,
 That I am trew, nocht fekill of efferis,
 Dittand thir versis with disconfort and dreid,
 Mixand my ynky ay with my bittir teris.

Quhat windir is my hairet be granit thrwche,
 Fro out the rute rewthles ye haif it revin,
 Ye haif the yok, with me remanis the flwche,
 To schaw ane schaddow quhair my hairet hes bene.
 Allace, the rewling of your wanttone ene,
 Thai war the caus and gaif the iugement,
 Thus am I met and wat nocht quhome to mene,
 My corsis is thrallit and my hairet is rent.

War nocht reasone, sen that ye haif my hairet,
 Your gratiouys mercy that ye wald schaw,
 And gif me youris, owdir all or paire,
 And tak my hairet corsis and hald yow aw?
 O, lord Cupeid, we wait this is the law,
 Sen ye ar luf, goddes and moder,
 Rathir my secreit deidis ye wald knaw,
 De in your grace, nor leif and serfs ane vthir.

How fall I do, quhat fall I say, allace?
 Is non bot yow that may mak me remeid?
 I may nocht vdir bot do me in your grace,
 Sen in your handis standis bayth lyfe and deid.
 Fortoun, allace, quhy am I thus at seid,
 With ane on quhome natur hes done hir cure,
 Thus standand daylie in the poynt of deid,
 And merciles bene ay your scheruiture?

Luf hes me wardit in ane park of pane,
 With dolour is the dowbill dykis dicht,
 And lust is foster with his bow and flane,
 Fro tre to tre he chaiffis me in the nyght.

5

10

15

20

25

30

35

I weip, I wring, wes nevir ane veriar wicht,
Thus nyght and day with petouſſ wox I cry,¹
Wes nevir ane vndir the sonis lycht
Mair patient sufferrit proctory. 40

Wald ye send help sone, with ane speid of hop,
And cast the dyk of dolour to the erd,
With lusty haire than fuld I gif ane loip,
And cum to yow, I ken the gait onsperd.
My haire is youris full steidfastlie vnsteird,
Fetterit full fast quhill ye mak it fre;
I send till yow most farrest in this erd,
Ma commendationis with humilitie. 45

Finis.

CCVI.

[*My sorufull Pane and Wo for to complene.*]

MY forusfull pane and wo for to complene
My wit is waik, bot I may nocht refrene
It for to tell vnto sum creature,
Gif, that be me or ony vthir of mene,
My souerane lady left to dedene,
To rew vpoun my wofull eventure;
For sen I come in to that cleiris cure,
I haif bene trew with all my haire and mycht,
And fall ay scherue that bird of bewtie brycht. 5

Fol. 224. a.

Sen that first I fewty maid to lufe,
And to the king thairof that fittis abufe,
I haif bene trew vnto that fair and fre,
Thocht it be scho that revis me rest and ruse; 10

4 L

¹This first read *wox and cry.*

642 ***MY SORUFULL PANE AND WO FOR TO COMPLENE***

My haire fra hir yit fall I nevir remose,
But dreid vnto the day that I fall de.
Thus fall scho haif all that scho may of me,
Both haire, body, scheruice and all the laif,
That ony in erd may of hir scherwand craif.

15

Wald God, that wirthy wist my wo and pane,
Quhilk gif I culd in wordis few and plane,
I fuld hir wryt the caus of my distrefis,
How for that scheyne I am neir schent and flane,
And nevir to joy lippynnis to cum agane.
Bot gif that gudly schap hir to redrefis
My wofull haire fulfillit of havinefs,
Thus am I boune and boundin to hir will,
Quhithair scho list to speid or ellis to spill.

20

25

Quhome fuld I scherue but hir that fair and fre,
In all this warld, sen thair is nane bot sche
That may me cur of all my caris cald,
And bot that blycht me beit wmbet I be,
And than be done.? My dulfull destine
Is went all wrang, and no thing as I wald;
Quhat may I do bot to that heynd behald?
And byd ay quhill that blycht list to me bute,
Off all my wo quhilk is bayth crop and rute.

30

35

All the lang day I wy thus wofullest,
And quhen the nyght cumis and tyme that I fuld rest,
Than wifs I deth moir than a thowsand syifs,
Sayand at anis haire, Now fuld thou breſt,
And noct daly in thrang me thus to threst.
I windir that thou wirkis on this wyifs,
Me think anewcht it aucht the to suffyifs
At anis to wirk thi crueltie and pane,
Thocht thou noct new it everi day agane.

40

45

And sen no pane, no passioun, na no pyne,
Ma bring agane this sorrowfull hairet of myne,
In sic a wyis to leif that I haif luvit,
I will noct laue quhithair scho be heir or hyne,
I falbe fane to leif in luvis lyne.
I war vnwyis and vthir I concuffit
To haif hir lufe, my hairet yit nevir remvffit
To hir to quhome I aw allegeance,
Sen hirris I am withowttin variance.

Fol. 224. b.

50

Thus to conclud, schortlie I say for me,
That gudlie fair and fresche quhair evir scho be,
I pray grit God to gif hir weill to fair,
Thocht I be sett thus gait in aduersitie,
In sorrowis feir and syching as ye se.
I wald that blycht of bliss wer nevir bair,
That may me help quhilk bot scho do but mair,
Fair weill my gud dayis bene ago,
All thus I plene my sorrowfull pane and wo.

55

60

Finis.

CCVII.

[*O Cupid, King, quhome to fall I complene?*]

O CUPID, king, quhome to fall I complene,
Or call for confort in this cairfull cace?
Sen quhair I lufe, I am noct luvit agane,
Bot for my lufe lathit I am, allace.
I will go mene yit on to my maistrece,
As I haif done oftymes of befoir,
For nane bot scho my gladnes may restoir.

5

Allace, lady, how lang fall I indure
 This dolour quhilk throw your danger I dre?
 Am I nocht he that daylie dois my cure
 Your trew subiect and scheruitour to be;
 Your bound and thrall in maist hummill degré?
 Asking agane na thing of yow, thairfoir,
 Bot your gud will my glaidnes to restoir.

10

On your gud will I done lang depend,
 Howbeit as yit I fynd no way to speid,
 And I am he that nevir did offend,
 In wurd nor werk aganis your womanheid;
 That makis my hairt within my breist to bleid,
 Sen faikleslie I suffir all this soir,
 And ye no way my glaidnes will restoir.

15

20

And nochttheles, lady, gif ye allege,
 That I to yow hes falit in ony pairt,
 I grant thairwith your barret to abbrege,
 And to remove the rancour of your hairt;
 Thocht I be clene crymeles in every art,
 I grant ane salt and mercy dois imploir,
 Of your gudnes my glaidnes to restoir.

25

Ye knew thair is twa kyndis of jelusy,
 The first cumis of lufis grit excess,
 Quhairof I can nocht quyt me verraly;
 Bot of the nixt, quhilk is dispyt I ges,
 Sa God me saif, as I haif bene pairtless,
 Sen I yow luvit and salbe evirmoir,
 Thocht ye list nevir my glaidnes to restoir.

Fol. 225. a.

30

35

Go, littill bill, empty of eloquence,
 To hir that is the harbie of my hairt,
 Salut hir first with hummill reuerence,

And schaw hir now my crewale panis smart;
 Get me sum grace fra hir or thow depaire,
 Or than adew, my joy and erdly gloir,
 For nane bot fcho my glaidnes may restoir.

40

Finis.

CCVIII.

[*Fair weill, my Hairt, fair weill, bayth Freind and Fo.*]

FAIR weill, my hairt, fair weill, bayth freind and fo,
 Fair weill, the weill of sveitaſt madicyne,
 Fair weill, my lufe, bayth lyfe and deth also;
 Fair weill, blythnes, fairweill, sweit lemmane myne,
 Fair weill, the flour of colour gud and fyne,
 That fadis nocht for weddir wen nor weit,
 No moir than in the somer sessone sweit.

5

How fall I do, quhen I mon yow forgo,
 How fall I sing, how fall I glaid than be,
 How fall I leif, I luve yow and no mo,
 Quhat fall I do, how fall I confort me,
 How fall I than thir bittir panis dre,
 Quhair now I haif als mekle as I may
 Of cairis cauld in fyching euirilk day?

10

Quhat fall I wryt in to this petous bill,
 Quhat fall I say for owttin awdiens,
 Quhat fall I dyt for to declair my will,
 Quhat fall I say as now to your presens?
 I yow beselik with all my diligens,
 Throw your lustines and flour of womanheid,
 Anis for me this bill to fe and reid.

15

20

I can nocht say no moir in this prolong,
 For I nocht wait gif it be profitable,
 For to declair yow all my panis strong,
 Heir in to wret be word or be fabill,
 Or gif it be to yow commendabill,
 Thairfoir as now this littill remembrance
 Ye tak and keip in to your gouirance.

25

Finis.

CCIX.

[*Allace, depairting Grund of Wo.*]

ALLACE, depairting grund of wo,
 Thow art of euirilk joy ane end;
 How fuld I pairte my lady fro,
 How fuld I tak my leif to wend,
 Sen fals fortoun is nocht my frend,
 Bot evir castis me to keill?
 Now sen I most no langir lend,
 I tak my leif aganis my will.

5

Fol. 225. b.

Fair weill, fairweill, my weifair may,
 Fairweill, fegour most fresche of hew,
 Fairweill, the saiffar of assay,
 Fairweill, the hart of quhyt and blew;
 Fairweill, baith kynd, curtas and trew,
 Fairweill, woman withowttin ill,
 Fair weill, the cumliest that evir I knew,
 I tak my leif aganis my will.

10

15

Fair weill, my ryght fair lady deir,
 Fairweill, most wyfs and womanlie,

Fairweill, my lufe fro yeir to yeir,
Fairweill, thow beriall blycht of blie;
Fair weill, leill lady, liberall and fre,
Fair weill, that may me saif and spill,
Fow evir I fair, go fair weill ye,
I tak my leif aganis my will.

20

Fair weill fra me, my gudly grace,
Fair weill, the well of wirdineſſ,
Fairweill, my confort in euirilk place,
Fairweill, the hop of ſteidfastneſſ;
Fairweill, the rute of my diſtreſſ,
Fair weill, the luffar trew and ſtill,
Fair weill, the nvreisſ of gentilneſſ,
I tak my leif aganis my will.

25

30

Finis.

CCX.

[*In May in a Morning, I movit me one.*]

I N May in a morning, I movit me one,
Throw a grene garding, with gravis begone,
As leid without lyking, but langour allone,
For misheifs and mourning, makand my mone,
But mo.

5

With haſt als havy as a¹ ſtone,
Of covir confoirt had I none,
As wy that wift of na wone,
Bot wandreth in wo.

For wo and wandreth I waik, I weip and I wring, . . . 10
For on fo myld without maik, that mais my murnyng,

¹ a has perhaps been deleted.

Oft syss I syche for hir saik, and fendill I sing,
 Hir lillie lyre as the laik dois me langing,
 For lufe.

That brycht fra baill ma me bring,
 To kyth on me sum conforting,
 Wald scho bethink, that fweit thing,
 Quhat panis I pruse.

Thocht pane but play be my pairt, I preifs nocht to pleid,
 Sen I hir hecht all my hairt, to steir and to leid,
 To chyd as a coward, I call no remeid,
 Sen scho wrocht wreth otwart,¹ I wallow as the weid,

In weir.

The fair that forgis this feid,
 May scho nocht fair rew that reid,
 Gif scho gravis me to deid,
 With doggit dangeir.

Sall dengeir thus with me deill, is this hir decreit,
 For lang scheruice and leill, hir luvar forleit?
 Scho is the hoip of my heill, alhaill I beheit,
 To fend with freindschipis feill, to fall at hir seit,

As thrall.

Quhat evir scho won I wald weit,
 Fro I be gravit in greit,
 Than hes scho scheruandis that ar fweit,
 The fewar at call.

Thocht I wer reddy to graif, thinkis scho that ganand,
 Yit scho hes and fall haif my hairt in hir hand;
 Quhithir scho schent or scho saif, I am hir ferwand,
 To leif hir leir our the laif, quhill I am levand,

But less.

I am so bunding in hir band,
 I wait no way to gane stand,

Fol. 226. a.

20

25

30

35

40

¹ This word is very indistinct.

Bot pray to that plesand,
Of petie and pefs.

45

Off pety and pefs I hir pray, and plane I repent,
Gif I haif wrocht ony way to wryth hir intent,
Sen scho my mvrning meifs may within a moment,
It war hir sfn I dar say, I fuld thus be schent,

Saikles,

50

Suld scho nocht dreid and diffent
To martir me innocent,
That fra hir will can nocht went,
For deid nor distrefs.

At hir will fall I wair my wit in this plit,
To lufe hir wirscep weill, mair than wantone delyt,
Will scho hir man than forsfair, all wycht will hir wyt,
Bot scho cuvir me of cair, my confort is quyt,

For aye.

55

Evir quhair scho will I wryt
In hairyly plefans perfyt,
To quhorne direct I this dyt,
Ane morning of May.

60

Finis.

CCXI.

[*My wofull Werd complene I may ryght soir.*]

MY wofull werd complene I may ryght soir,
Sen that I do my labour in to vane,
And euirilk day increfisis moir and moir,
To luf trewly and is nocht luvit agane.

4 M

Quhat fall I say? ryght awfull is my pane,
 Lufe thirlis my haire bayth day and nycht so foir;
 I luve trewly and is nocht luvit agane,
 A loid of lufe lat it be so no moir.

5 Fol. 226. b.

Quhen euirilk wycht in to the nycht takis rest,
 I madlie mvrne and mvse¹ me to and fro,
 And that is for the absens of my gest,
 I may hir ban; allace, quhy did scho fo?
 I mene, I plene, quhill the nycht is ago,
 Tyn in my breist hir lusty lufe I clofs;
 Quhomesfor the dolor is that I do fo,
 I luve trewly and is nocht luvit, allofs.

10

15

Bot and I wist that scho had trew knawlege
 Of my mvrning and my lamentatioun,
 And syne for that tynt nothing of curage,
 Nor of hir mynd haifand perfectioun,
 To luve ane lusty and syn my lyfe vndone.
 Gif I for hir fuld thoill sic pvnift pane,
 Than war my mvrning all bot derisioun,
 And scho for me did thoill no thing agane.

20

Bot weill I wait, quhen that scho knawis the ryght,
 My panefull passioun dolerus and fair,
 Scho will me lufe abuse all erdly wycht,
 And confort me with priue wirdis fair.
 So for hir lufe so lykly is to missair,
 Bot reassone wald and pety in this tyd,
 That my gudly scheruice, bayth lait and air,
 Rewardit be all dangeir laid on syd.

25

30

Finis.

¹ This word is very indistinct, having been partly written over.

CCXII.

[*Thus, wairfull Thocht, myne E hes wrocht to Wo.*]

THUS, wairfull thocht, myne e hes wrocht to wo,
And all my wit hes knit, with thankis two,
That I na may, away, in no kin wyifs,
Throw sueit bewty, outthrow myne e, but ho,
And deneir syn, that dois me downe also. 5
Thus am I schent, gif I repent, to ryifs,
And I rew for all my trew scherwyifs,
But heid of meid, that sweit and scho me flo,
In quhois trest alhaill my lyking lyifs.

My soir regrait my e hes mait for euir,
And I no can, as marrit man, dissiuier;
Nor quho is he to se that wald noct plene,
For febill plyt, yit cuth I nyt her neuir,
Nor for no truft of luf, nor lust to luuir;¹
And for all this I wiss will scho dedene. 15

[*Finis.*]

CCXIII.

[*O, wrechit, infernall, crewall Element.*]

O WRECHIT, infernall, crewall element,
Depairting ground and rut of euery wo,
Weill aucht thir luvaris cry that thow be schent,
For till thair eiſſ thow bene eternall fo;
And sen on neid thow makis me now to go, 5

Fol. 227. a.

¹ This word might be read *limir*.

I tak my leif heir at my lady fre;
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

How fuld I say, go, fair weill, and tak my leif?
Allace, that wurd inpersit throw my hairt,
For but your sycht on na wayis may I leif;
My cairis ar kene, my panis ar scherp and smart,
All fuld me eiss is travers turnit outward;
Yit go, fairweill, quhill oft I on yow fe;
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

Your fair visage apairet and gudly cheyir,
Your bewteis mustir and fyn continans,
Your myld haifing, your womanlie maneir,
Your ene cumlie, quhilk bene all my plesans,
So perfyt hes bene in my hairt remmembrans,
I ma nocht leif and fra your presens be;
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

And mervell is the pairting fuld confus,
My wrechit hairt is set in sic distres,
Sen I wes nevir in grace, bot quyt refuss
With yow, my souerane lady and maistress;
Than fuld your pairting be anis, I ges,
Be verra kynd, nocht lestand so with me;
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

Go, fair weill, most desyrit lyvis so,
A thowfand syiss, go, fair weill, lady myne;
Go, fair weill, erdie joy, for euir mo,
Go, fair weill, hairt and cure of medecyne;
Go, fair weill, quha at no mercy ma ryne;
I can nocht say, quhill courtlie I de;
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

Finis.

CCXIV.

[*Flour of all Fairheid, gif I fall found the fra.*]

FLOUR of all fairheid, gif I fall found the fra,
 All gammis ar me queid, so neir to grund I ga;
 I may no mirthis ma, for sorrow my self I fla;
 Thus wirkis scho me wa, that wlonkaſt is in weid,
 That is bayth freind and fa, and fareſt flour to feid. 5

So fair wes nevir fygour, no fame on flud so quhyt,
 So proper of portratour, fa paſt no fa perfyt,
 Hir lyre is lilly lyk, plesand forowttin plyt,
 In bour is no fo brycht beriall, no blench flour,
 As is that hendly hycht menskyt with all honour. 10 Fol. 227. b.

I aw hir honour ay, to ſcherue hir bayth lait and air,
 With all the mirth I may, for now and evir mair,
 The conforſt of my cair, the ſaifir of my fair;
 Quhair evir I found or fair, scho is formeſt in fay,
 With hir I wald I wair durand quhill domifday. 15

Thair wes nevir day that dew, nor dyamont fa deir,
 Na stane fa haill of hew, as is the hyd of heir;
 Hir ene as cristall cleir, with luflie lawchand cheir,
 Hir pawpis till perle ar peir, perfyt and poleift new,
 And I may nyche hir neir, than gon wer neuir my glew. 20

Vnglaid I gloir as gleid, ſen my gud luf was gone,
 For neir witleſſ I weid, I luf bot hir allone,
 That hes my hairt ichone, als trew as turtill on ſtone;
 I luf bot hir allone, of all that levis on leid,
 Thus lykis me my leman, the flour of all fairheid. 25

Finis.

CCXV.

[*O, Maistres myld, haif Mynd on me.*]

O, MAISTRES myld, haif mynd on me,
Sen that I am your presoneir,
And lat me nocht in dolour de,
Sen ye may be my medicineir.
Ye may me saif frome all dengeir,
And fet me at full libertie
Owt of this lyfe that dois me deir,
Thairfoir, sueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

My mynd is plungit in distres,
That day or nycht I may nocht rest,
Without your help remedèles,
My hairt is fair, it may nocht leſt.
For every day I do bot de,
Me think that deid wer for me best,
In dowbill pane ſen I am dreſt,
Thairfoir, sueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

Thocht I haif loſt all my plesour,
Yit will I to your mynd apply;
On yow my hairt is fixit fur,
And evir falbe ful faythfully.
I dar nocht beir yow cumpany,
For tratling tungis that ay will le,
Bot think on me, your luvar trew,
My awin sueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

I pray yow be nocht variable,
Bot think on me, your luvar trew,
That is for yow fa lamentable,
Sen to your ſcheruice I did perſew.

5

10

15

20

25

My ioy agane ye may renew,
Do ye nocht swa, I say for me,
Allace the tyme that I yow knew,
Thairfoir, sueit hairet, haif mynd on me.

Fol. 228. a.

30

This is ane endless pane, allace,
That haill luvaris suld be forlorne,
As it is hapnit now the caifs,
It wer for bettir be vnborne;
For than my joyis wer to me beforene,
Quhilk I haif previt and will nocht be,
That garris me syche bayth evin and morne,
Thairfoir, sueit hairet, haif mynd on me.

35

40

And thus fals fortoun is my fo,
Besoir to vthiris as scho hes bene,
Scho dois my hairet sic pane and wo,
I say no moir, I may besene.
The blenkyne of hir bewtie schene
Sall gar me mvse quhill that I de,
And fych full mony tymes betuene,
Thairfoir, sueit hairet, haif mynd on me.

45

Finis.

CCXVI.

[*Haif Hairt in Hairt, ye Hairt of Hairtis haill.*]

HAIF hairt in hairt, ye hairt of hairtis haill,
Trewly, sweit hairt, your hairt my hairt sal haif;
Expell, deir hairt, my havy hairtis baill,
Praying yow, hairt, quhilk hes my hairt in graif,

Sen ye, sweet hairt, my haire may fla and faif,
Lat nocht, deir haire, my leill haire be soroir,
Excelland haire of every haireis gloir.

5

Glaid is my haire with yow, sweet haire, to rest,
And serue yow, haire, with haireis obseruance;
Sen ye ar haire, with bayth our haireis possent,
My haire is in your haireis gouernance;
Do with my haire, your haireis sweete plefance,
For is my haire thrall your haire vntill,
I haif no haire contrair your haireis will.

10

Sen ye haif, haire, my faythfull haire in cure,
Vphald the haire quhillk is your haireis awin:
Gif my haire be your haireis scheruiture,
How may ye thoill your trew haire be ourthrawin?
Quhairfoir, sweet haire, nocht suffer so be knawin,
Bot ye be, haire, my haireis reiosing,
As ye ar haire of haireis conforting.

15

20

Finis. The anschuer heirof is in the clxvij¹ leif

CCXVII.

[*Wald my gud Ladye that I luif.*]

WALD my gud ladye that I luif
Luiff me best for ay,
I fuld gar mak for hir behuif
Ane garmond gude and gay.

Fol. 228. b.

Off vertew fuld hir hude be wrocht,
The garnising of grace,

5

¹ A marginal note says "The answair heirof in the 235 leif."

To gyde hir weill in deid and thocht,
Fra cryme in ony caiss.

Poleist with plesand portratour,
With diamandis of discretiou,
The chafrone sett with syne favour,
And rubeis of rycht resfoun.

Ane targate of trewth hingand thairat,
Weill culprit with constans,
Off humbilnes¹ fuld be hir hatt,
Hir teppett of temperans.

Hir fark fuld be of sobirnes,
Weill sentit with gude fame,
The semis sewit with sacreitnes,
With nurtour and gude name.

Hir collare fuld be of considerans,
Quhair wifdome may be sene,
Rubanit with riche remembrans,
And beidis of bountie betwene.

Hir kirtill fuld be of compacieunce,
Off the puir to have pietie,
Weill watit with benevolence,
Lynit with liberalitie;

Mailyeit with maneris and mesour,
Weill lasit with luifsumnes,
Toukit with trew luif, the trefour;
Hir stomok of stedfastnes.

Hir goun fuld be of all guidnes,
Begareit with fresche bewtie,
Buit² with rubanis of richuuſnes,
And perfewit with prosperitie.

¹ MS. has *huimbilnes*. ²This word is doubtful.

Hir f Lewis fuld be of sueit semblans,
 Wanit with womanlie maneir,
 Weill cuffit with continewance,
 In vertew and wit but weir.

40

Hir paitleat fuld be of hie prudence,
 Weill furrit with fair affere,
 With peirlit prenis of pacience,
 For hir wirschop to weir.

Hir belt fuld be of bowfumnes,
 Meit to hir middill small,
 Baith heid and pendes with hartlines,
 Inem mellit weill with all.

45

Hir chemye fuld be of chaistetie,
 About hir halfs so quhyte,
 Hir halfs peirlis of pudicitie,
 Rycht plesand and perfyte.

50

Hir clock fuld be of clene consciens,
 Weill lynit with lawlines,
 Denudit of all negligence,
 And borderit weill with besines.

55

Off grene youth fuld hir gluiffis be,
 For hir fair fingaris quhyte,
 Bervit¹ with kyndnes but creweltye,
 Our ringis of delyte.

60

Hir hoiss of honest hamelines,
 Na proudnes to pretend,
 Hir pantonis of perfewerans,
 In honour till hir end.

This haif I cled my luif rycht weill,
 Na weid will cum hir better,

65

¹ This word is doubtful.

Nor this garmond fa haif I seill,
Nor halff so weill will sett hir.

Finis.

CCXVIII.

[*Support your Scheruand, peirles Paramour.*]

SUPPORT your scheruand, peirles paramour,
Or dreidfull deth and dolour me devoir
Sen thair is nan may schaw no succour,
To my pur hairt ourfett with ficing soir.
Allace, allace, sueit defy, most decoir,
Will ye nocht help me of my heviness,
Sen of my hairt ye ar the cheif maistress?

5

The arting of your ene angelicall
So spedely my spreit hes perforate
Vnto my hairt, and causd it to be thrall
To yow, the flour of womanheid, I wate,
Quhairfoir I pray your he excellent estate,
To kyth on me sum confort in this caifs,
Sen of my hairt ye ar the cheif maistress.

10

Thair wes nevir in to no woman wrocht,
Bot planelie in to your persone dois appeir,
Except petie and thocht I find it nocht,
Dame Esperans helpis me out of weir;
That scho and lady Mercy both in feir
Sall in your hairt graif bayth pety and grace,
Sen of my hairt ye ar the cheif maistrece.

15

20

[*Finis.*]

CCXIX.

[Quhen Tayis Bank wes blumyt brycht.]

QUHEN Tayis bank wes blumyt brycht
With blosomes blycht and bred,
Be that rever ran I doun ryght,
Vndir the rys I red.
The merle melit with all hir mycht:
And mirth in mornyngh maid,
Throw solace sound and semely sicht.
Alswth a sang I said.

Fol. 229.2

5

Vndir that bank quhair blifs had bene,
I bownit me to abyde,
Ane holene, hevinly hewit grene,
Ryght heynly did me hyd.
The sone schyne our the schawis schene,
Full semely me besyd,
In bed of blumes bricht besene,
A sleip cowth me ourflyd.

10

About all blomet wes my bour,
With blosummes broun and blew,
Oursret with mony fair fresch flour,
Helsum of hevinly hew.
With schakeris of the schene dew schour,
Schynnyng my courtenis schew,
Arrayit with a rich vardour,
Of natouris werkis new.

20

Rasing the birdis fra thair rest,
The reid sone raiss with rawis,
The lark sang lowd, quhill lycht mycht left,
A lay of luvis lawis.

25

¹ Originally written *mirth* and now *mycht*.

The nythingall woik of hir nest,
Singing, The day vpdawis;
The mirthfull maveiss mirrieſt
Schill ſchowttit throw the ſchawis.

30

All flouris grew that firth within,
That man cowth haif in mynd,
And in that flud all fische with fyn,
That creat wer be kynd.
Vndir the rife the ra did ryn
Our ron, our rute, our rynd,
The dvn deir dansit with a dyn,
And herdis of hairt and hynd.

35

40

Wod Winter, with his wallowand wynd,
But weir away wes went,
Brasit about with wyld wodbynd
Wer bewis on the bent.
Allone vnder the lusty lynd,
I saw ane lusum lent,
That fairly war fo fare to fynd
Vndir the firmament.

45

Scho wes the lustiest on lyve,
Allone lent on a land,
And fareſt figour be ſic fyve,
That evir in firth I fand.
Hir cumly culour to diſcryve
I dar nocht tak on hand,
Moir womanly borne of a wyfe
Wes neuir, I dar warrant.

50

55

To creature that wes in cair,
Or cauld of crewelty,
A blicht blenk of hir vesage bair
Of baill his bute mycht be.

60

Hir hyd, hir hew, hir hevinly hair
 Mycht havy hairtis vphie;
 So angelik vndir the air
 Neuir wicht I saw with e.

The blosummes that wer blycht and brycht 65
 By hir wer blacht and blew,
 Scho gladit all the foul of flicht,
 That in the forrest flew.
 Scho mycht haif confort king or knyght,
 That euir in cuntry I knew, 70
 As waill and well of warldly wicht,
 In womanly vertew.

Hir culour cleir, hir countinance,
 Hir cumly cristall ene,
 Hir portratour of most plefance, 75
 All pictour did prevene.
 Off every vertew to avance,
 Quhen ladeis prasit bene,
 Rychttest in my remmembrance
 That rose is rutit grene. 80

This myld, meik, mansuet Mergrit,
 This perle polist most quhyt,
 Dame Natouris deir dochter discreit,
 The dyamant of delyt,
 Neuir formit wes to found on feit 85
 Ane figour moir perfyte,
 Nor non on mold that did hir meit
 Mycht mend hir wirth a myte.

This myrthfull maid to meit I ment,
 And merkit furth on mold, 90
 Bot sone within a wane scho went,
 Most hevinly to behold.

The bricht fone with his bemys blent
Vpoun the bertis bold,
Farest under the firmament
That formit wes on fold.

95

As parradyce that place but peir
Wes plefand to my sicht,
Of forrest and of fresch reveir,
Of firth and fowll of flicht,
Of birdis bay on bonk and breir,
With blumes brekand bricht,
As hevin, in to this erd doun heir,
Hertis to hald on hicht.

100

So went this womanly away
Amang thir woddis wyd,
And I to heir thir birdis gay
Did in a bonk abyd,
Quhair ron and ryfs raifs in aray,
Endlang the reuir syd.
This hapnit me in a tyme in May,
In till a morning tyd.

105

Fol. 229. b.

110

The rever throw the ryse cowth rowt,
And roferis raiffis on raw,
The fchene birdis full schill cowth schowt
Into that semly schaw.
Joy wes within and joy without,
Vnder that vnlonkest waw,
Quhair Tay ran doun with stremis stout,
Full strecht vndir Stobschaw.

115

120

Finis.

CCXX.

[*O lusty May, with Flora Quene.*]

OLUSTY May, with Flora quene,
 The balmy dropis frome Phebus schene,
 Prelucian bemes befoir the day,
 Be that Diana growis grene,
 Throwch glaidnes of this lusty May. 5

Than Esperus, that is so bricht,
 Till wofull hairtis castis his lycht,
 With bankis that blumes on euery bray, (*bis*)
 And schuris ar sched furth of thair sicht,
 Thruch glaidnes of this lusty May. 10

Birdis on bewis of every birth,
 Reiosing notnis makand thair mirth,
 Ryght plesantly vpoun the spray,
 With flurissingis our feild and firth,
 Thruch glaidnes of this lusty May. 15

All luvaris that ar in cair
 To thair ladeis thay do repair,
 In fresch mornyngis befoir the day,
 And ar in mirth ay mair and mair,
 Thruch glaidnes of this lusty May. 20

Finis.

CCXXI.

[*All for Ane is my Mane.*]

ALL for ane is my mane,
Bot ane I can lufe;
War scho gane, than war nane
My name to remufe.
That I am tane, with sic ane,
I thank God abuse,
And bot that ane, will I nane,
Quhat panis I prufe.

5

Finis.

CCXXII.

[*Be glaid alye that Luvaris bene.*]

BE glaid alye that luvaris bene,
For now hes May depaynt with grene
The hillis, valis and the medis,
And flouris lustely vpspreidis.
Awalk out of your fluggairdy,
To heir the birdis melody,
Quhois suggourit noottis, loud and cleir,
Is now ane parradice to heir.
Go walk vpoun sum rever fair,
Go tak the fresch and holsum air,
Go luke vpoun the flurist fell,
Go feill the herbis plesand smell,
Quhilk will your comfort gar incres,
And all avoyd your havines.

5

10

The vnew and purpur hervin ayg
 Braket the lare lare in the foy
 With swyng herte hymes or hym
 For the joy of the tyme herte
 Braket the vnewe frond of herte.
 Braket with grette quyte and blaw.
 Gyllyngdane I cre, in this May.
 Unte hertely in the feld away.
 And unto Aurora with riche pale
 Inclaymen with his cristal hale
 The greate and swete synging
 Of every gret tyme dois rynging;
 And with her beriou droppis bricht
 Makyn the grefys gleme of licht
 Lox on the fawter firmament.
 And on the antamelleit orient;
 Luke or Phebus put up his heid,
 As he dois raiis his baneris reid:
 He dois the eist so bricht attyre,
 That all semis birnyng in a fyre;
 Quhilk confort dois to every thing,
 Man, bird, beist, and fluriffing.
 Quhairfar, luvaris, be glaid and lycht,
 For schort is your havy nyght,
 And lenthit is your myrry day,
 Thairsoir ye velcum new this May.
 And, birdis, do your haill plesance,
 With mirry song and obseruance,
 This May to velcum at your mycht,
 At fresch Phebus vprysing bricht;
 And all ye flouris that dois spreid
 Lay furth your levis vpoun breid,
 And welcum May with benyng cheir,
 The quene of euery moneth cleir.
 And euery man thank in his mynd

5

=

25

30

35

40

45

The God of natur and of kynd,
Quhilk ordanit all for our behuse,
The erd vndir, the air abufe,
Bird, beist, flour, tyme, day and nycht,
The planeitis for to gif ws licht.

50

Finis.

CCXXIII.

[*Gif ye wald lufe and luvit be.*]

GIF ye wald lufe and luvit be,
In mynd keip weill thir thingis thre,
And fadly in thy breist imprent;
Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

Fol. 230.a.

For he that pacience can nocht leir,
He fall displeasance haif perqueir,
Thocht he had all this warldis rent;
Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

5

For quha that secreit can nocht be,
Him all gud falloschip fall fle,
And credence nane fall him be lent;
Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

10

And he that is of hairt vntrew,
Fra he be kend, fair weill, adew,
Fy on him, fy, his fame is went;
Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

15

Thus he that wantis ane of thir thre,
Ane luvar glaid may neuir be,

Bot ay in sumthing discontent;
Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

20

Nocht with thi toung thy self discure
The thingis that thow hes of nature,
For gif thow dois thow¹ fuld repent;
Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

Finis.

CCXXIV.

The Song of Troyelus.

GIFE no luve is, O God, quhat feill I so?
And gif luve is, quhat thing and quhicche is he?
Gife luve be gud, from quhence cummrys my wo?
Gife it be wicke, a wondir thinketh me,
Quhan euerry turment and aduersite,
That cumineth of him, may to me sauery think,
For ay thrust I the more, that iche it drink.

5

And gif that at myne awin lust I brenne,
Frome whench cummrys my waling and my playnt,
Gife harme agreve me, quhairto plene I thane,
I not ne quhy vnwery that I faynt.
O, quyck deth, O, sueit harme so queynt,
How may of the in me be suche quantete,
Bot gif that I consent that it so be?

10

And gif I consent, I wrongfully
Complene ywis; thus posfed to and fro,
All steriles within a bot am I
Amyd the se, atuixin wondis two,

15

¹ MS. has *tho.*

That incontrair standen euer mo.
 Allaſſ, quhat is this wondir maledye?
 For heit of cold, for cold of heit I dye.

20

And to the god of lufe thus said he,
 With pitous voce, O lord, no youris is
 My spreit quiche that aucht youris be,
 Yow thank I, lord, that haif me brocht to this;
 Bot quhithir goddes or woman ywifs,
 Scho be, I not, wiche that ye do me scherue,
 Bot as hir man I woll ay lene¹ and ferue.

Fol. 230. b.

25

Ye standyn in hir ene mychtyly,
 As in a place to your vertew digne;
 Quhairfoir, lord, gife my scheruice, or I
 May lykin yow to be to me benigne;
 For my estait royell heir I resigne
 In to hir hand, and, with hummill cheir,
 Become hir man, as to my lady deir.

30

35

[*Finis*] quod Chauseir of Troyelus.

CCXXV.

[*As Phebus bricht in Speir merediane.*]

AS Phebus bricht in speir merediane,
 AE of the warlnd and lamp etheriall,
 Passis the licht, that cleipit is Dyane,
 Quhen scho is lucent² round as ony ball,
 And Lucifair all vthir sternis small,
 My lady so in bewty dois abound,
 Aboif all vthir ladeis on the ground.

5

¹ This might be read *lene*. ² Afterwards altered to *lusent*.

Hir hair displayit as the goldin wyre,
 Aboif hir heid, with bemys radient,
 Is lyk ane bus that birnys in the fyre,
 With flammys reid but fumys elevant.
 War nocth scho is sum thing to variant,
 I mycht of resfone say, that dame Nature
 Formit nevir in erd so fair a creature.

10

My haire, that nevir wes thirlit vnto wicht,
 In deidly dwalmys sowpit is for evir,
 For luve of hir that is my lady bricht,
 Quhois plesant hals is quhytter than the evir,
 Or snaw but spot, that fallis in the revir;
 The fragrant balme of odour confortatyve
 May nocth for sueitnes with hir lippis stryve.

15

20

Thow drery gost, that dwynnys in dispair,
 Pass with this bill vnto my lady sueit,
 And in to presens of hir visage fair,
 Vpone thy kneis thow fall befoir hir feit;
 Askand hir mercy, with thy cheikis weit,
 To confort me of my woundis smert,
 Quhome dart of luve hess persit throw the hert.

25

Sen Athropoſſ my fatell threid hes worne,
 In plenyng soir and rewthfull womenting,
 And that asperans is non vnto the morne,
 Of my pure haire dyand in lang vysing,
 Thow bury my corps but ony tareing;
 For Acteon wes flatit at the well,
 Be wreth of Dyane, with his awin houndis fell.

Fol. 231. a.

30

35

O thunderane boir, in thy most awfull rege,
 Quhy will thow nocth me with thy tuskis ryve?
 Sen no thing may my grevous pane assuage,
 Bot fcho, quhilk is the revar of my lyve,

With sichis soir and cairis pungetyve;
Quhairthrow my blude resoluit is in teiris,
And yit no rewth in to hir hairt appeiris.

40

God gife it wer my fatell aventure,
To fecht aganis hir fayis to the deid,
With speir and scheild, and all that I micht fure,
To pruve hir flour and well of womanheid;
Howbeit it wer nocth to my lyfe remeid,
It wald me suffyis, sen that scho hes no maik,
Till end my lyfe in battell for hir saik.

45

Yit I beseik hir for the grit delyte,
That semyt in hir bewty naturall,
With rewthfull presens of hir visage quhyt,
Scho wald decoir my feistis funerall;
That luvaris mycht espy in generall,
Gife that hir ene for weeping mycht indure,
To luk vpoun my rewthfull sepulture.

50

55

Finis quod Bannatyne.

CCXXVI.

[*My Hairt is heich aboif, my Body is full of Blis.*]

MY hairt is heich aboif, my body is full of blis,
For I am sett in lufe, als weill as I wald wifis;
I lufe my lady pure, and scho luvis me agane,
I am hir scheriture, scho is my souerane;
Scho is my verry harte, I am hir howp and heill,
Scho is my joy invart, I am hir luvar leill;
I am hir bound and thrall, scho is at my command,

5

I am perpetuall hir man, both fute and hand;
 The thing that may hir pleis, my body fall fulfill,
 Quhat evir hir diseis, it dois my body ill. 10
 My bird, my bony ane, my tendir bab venust,
 My luse, my lyse allane, my liking and my lust;
 We interchange our hairtis, in vthiris armis soft,
 Spreitleis we twa depairtis, vstand our luvis oft;
 We murne quhen licht day dawis, we plene the nycht is schort, 15 Fol. 231.b.
 We cursis the cok that crawis, that hinderis our disport.
 I glowffin vp agaft, quhen I hir mys on nycht,
 And in my oxster fast I find the bowster richt;
 Than langour on me lyis, lyk Morpheus the mair,
 Quhilk caussis me vpryfis, and to my sueit repair; 20
 And than is all the sorrow furth of remembrance,
 That evir I hed a sorrow in luvis observance.
 Thus nevir I do rest, so lusty a lyfe I leid,
 Quhen that I list to test the well of womanheid.
 Luvaris in pane, I pray God send yow sic remeid,
 As I haif nycht and day, yow to defend frome deid; 25
 Thairfoir be evir trew vnto your ladeis fre,
 And thay will on yow rew, as myne hes done on me.

Finis.

CCXXVII.

[*Lait, lait on Sleip, as I wes laid.*]

LAIT, lait on sleip, as I wes laid
 This hindir nycht, my rest to tak,
 To me in sleip appeird a maid,
 And gudly wordis to me scho spak.

Scho bad that I fuld confort mak,
For I am scho that help yow may;
Gudly in my armis I did hir tak,
Bot quhen I walknyt scho wes away.

5

Quhat garmond come scho in, trest ye?
In till ane mantill of lusty blew;
It fett hir weill, as semit me,
Sayand scho wes ane luvar trew.
Scho said to me, as I say yow,
Quhat war the wordis I did yow pray?
That lufe for lufe scho wald renew,
Bot quhen I walknyt scho wes away.

10

15

Hir hair wes lyk the oppynnit silk,
Ane mantill of lufe our me scho spred,
And with hir body quhyt as milk,
Vnto my bed scho maid a braid.
Softly talkand to me scho said,
Be ye on sleip? and I said nay;
Hir chirry lippis to me scho laid,
Bot quhen I walknyt scho wes away.

20

Than in my armes I did hir brace;
With gudly wordis scho said to me,
O, schir, how lyk ye this solace,
Content ye this, tell me? quod sche.
I said, maistres, yis verrelie,
No thing to pleiss me bettir may,
Nor with your persone evir to be,
Bot quhen I walknyt scho wes away.

25

30

Scho sayis, God keip yow, now I go;
Than I kif hir, allace, me thocht;
Than vp scho raifs and went me fro,¹

35

¹ This piece is imperfect, ending abruptly at the foot of folio 231b, while folios 232 and 233 are wanting. They probably contained several pieces, but only one is noted in the original index at the end of the MS., "Being ourwhelmed with dolor and with cair," 232.

CCXXVIII.

[*No woundir is althocht my Hairt be thrall.*]

NO woundir is althocht my hairt be thrall
 To yow, I wifs, the flour of courtesey;
 For quhy? your name and fame so spreidis our all,
 That ye ar held to be the a per se,
 In vertew, meikness, trewth and equitie;
 And eik to this your proper perfoun fair
 Is so weill maid in all maner degre,
 That non to me salbe so singulare.

Fol. 234. a.

5

Heirfoir I will rycht humly yow imploir,
 To lat sum stremys of grace on me distill,
 For non bot ye my glaidnes may restoir,
 Becaus both lyfe and deth lyis in your will;
 For as ye list ye may me saif or spill,
 With your on wurd so stand I in your cure;
 Sen I thairfoir am subiect yow vntill,
 Latt me nocht suerf, your faythfull scheruiture.

10

15

For my grene yewth is lyk the withering hay,
 So soir I am ourfett with sicingis feir,
 My rosy lippis ar woxin paill and blay,
 Thruch only thocht of yow, my lady deir;
 And thair is non may be my medfoneir,
 Bot your favour, quhilk, gif I do obtene,
 I fall revert, as dois the reid roseir,
 Freschest of hew in somer sesoun grene.

20

And sen I am so trublit in my thocht,
 Lat nocht deley be ane occasioun,
 To place dispair quhair howp and trust hes wrocht,
 Bot grant with speid sum consolatioun;

25

That pety having domination
Within your breist, I may sum grace purches 30
Off my murnyng and lamentation,
Quhilkis I sustene for yow, my fair maistress.

No thing of ryght I ask, my lady fair,
Bot of fre will and mercy me to saif;
Your willis your awin, as ressoun wald it ware, 35
Thairfoir of grace, and nocht of ryght, I craif
Of yow mercy, as ye wald mercy haif
Off God our Lord, quhois mercysis infeneit
Gois befoir all his werkis, we may perfaif,
To thame quhois hairtis with mercy ar repleit. 40

And gif that I be fund to yow vntrew,
Wilfull, heichty, or eik in ony wayis
Jeloufs, vnkynd, or chengeing for ane new,
A vane wantour, rebelling to your scheruyis,
As tratouris fals hes bene befoir oft syis, 45
Quhois vntrew hairtis garris trew folkis leif in wo,
Than for my gilt no torment culd suffyis,
Bot I prayfs God it standis nocht with me so.
Fol. 234. b.

Now to conclude with wordis compendious;
Wald God my tong wald to my will respond, 50
And eik my speich wer so facundious,
That I wer full of rethore termys jocond;
Than fuld my luse at moir lenth be expond,
Than my cunnyng can to yow heir declar;
For this my style, inornetly compond, 55
Eschamys my pen your eiris to truble mair.

Nocht ellis thairfoir I wryt to yow, my fueit,
Bot with meik hairt, and quaking pen and hand,
Prostratis my scheruice law doun at your feit,
Both nycht and day, quhill I may gang or stand; 60

Praying the Lord of pety excelland,
To plant in yow ane petisfull haire and mynd,
Conducting yow to joy everlestand,
Both now and ay, and so I mak ane end.

Go to my deir with hummill reuerence, 65
Thow bony bill, both rude and imperfyte,
Go nocht with forgt flattery to hir presence,
As is of falset the custome, vse and ryte;
Caus me nocht ban that evir I the indyte,
Na tyne my travell, turnyng all in vane,¹ 70
Bot, with ane faithfull haire in wurd and wryte,
Declair my mynd, and bring me joy agane.

My name quha lift to knew, lat him tak tent,
Vnto this littill verss nixt presedent.

Finis.

CCXXIX.

[*My Trewth is plicht vnto my Lufe benyng.*]

MY trewth is plicht vnto my lufe benyng,
That meit and fleip is quyt bereft me fro,
With luvaris mo of murnyng I may sing,
Without glaidnes quhair evir I ryd or go;
And I hir freind, quhy suld scho be my fo? 5
Do as scho list, I do me in hir cure,
On to the deid to be hir scheruiture.

And thocht I dar nocht daly do present
Hir for to serf for hurting of hir name,

¹ Another hand has written *Bannatyne* on the margin of line 70.

I dreid the serpent sklander do hir schent;
Bot nevirtheles hir honour and hir fame
I fall keip in armis and in game,
Vnto the tyme that Tropus the threid
Sall cute of lyfe, bayth in word and deid.

10

Fol. 235.a.

O Cupeid, king, thyn eiris now inclyne,
And perss my lady inward to the hairet,
With that ilk dart that thou hes persit myne,
And causis hir so that scho to me rewarde,
For to haif mercy vnto my pane and smarte,
Or feill the pyne that faythfull luvaris haif,
For but hir lufe I graith me to my graif.

15

20

Explicit quod Fethy.

CCXXX.

[*Lanterne of Lufe, and Lady fair of Hew.*]

LANTERNE of lufe, and lady fair of hew,
O, perle of prycce, most precius and preclair,
O, dasy dulfs, gayest that evir grew,
Off every wicht most sueit and singulare,
O, flour delyce, most flurisand and fair,
Vnto this taill, sueit turtor, thou attend,
My thirlit hairet so law in to dispair
Vnto thy mercy I meikly me commend.

5

O, jem of joy, inionit in my hairet,
O, plant of prys, most plesand and perfyte,
The ryght remeid of all my panis smarte,
My spreit is reft to se thy culour quyte,

10

Dewoyd of wo, of forrow and of syte,
 Quhois bewteis all no hairt may comprehend;
 My visage wan, O, lady of delyte,
 Vnto thy mercy I meikly me commend. 15

Sen thow art scho that hes my hairt in cure,
 My howp, my heill, my weill and eik my wo,
 Lat me nocht fuerf, your hummill scheruiture,
 For but remeid my hairt will brist in two. 20
 Now, lady fair, my freind and eik my fo,
 Quhom on but dowt all vertew dois depend,
 My hairt and mynd, quhair evir I ryd or go,
 Vnto thi mercy meikly I me commend.

[*Finis] quod Steill.*

CCXXXI.

[*Hence, Hairt, with hir that most depairte.*]

HENCE, hairt, with hir that most depairte,
 And hold the with thy souerane,
 For I had lever want ane harte,
 Nor haif the hairt that dois me pane.
 Thairfoir, go, with thy lufe remane, 5
 And lat me leif thus vnmolest,
 And se that thow cum nocht agane,
 Bot byd with hir thow luvis best.

Sen scho that I haif scheruit lang
 Is to depairt so suddanly,
 Addref's the now, for thow fall gang
 And beir thy lady cumpany. 10

Fol. 235. b.

Fra scho be gon hairtles am I,
For quhy? thow art with hir possest;
Thairfoir, my hairt, go hence in hy,
And byd with hir thow luvis best. 15

Thocht this belappit body heir
Be bound to scheruiteude and thrall,
My fathfull hairt is fre intair
And mynd to serf my lady at all. 20
Wald God that I wer perigall,
Vnder that redolent ross to rest,
Yit at the leist, my hairt, thow fall
Abyd with hir thow lufis best.

Sen in your garth the lilly quhyte
May nocht remane amang the laif,
Adew the flour of haill delyte,
Adew the succour that ma me saif.
Adew the fragrant balme suaif,
And lamp of ladeis lustiest, 25
My faythfull hairt scho fall it haif,
To byd with hir it luvis best,

Deploir, ye ladeis cleir of hew,
Hir absence, sen scho most depairete,
And specialy, ye luvaris trew, 35
That woundit bene with luvis darte.
For sum of yow fall want ane harte
Alswaill as I; thairfoir at last
Do go with myn, with mynd inward,
And byd with hir thow luvis best. 40

[*Finis*] *quod Scott.*

CCXXXII.

The Anschir to Hairtis.

The Ansueir to
the Ballat of
Hairtis in the
²²⁸ leiff.

CONSIDDIR, hairt, my trew intent,
Suppois I am nocht eloquent
To wryt yow anschir responsyve,
Your scedull is so excellent,
It passis far my wittis fyve.

5

For quhy? it is so full of hairtis,
That myne within my bosum staitis,
Quhen I behald it rycht till end;
And for ilk hairt, ane hundredth dertis
Outthrow my hairt to yow I fend.

10

This woundit hairt, sweit hairt, ressaif,
Quhilk is, deir hairt, abone the laif;
Your faythfull hairt with trew intent,
Ane trewar hairt may noman haif,
Nor yt ane hairt moir permanent.

Fol. 236. a.

15

Ane hairt it is without diffait,
It is the hairt to quhome ye wret
The misseif full of hairtis seir;
It is ane hairt bayth air and lait,
That is your hairtis prefoneir.

20

It is ane hairt full of distres,
Ane cairfull hairt all confortles,
Ane penfeve hairt in dule and dolour,
Ane hairt of wo and havines,
Ane mirthles hairt without mesour.

5

It is ane hairt bayth firme and stabill,
Ane hairt without fenyeit fabill,

Ane constant hairt bayth trest and trew,
Ane sure hairt set in to fabill,
Ane wofull hairt bot gif ye rew.

30

It is ane hairt that your hairt servis,
Ane hairt for lufe of your hairt stervis,
Ane hairt that nevir yow offendit,
Ane hairt of youris bayth vane and nervis,
Ane hairt but solace bot gif ye send it.

35

It is na gravit hairt in stome,
In siluer, gold nor evir bone,
Nor yit ane payntit fymlitud,
Bot this same verry hairt allone,
Within my breist of flesch and blude.

40

Thairfoir, sueit hairt, send me the hairt,
That is in to your breist inward,
And nocht thir writtin hairtis in vane,
Bot your hairt to my hairt rewert,
And send me hairt for hairt agane.

45

[*Finis] quod Scott.*

CCXXXIII.

[*Quha is perfyte to put in Wryt.]*

QUHA is perfyte to put in wryt
The inward murnyng and mischance,
Or to indyte the grit delyte
Of lustie lufis obscherwance;
Bot he that may certane patiently suffir pane,

5

To wyn his souerane, in recompance.

4 Q

Scho wait my wo that is ago,
Scho wait my weilfair and remeid,
Scho wait also I lufe no mo,
Bot hir the well of womanheid;

15

Scho wait withouttin faill, I am hir luvar laill,
Scho hes my hairet alhaill, till I be deid.

That bird of blifs in bewty is
In erd the only a per se,
Quhais mowth to kifs is worth, I wifs,
The warld full of gold to me;
Is nocht in erd I cure, bot pleifs my lady pure,
Sync be hir scheriture, vnto I de.

20

Scho is¹ my lufe, at hir behuse
My hairet is subiect, bound and thrall,
For scho dois moif my hairet aboif,
To se hir proper persoun small;
Sen scho is wrocht at will, that natur may fulfill,
Glaidly I gif hir till, body and all.

25

30

Thair is nocht wie² can estimie
My sorrow and my ficingis fair,
For I am so done fathfullie,
In favouris with my lady fair,
That baith our hairtis ar ane, luknyt in luvis chenc,

35

And evirilk greif is gane, for evir mair.

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

¹ Altered to *hes.* ² Originally *wicht*, but deleted and *wie* written above.

CCXXXIV.

[*It cumis yow Luvaris to be laill.*]

IT cumis yow luvaris to be laill,
Off body, hairt and mynd alhail,
And thocht ye with your ladyis daill,
 Reffoun,
Bot and your faith and lawty faill,
 Tressoun.

5

Ye may with honesty persew,
Gif ye be constant, trest and trew,
Thocht than vnrycht thay on yow rew,
 Reffoun,
Bot be ye fund dowbill, adew,
 Tressoun.

10

Your hummill scheruice first resing thame,
For that to your intent fall bring thame,
With leif of ladeis thocht ye thing thame,
 Reffoun,
Bot estirwart and ye maling thame,
 Tressoun.

15

Do nevir the deid that ma diseis thame,
Bot wirk with all your mynd to meis thame;
To tak your plesour quhen it pleis thame,
 Resoun,
Bot with vntrewhth and ye betraifs thame,
 Tressoun.

20

Defend thair fame quha evir syle thame,
And ay with honest havingis style thame,
To Venus, als suppois ye wyle thame,
 Reffoun,

25

Fol. 237.a.

Bot be ye frawdfull and begyle thame,
Tressoun.

30

Ye fuld confiddir or ye taik thame,
That littill scheruice will nocht staik thame,
Get ye ane goldin hour to glak.thame,
Ressoun,
Bot be ye frawdfull and forsaik thame,
Tressoun.

35

Be secreit, trew and plane allwey,
Defend thair same baith nycht and day.
In prevy place suppois ye play,
Ressoun,

40

Bot be ye ane¹ clattrer, harmisay,
Tressoun.

Be courtas in your cumpany,
For that fall causis thame to apply,
Thocht that thay lat yow with thame ly,
Ressoun,
Bot be ye fund vnsaithfull, fy,
Tressoun.

45

Wey weill thir verfis that I wryt yow,
Do your devior quhen that thay lat yow;
To lufe your ladeis quho can wyt yow,
Ressoun,
Do ye the contrair, heir I quyt yow,
Tressoun.

50

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

¹ MS. has *and*.

CCXXXV.

[*Absent I am ryght soir aganis my Will.*]

ABSENT I am ryght soir aganis my will,
 My lang absens cauffis me mekle wo,
 My lang absens dois my body kill,
 My lang absens hes turnit me to wo,
 My lang absens hes reft the spreit me fro,
 My lang absens cauffit this to indyte,
 Makand yow sur I am nocht in the wyte.

5

Rycht weill I se, within your breist ingrawit,
 The hiest vertew that clippit is constans,
 Quhilk be your havingis, it may be weill persauit,
 That ye ar nothing gevin to varians;
 Thairfoir I fall do quhat evir I chans,
 Abyd saythfull quhair I haif bene besoир,
 With hir that is my lufe, and fall do evirmoir.

10

Adew, most trew of erdly creaturis,
 Adew, ye hairt of hairtis consolatioun,
 My thocht forwrocht within my breist conburis;
 Trewly, sueit hairt, my hairtis habitatioun,
 Conding, sueit thing, of hevinly conuersatioun,
 Imprint most gent that for your lufe is pynd,
 Consaif my inward thocht within your mynd.

15

2

Finis [quod] Steill.¹

¹ The author's name has been written afterwards, and perhaps by a different hand.

CCXXXVI.

[*I wilbe plane, and Luſe affane.*]

I WILBE plane, and lufe affane, for as I mene, so tak me; Gif I refrane, for wo or pane, your lufe certane, forsaik me; Gif trew report, to yow resort, of my gud port, so tak me; Gif I exort, in evill sort, without confort, forsaik me.

Fol. 237.b.

Gif diligens, in your prefens, schaw my pretens, so tak me; Gif negligens, in my absens, schaw my offens, forsaik me; Youris and no mo, quhair evir I go, gif I so do, so tak me; Gif I fle fro, and dois nocht so, evin as your fo, forsaik me.

Gif I do prufe, that I yow luf, nixt God abuse, so taik me; Gif I remuse, fra your behuse, without excus, forsaik me; Be land or se, quhair evir I be, as ye fynd me, so tak me; And gif I le, and from yow fle, ay quhill I de, forsaik me.

It is bot waist, mo wirdis to taist, ye haif my laist, so tak me; Gif ye our cast, my lyf is past, ewin at the last, forsaik me; My deir, adew, most cleir of hew, now on me rew, and so tak me; Gif I persew, and beis nochttrew, cheifsyeane new, and forsaik me.

[*Finis] quod Scott.*

CCXXXVII.

[*Only to yow in Erd that I lufe best.*]

ONLY to yow, in erd that I lufe best,
I me commend ane hundred thowſand syifs,

Exorting yow, with pensyfe hairt opprest,
As ye ar scho quhom in my confort lyis,
Gif I misyse my pen or done dispys,
Ocht at this tyme, will God, I fall amend,
Protesting this ballat ye attend.

5

Sum luvaris thame delytis till indyte
Fair facound speich, blandit with eloquence,
And vthir sum dois fett thair wit perfyte,
To pleiss thair ladeis with all thair diligens;
Sum luffaris wantis, throw thair negligens,
For falt of speich, the lufe of his maistres,
Without hir witting in distress.

10

As to my pairete, my lusty lady schene,
Throw laik of speich, I thoill ryght grit distress,
Bayth nycht and day, hard perfis to the splene,
With deidly dert, and can find no redrefs;
Thus me behuffis my panis to express,
Or than knew ryght weill, but wurdis moir,
That crewell dert outhrow my hart wald boir.

15

Rathir nor smart, I mon my harme reweill
To yow, my hairt, quha ma my baillis beit,
For, and ye start, adew all warldly weill;
Will ye rewart, my cairis ar compleit;
Tuiching your pairete, I prey yow be discreit,
For estirwart, gif ye vpoun me rew,
Quhill deid depairete my lyfe, I falbe trew.

25

Fol. 238.a.

Secreit alswa, in every maner sort,
For weill nor wa, fall ony knew our mynd,
Than be nocht thra, your scherwand to confort,
Sum anschir ma, as ye ar gud and kynd,
That may me fra my langour appeill that is pynd,

30

And to fla me throw your negligence;
This I yow pra, for your he excellens.

35

Adew, ryght trew, adew, my deireft hairt,
Fairest of hew, for this tyme haif gud nycht;
Remord and rew, and pondir weill my paerte,
Sen I persew nathing of yow bot ryght;
Quhilk gif ye knew my mynd as it is plicht,
Ye wald subdew your inward thocht and mynd,
And me reskew, quhilk for your lufe is pynd.

40

[*Finis*] *quod Scott.*

CCXXXVIII.

[*My dullit Corss dois hairtly recommend.*]

MY dullit cors dois hairtly recommend
My faythfull scheruice vnto my lady bricht,
Quhais hairt baid still, quhen I did wend
Hir for to serf both day and nycht.
Sen that I am hir faythfull wicht,
And luvis hir best and evir fall,
Till haif my hairt scho hes most ryght,
Quhill deth fall cum and for me call.

5

Sen first the tyme I did hir se,
Away fra me my hart it went
Hir for to serf baith day and nycht,
Sen that the body nicht nocht be present.
Thairfoir, my hairtly laidy gent,
I yow beseik for conforting,

10

Quhilk hes bene deid, ay sen I went
Out of your prefens, my awin sueit thing.

15

Sen that I may your prefens noctt obtene,
Nowdir be day nor yit by nicht,
My dolouris dowbillis, my woundis ar grene,
In absens of the fairest wicht,
That evir in erd wes to my sicht;
Sen Tisby slane wes at the well,
In bonty, bewty and culour bricht,
Aboif all vthir ye do precell.

20

Quhairfoir at laft, my souerrane lady deir,
I yow befeik, with haift affectously,
To wey thir wordis that I haif writtin heir,
As wordis of wecht and nocht of wanitie.
Sen that ye ma me satisfie
Of all my panis and me recure,
Frome dulfull deth deliuer me,
Or I be brocht in sepulture.

25

Fol 228 b

30

Finis.

CCXXXIX.

[*O, lusty Flour of Yowth, benyng and bricht.*]

O LUSTY flour of yowth, benyng and bricht,
, Fresch blome of bewty, blythfull, brycht and schene,
Fair, lussum lady, gentill and discret,
Yung brekand blosum, yit on the stalkis grene,
Delytsum lilly, lusty for to be sene,
Be glaid in haire, and expell havineſſ;

5

4 R

Bair of bliss that evir so blycht hes bene;
Dewoyd langour and leif in lustiness.

Brycht sterne at morrow that dois the nycht hyn chace,
Of luvis lychtsum lyfe and gyd, 10
Lat no dirk clud absent fro ws thy face,
Nor lat no sable frome ws thy bewty hyd,
That hes no confort quhair that we go or ryd,
Bot to behald the beme of thi brychtnes;
Baneiss all baill and into blifs abyd; 15
Dewoyd langour and leif in lustiness.

Art thou plefand, lusty, yoing and fair,
Full of all vertew and gud conditioun,
Rycht nobill of blud, rycht wyifs and debonair,
Honorable, gentill and faythfull of renoun, 20
Liberall, lufsum and lusty of perfoun?
Quhy fuld thou than lat sadnes the opprels?
In hairet be blycht and lay all dolour doun;
Dewoyd langour and leif in lustiness.

I me commend, with all humilitie, 25
Vnto thi bewty blisfull and bening,
To quhome I am and fall ay scherwand be,
With steidfaist hairt and saythfull trew mening,
Vnto the deid without depairting;
For quhais faik I fall my pen addres, 30
Sangis to mak for thy reconforting,
That thou may leif in joy and lustiness.

O, fair, sweit blossum, now in bewty flouris,
Vnfaidit bayth of culour and vertew,
Thy nobill lord that deid hes done devoir, 35
Faid nocht with weeping thy vissage fair of hew;
O lufsum, lusty lady, wyfe and trew,
Cast out all¹ cair and confort do increfs,

¹ *Out all* repeated in MS.

Exyll all sichand, on thy scherwand rew;
Dewoyd langour and lef in lustineſſ.

40

Finis.

CCXL.

[*Sueit Hairt, sen I your Freind only wes ay.*]

SUEIT hairt, sen I your freind only wes ay,
I windir quhy so fremmitly your say
Frome me away ye do attray so tyte;
I wald apply, quhen ye mercy wald pray;
Your grace for thy I fall humily affey,
Gif ye delay, and with ane ney me quyt;
Of all my syt on yow I ley me till assay,
It is your pley, perfyte.

Fol. 239.a.

5

Explicit.

CCXLI.

[*My Hairt, reposſ the and the reſt.*]

MY hairt, reposſ the and the reſt,
In dolour be na langer dreſt;
Sen thow hes it thow luvis best,
To beit thy baill,
Quhilk is ane grund the gudlieſt,
With littill daill.

5

It passis far my wittis syve,
 Hir proper persoun to discryve,
 Bot the publict superlatyve,
 To tell this taill;
 Scho is the lustiest on lyve,
 With littill daill.

10

Hir pulchritud maist to pryifs,
 For fortoun hir no thing denyifs,
 In hir the fame of ladeis lyifs,
 Withouttin faill;
 Ane doucer thing may non devyifs,
 With littill daill.

15

Quhair I wes wont for lufe to sterue,
 Quhilk did my hairt in pecis kerve,
 And perfs throw every vane and nerve,
 Now I appeill;
 For now but pane my lufe I serue,
 With littill deill.

20

For hir this lychtfull lyfe I leid,
 Sen hir sa courtly natur maid,
 That weill I wait of womanheid,
 Scho beiris the bell;
 I fall hir lufe till I be deid,
 With littill daill.

25

30

Scho is of ladeis principall,
 That is or wes or yit be fall;
 Ladeis ressaif originall,
 Of hir alhaill,
 That scho is gud and best of all,
 With littill daill.

35

That souerane lady is so sueit,
Scho is the solace of my spreit,
Scho is my joy evin compleit,
I lufe hir weill;
I think this dasy most discreet,
With littill daill.

40

Beaus I fand hir ay so swaif,
Sic favour to that sueit I gaif,
That ay I fall hir honour saif,
And schame conseill;
And for hir sake lufe all the laif,
With littill deill.

45

Finis.

CCXLII.

[*Ryght as the Glass bene thirlit thrucht with Bemis.*]

RYCHT as the glas bene thirlit thrucht with bemis Fol. 239. b.
Off Phebus fair prefulgent vifage bricht;
Or hornit Dyane, with hir paly glemis,
Persis the cluddis sabill in the nicht;
And as the kocatrice keilis with hir sicht,
Ryght so the bewty of my lady stoundis
Outthrowcht my breist, vnto my haire redoundis.

5

Behaid how far cristall or diamant,
Jassink, jasp, ruby, jem or criselleit,
Carbunkile, emmerauld, perle or athamant,
Turcas, topas, marbill or margareit,
Excedis the barrat stonis in the streit;

10

In lyk wayis dois hir bewty vndegraide
Transcend all vthiris, wyfe, wedow or maid.

Espy richt so how far the rofy gowlis
Passis the wallowit weidis in the vaill;
Or found of lark aboif the revenous fowlis,
And somersday the nichtis hiemaill;
Or as ane galay gayest vndir saill
Bene plesandar nor taikles boitis small;
So is my lady lustiest of all.

15

20

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

Followis the Ballat of the Prayis of Wemen.

CCXLIII.

[*I marvell of thir vane, fantastik Men.*]

I MARVELL of thir vane, fantastik men,
The quhilk haldis wemen in abominationoun,
The veriti and trewth thay do misken,
Thruch thair obdurat obstinatioun;
Devulgant thair intoxicatt blasphematioun,
To dimegrat fair wemenis honest lyfe,
To quhome God hes schawin lufe superlatyfe.

5

Ane woman till ane man is sot and seill,
Ane woman is the confort of his spreit,
Ane woman is till him baith welth and weill,
Ane woman is his helth and joy compleit;
Wemen to men as lyk the succour sueit;

10

And he that sayis of wemen ony mifs
Ar noct condigne to haif the hevynis blifs.

I can noct wryt nor yit can I rehers
The noble holy wemen that hes bene,
The quhilkis in every vertew did conversf,
As in to diuers volumes may be sene;
Marteiris, virgenis and mony holy quene,
As in the Goldin Legend men may reid,
And als Plutarqus reherffis of thair deid.

15

Fol. 240.a.

Quha was mair noble nor Penthesillie,
That riche tryvmphand quene of Amafone?
To Troy scho brocht ane plefand chevallrie,
Of fair ladeis armit frome ta to croun,
To revenge Hector, that grit campione;
With ane bow torquefs diuers Greikis did scho kill,
Syne flane be Pirrus, sone to fers Achill.

And Samarus, the quene of Silhia,
Hir sone was flane be Cirus that rud; 30
Betuix twa hillis scho flewe Cirus that day,
Syne patt his heid in ane pype full of blud;
Sayand till it, Drynk, gif thou thinkis it gud,
For of menis blud thou had evir ane grit thirst,
Thairfoir thou may drink now quhill that thou burst. 35

Off Cassandra quhat fall I specifie?
Off fair ladeis scho was the flour of Troy;
Scho was wyce and expert in profecie,
Sayand that Helene, quhilk was hir bruderis joy,
That hir cuming fra Greice wald breid grit noy; 40
And als the Troganis blude wald weip and mvrne,
Bot gif agane to Greice that scho returne.

And fair Constans, the quhilk was borne in Creit,
Was rest be forfs, be perrattis of the sie,

Siclyk Hippo of Greice, that lady sweiſt;
 Than the briggandis pretendit haſtallie,
 To ſpulye thame of thair virginitie,
 Bot thay lap baith to the fe grund in deid,
 To ſaiſt thair honour and thair womanheid.

45

Penelope, quhilk waſt Vlixes wyfe,
 May be ane perle and mirrour in ilk land;
 Scho was oft manneiſt for to loſſ hir lyſe,
 Or ellis conſent to tak hir ane husband,
 That tyme Vlixes was in prefone band;
 Yit prudentlie scho keipit weill hir fame,
 Quhill that hir lord Vlixes wes cum hame.

50

Off Lucreſ to tell the pvdicitie;
 Quhen Sextus Torquene violat hir be forſs,
 Than for hir husband Collatyne ſend ſche,
 And for hir freyndis, quha come on fute and horſs,
 In quhais prefens scho ſtraik thrucht hir corſs
 Ane ſcherp dagar, quhilk scho had at that tyme,
 To ſchaw hir clene of Tarquynis defolut cryme.

60

Fol. 240. b.

Ane fervent lufe had the cheſt Julia,
 Quhilk was the ſpouſit wyfe of grit Pompie,
 Quhen scho beheld the blude rob on ane da,
 Off hir husband that was flane crewalie,
 In till Egipt be yung King Ptholomye,
 The bludy ſicht gart hir pairt with quick chyld,
 And instantlie fell doun deid on the feild.

65

70

And Hipſicratis fuld nocht be foryett;
 Off Pontho scho was ane excellent quene;
 Pompeyus vincut hir lord Medredett,
 Quha fled away for he durft nocht be ſene;
 Than scho cled hir in armour brycht and ſchene,
 And raid on horfbak lyk ane velyiant knycht,
 For to defend hir husband day and nicht.

75

And Semeramis quene of Serrie,
Scho facht in battell lyk ane campione,
In menis clething and harnes cled was sche,
To deffend hir yung sone Deminone;
Scho conqueist the grit toun of Babilone,
And ane pairt of Ethiopia and Ynd,
Thairfoir scho was bayth velyiant, wyse and kynd.

80

Fair Portia, quhilk was Brutus wyfe,
Hir nobilnes was but comparesone;
Quhen scho hard tell hir husband lost his lyfe,
And flane was on the feildis of Macedone,
To tell hir wo it is confusione,
Scho patt in till hir mowth hett coilis of fyre,
For Brutus saik scho brunt hir bane and lyre.

85

90

In humane lettres quha wes mair expert
Nor Nicostratt dochtrir of Jouyus;
And fair Sapho in poetre and art
Quha did compyle vercis compendius;
And Aſpacia, scho was rycht curius
In to philosaphe in Athanes,
Within the achademia of Socrates.

95

And nane was moir expert in poetre
Nor was Amasia and Affrainia;
Tha twa in Rome had grit awtoritie
Befoir the senat to pleid every day,
In grit materis contendand to and fray;
The ciuell lawis thay ladeis had perqueir,
And in prettik thay had no maik nor peir.

100

105

Arthemosia, dochtrir of Mowsalus,
Scho weipit soir the deid of hir husband,
Spyfand his flesche with droggis delicius,
And brak his bonis in pulder small as sand,

Fol. 241. a.

Of quhilk scho pat ane portioun with **hir hand,** 110
 Within ane glaſſ to drink quhill it mycht laſt,
 In remembrance of hir lord that was paſt.

And Alceſtes, quhilk was **Admetus wyfe,**
 And dochter of Perill of Thesalie;
Appollo ſaid hir lord wald loſs his lyfe, 115
 And but remeid richt haſtaly wald de,
 Bot gif ſum of his freyndis fa kynd wald be,
 To de for him or ellis none was remeid;
 Than Alceſt for his faik reſſauit the deid.

And vthiris, als hes bene innvmerable, 120
 Of holy ladeis of grit grawetie;
 The ten Cibillis, prophetis honerable;
 And Cornelia full of abilitie;
 The fervent kyndnes of Ypsiphilie,
 Quhen that ſcho ſaiffit hir fader fra the deid; 125
 And Hepoleit that conqueiſt mony ſteid.

Meduſa, Dido and fair Argia;
 And Orchia in battellis that was bold;
 And of Colquhos the riche quene Medea,
 The quhilk gart Jafone win the fleiſch of gold; 130
 And Camilla, non fairar on the mold;
 And als the holy vestall Claudea;
 With Mercia, Lena and Sulpicia.

And in the Bybill may be red and ſene
 Diuerſs holy wemen honerable; 135
 The wyfe of Noy, moir juſt thair hes non bene;
 And Sara was baith meik and cheretable;
 And Lia was mansweit and affable;
 And Rebecca to God was richt plesand;
 And cheſt Sufan that brak nocht Godis command. 140

Off Raab, Estir and of Denora;
And pudis Cathrye, of faith lamp and lycht;
Margaret Cecill and Sanct Barbara;
With holy virgynis quhilk to deid wes dicht.
Allace, men ar fals blindit in thair ficht,
Quhen thay haif contrair wemen purchest feid,
Sen wemen ar to men supreme and heid.

145

Bot sum mischeuous men, but law or richt,
Be maleifs sell thay do le and bakytt,
Detraçtand honest wemen day and nicht,
Be diuerss fortis of injureis and dispyt;
Callumnyand that wemen had the wytt
Off all the grittest crymes that hes bene done,
Sen God creat the warld, lift, sone and mone.

Fol. 241. b.

150

And for probatioun of thair argument,
Thay first allege ane fryvoll vanitie;
How Medea of ane crewale intent
Hir twa childryne with hir handis gart de;
And Dauid, thruch counsale of Berſabie,
In battell gart Vries loſſ his lyfe;
And Sanct Johine flane thruch counsale of Herrodis wyfe.

155

160

And Hercules poyfonit be Deianyra;
And Helene brocht on Troy distractioun;
And Sampfone betrasit be Dalida;
And the idolatre of Salamoun,
Proceidit of wemenis perwasioun;
And Sarra, as the Scriptour vndirstandis,
Was cauſs of the deid of hir sevin husbandis.

165

Allace, this is ane strenge and piteous cace,
Of thir detrakkaris mast abhominable;
How fra the trewth thay thraw the richt face,
Be ane fals gloſſ, vyle and detestable,

170

For to defame fair ladeis honerable;
 Bot yit the trewth will ay remane perfyt,
 Quhilk will devulgat wicket menis dispyt.

175

First quhair thay mak ane allegatioun,
 How the twa fonis of Medea war flane;
 Medea had ane honest excusatioun,
 For fals Jasone was the caufs for certane,
 Quha did repud and lightly hir in plane;
 Than to revenge hir on his crewaltie,
 His twa yung fonis with hir handis scho gart de.

180

And quhair that men allegis tyme and tyd,
 That Vrias was flane thrucht Barfable,
 King Dauid gart commit that homicyd,
 For to fulfill his lust of lichery;
 And as to Hercules that was gart de,
 Addultre was tynfall of his lyfe,
 With Yolee, quhilk was nocth his awin wyfe.

185

Sampstone, that was betrasit as thay fa,
 The caufs of it was thruch his lust maist vyle,
 He sowld nocth haif gevin trest to Dalyda,
 Becaus scho wes ay of ane vicious style;
 Thairfoir I think scho did him nocth begyle;
 Howbeit that cryme procedit of hir mynd,
 For dowtless huris dois no thing bot thair kynd.

190

Fol. 242. a.

195

Off holy Sarra na man sowld speik evill,
 Howbeit hir fevin husbandis war all flane,
 For that mischeif procedit of the devill,
 For thair awin synnis, as the Bybill makis plane;
 And as to Salamone, that king of mane,
 Wemen causit nocth his ydolatre,
 Bot rathir it was his vyle lichery.

200

All thir exampillis ar experiens,
That wemen ar nocth caufs of sic fowll crymis, 205
Bot rathir men, be blynd intelligens,
Abbusit hes thame self at diuersis tymis;
Than for dispyt thay conpyle prose and rymis,
Accusand wemen of thair womanheid,
For till excuse thame self of thair vyle deid. 210

And sa wemen ar lyk the fillie scheip
Among the wolffis, quhilk dois thame kill and bytt,
Thairfoir thay haif grit caufs to mvrne and weip,
Becaus ill men dois thame schame and dispyt;
Bot cowld gud wemen sett furth bukis and wryt, 215
Thay could excuse thair innocens and fame,
And als thay could accuse men to thair schame.

Quhat can we of thame speik bot gud and weill,
For without thame we wald haif nevir bene borne; 220
Wemen till ws is succour, fence and seill,
And for our faikis oft tymes thay suffir scorne;
War nocth thair birth the wrold had bene forlorne,
Thairfoir all men sowlid sett thair haill intent,
To be to wemen ay obedient.

Had I the riches of king Darius, 225
Or of king Midas had I half the gold,
Or half the tressour of king Tantalus,
Or half the landis that Alexander did hold,
Or war I in to battell half so bald,
As Goddefred or valyeant Anniball, 230
Or Scipio quhilk Affrik conquest all;

Than I sowlid be all wemenis campione,
To be defendar of thair womanheid,
And pas, thrucht mony vncowth regione,
To Holy Land, quhair Cryst was quick and deid, 235

To slay thame that hes contrair wemen feid;
 And on my speir, in takin of grit lufe,
 I sowld gar hing ane womanis richt hand glove.

Fol. 242. b.

Finis, quod Wedderburne.

CCXLIV.

[*Vp, helsum Hairt, thy Rutis rais and lowp.*]

VP, helsum hairt, thy rutis rais and lowp,
 Exalt and clym within my breist in staige;
 Art thou nocht wantoun, haill and in gud howp,
 Fermit in grace and free of all thirlaige,
 Bathing in bliss and sett in hie curaige?
 Braisit in joy, no falt may the affray,
 Having thy ladeis hart as heretaige,
 In blenche serme for ane fallat every May:
 So neidis thou nocht now fussy, sytt nor sorrow,
 Sen thou art sure of sollace evin and morrow.

5

10

Thow, Cupeid, rewardit me with this,
 I am thy awin trew liege withoutt tressone;
 Thair levis no man in moir eis, welth and blifs;
 I knaw no sicing, sadnes nor yit soun,
 Walking, thocht, langour, lamentatioun,
 Dolor, dispair, weiping nor jelosye:
 My breist is woyd and purgit of pussoun,
 I scyll no pane, I haif no purgatorye,
 Bot peirles, perfytte paradisall pleisour,
 With mirry hairt and mirthfulnes but mesoure.

15

20

My lady, lord, thow gaif me for to hird,
 Within myne armes I nureis on the nycht,
 Kissing, I say, my bab, my tendir bird,
 Sweit maistres, lady lufte and lusty wicht,
 Steir, rewll and gyder of my sensis richt.
 My voice furmontis the sapheir cludis hie,
 Thanking grit God of that tressour and micht;
 I coft hir deir, bot scho fer derrer me,
 Quhilk hasard honor, fame, in aventeur,
 Committing clene hir corse to me in cure.

25

30

In oxteris cloiss we kifs, and coffis hairtis,
 Brynt in desyre of amouris play and sport;
 Meittand oure lustis, spreitles we twa depairtis.
 Prolong with lasar, lord, I the exhort,
 Sic tyme that we may boith tak our confort,
 First for to fleip, syne walk withoutt espyis;
 I blame the cok, I plene the nicht is schort;
 Away I went, my wache the cuschett cryis,
 Wiffing all luvaris leill to haif sic chance,
 That thay may haif ws in remembrance.

Fol. 243.a.

35

40

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

CCXLV.

[*Quhair Luve is kendlit confortles.*]

QUHAIR luve is kendlit confortles,
 Thair is no fever half so fell;
 Fra Cupeid keft¹ his dert be ges,
 I had na hap to saif my fell;

¹ Originally *kaf*.

Lyik as my wosfull hairt can tell
 My invart panis and sicing fair,
 For weill I watt the panis of hell
 Vnto my pane is nocht compair.

5

For ony mellady ye ma ken,
 Except peuir luve or than stark deid,
 Help may be had fra handis of men,
 Throw meddecynis to mak remeid;
 For harmes of body, handis and heid,
 The pottingaris will purge the panis,
 Bot all the membraris ar at feid,
 Quhair that the law of lufe remanis.

10

15

As Tantalus in water standis,
 To stanche his thirsty appetyte,
 Bevaling body, heid and handis,
 The revar flyis him in dispyte;
 So dois my lusty lady quhyte,
 Scho flyis the place quhair I repair,
 To hungry men is small delyte,
 To twiche the meit and eit na mair.

20

The nar the flamb the hettar fyre,
 The moir I pyne yit I perfew;
 The moir enkendillis my desyre,
 Fra I behawld hir hevinly hew.
 Peuir Piramus him self he slew,
 Maid sawle and body to dissaver,
 He dyit bot anis, fairweill, adew,
 I dayly de, and dyis never.

25

30

Yit Jasone did inioy Medea,
 And Theseus gat Adriane,
 Dido dissavied was with Enea,
 And Demophon to his lady wan.

Fol. 243.b.

35

Gif wemen trowid sic tratouris than,
For till enioy the fructs of lwfe,
Quhy wald ye flay your saikles man,
Quha myndis nevir for to remwfe?

40

The fers Achill, ane wirthy knicht,
Was slane for lufe, the swth to say;
Leander, on ane stormy nicht,
Dyit fleittand the fludis gray.
Trew Troyallus, he langorit ay,
Still waitand for his luvis returne,
Had nocht sic pyne, it was bot play,
As daylie dois my body burne.

45

As Poill to pyllattis dois appeir,
Moir brichttar than the starris abowt,
So dois your visage schyne als cleir,
As rose amang the raschell rowt.
War Pariss levand now, no dowt,
And had the goldin ball to serve,
I wait he wald sone waill yow owt,
And leif baith Venus and Minerve.

50

Now paper pas and at hir speir,
Gif pleifs hir prudence to impreinttit;
My faithfull hairt I fend it heir,
In signe of paper I presenttit.
Wald God my body war formenttit,
That I micht serve hir grace but glammer;
To be hir knaif I am contenttit,
Or smallest varlet in hir chamber.

55

Finis.

L'Invoy.

The hairt did think, the hand did frem,
The body fend to yow the sam.

65

[*Finis.*]

CCXLVI.

[*Gife Langour makis Men licht.*]

GIFE langour makis men licht,
Or dolour thame decoir,
 In erth thair is no wicht
 May me compair in gloir.
 Gif cairfull thoftis restoir
 My havy hairt frome sorrow,
 I am for evirmoir
 In joy, both evin and morrow.

Fol. 244. 2.

5

Gif pleffour be to pance,
 I playnt me nocht opprest,
 Or absence nicht awance,
 My hairt is haill possest.
 Gif want of quiet rest
 Frome cairis nicht me convoy,
 My mynd is nocht mollest,
 Bot evirmoir in joy.

10

15

Thocht that I pance in pane,
 In passing to and fro,
 I laubor all in vane,
 For so hes mony mo,
 That hes nocht scheruit so,
 In futing of thair sueit;
 The nar the syre I go,
 The grittar is my heit.

20

The turtour for hir maik
 Mair dule may nocht indure,

25

Nor I do for hir faik;
Evin hir quha hes in cure
My hart, quhilk salbe fure,
And scheruice to the deid,
Vnto that lady pure,
The well of womanheid.

30

Schaw schedull to that sueit,
My pairet so permanent,
That no mirth quhill we meit
Sall caufs me be content;
Bot still my hait lament,
In sorrowfull sicing soir,
Till tyme scho be present;
Fairweill, I say no moir.

35

40

Finis quod King Harry Stewart.

CCXLVII.

[*How fuld my febill Body fure?*]

HOW fuld my febill body fure,
The dowble dolour I indure?
The mornyng and the grit mallure
Can nane devyne,
Quhilk garris my bailfull breist conbure,
To se ane vthir haif the cure,
That fuld be¹ myne.

Fol. 244. b.

5

For weill I wait wes nevir wicht
Wald sa infors his mynd and mycht,
To luse and serf his lady bricht,
And want hir syne;

10

¹ MS. has *by*.

As I do martir¹ day and nycht,
Without the only thing of rycht,
That fuld be myne.

War I of pissans for to prufe
My lawty and my hightly lufe,
I fuld hir mynd to mercy muse,
With sic propyne;
War all the wrold at my behufe,
Scho fuld it haif, be God abuse,
That fuld be myne.

15

20

Now quhome to fall I mak my mone,
Sen trewth and constans synd I none?
For all the fathfull lufe is gone,
Of femenene;
It wald vprofs ane hart of stone,
To se me lost for lufe of one,
That fuld be myne.

25

Quha fuld my dullit spreitis raifs,
Sen for no lufe my lady gaifs,
Bot and gud scheruice mycht hir maifs,
Scho fuld inclyne?
I dre the dollour and diseifs,
Quhen vthiris hes hir as thay pleifs,
That fuld be myne.

30

35

I may persaif that weill be this,
That all the blythnes, joy and bliss,
The lusty, wantoun lyfe, I wiss,
Of lufe is hyne;
And no remeid sen so it iis,
Bot paciens suppois I mis,
That fuld be myne.

40

¹ Originally *And dois me martir.*

For nobillis hes noct ay renown,
Nor gentillis ay the gayest goun;
Thay cary vi&tuallis to the toun,
That werft dois dyne; 45
Sa biffely to busk I boun,
Ane vthir eitis the berry doun,
That fuld be myn.

Quha wald the rege of yowtheid dant,
Lat thame the court of luvaris hant,
And than as Venus subiect grant,
And keip hir tryme;
Perchance thay fall find freindschip skant,
And abill thair reward to want, 55
As I did myne.

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

CCXLVIII.

[*Ane Laid may lufe ane Leddy of Estat.*]

ANNE laid may lufe ane leddy of estait,
Ane lord ane laff; lufe hes no vdir law.
Quha can vndo that is predestinat?
Oft fyifs for lufe the lynnage lichtis law,
Rycht as the sone schynis on the sudly schaw, 5
And eik the rane vpoun the ryell rofs,
Sa aft tymis lufe cheifis ane vnlyk choifs.

Finis.

CCXLIX.

[*Marvilling in Mynd, quhat ailis Fortoun at me.*]

MARVILLING in mynd, quhatailis fortoun at me, Fol. 245.2.

And I ane scherwand trew both day and nycht;
I am bot deid sic dolour for to dre,
So fuddanly exylit frome hir sycht.
In all this wrold thair is no erdry wycht
Moir fre, moir fremmit, moir trest and eik moir trew;
Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

Dame Natur, I the wyt of all my pane,
That formit hes this flour so fair but feir;
All vertew in hir visage dois remane,
Bot merciles I go from yeir to yeir.
Scho is allon of price withouttin peir;
This ryall ross will nocth vpoun me rew;
Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

My dullit haire but dout may nocth indure,
My pane but peir, it perssis throw my haire,
My lady fair of me scho takis no cure,
Bot thoillis me to de in panis smart.
O, Venus, quene, thow caufs hir mynd rewart,
For be the graue first luse in to me grew;
Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

Now lat my¹ lady do quhat evir scho will,
Baith trest and trew my haire fall nevir felye;
Small honor is hir scherwand for to spill,
Sen that my deth to hir may nocth awailye.
Ane blenk of hir but dout wald mak me haill;
My haire is gon, my face is paill of hew;
Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

¹ MS. has *me.*

Addew, addew, my dule and my delyte;
Adew, fair weill, my freind and eik my fo; 30
Adew, my pane and plesans most perfyte;
Addew, addew, my weill and eik my wo.
Fairweill, for now for euirmoir I go;
Fairweill, I will my sepultur perfew;
Sen I mon de, addew, luvaris, adew. 35

[*Finis] quod Scott.*

CCL.

[*Pansing in Hairt with Spreit opprest.*]

PANSING in hairt with spreit opprest,
This hindirnycht bygon,
My corps for walking wes molest,
For lufe only of on.
Allace, quhome to fuld I mak mon, 5
Sen this come to lait?
Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
That kendillis our het.

Hir bewty and hir maikles maik,
Dois reif my spreit me fro, 10
And cauffis me no rest to tak,
Bot tumlyng to and fro.
My curage than is hence ago,
Sen I may nocth hir gett;
Cauld, cauld culis the lufe, 15
That kendillis our hett.

Hir first to luf quhen I began,
I trowd scho luvit me,

Bot I, allace, wes nocth the man,
 That best pleisit hir e.
 Thairfoir will I lat dolour be,
 And gang ane vthir gett;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our hett.

Fol. 245.b.

20

First quhen I keft my fantesy,
 Thair fermly did I stand,
 And howpit weill that scho suld be
 All haill at my command.
 Bot suddanly scho did ganestand,
 And contrair maid debait;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our hett.

25

30

Hir proper makdome so perfyt,
 Hir visage cleir of hew,
 Scho raissis on me sic appetyte,
 And caussis me hir persew.
 Allace, scho will nocth on me rew,
 Nor gre with myne estait;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our hett.

35

40

Sen scho hes left me in distref,
 In dolour and in cair,
 Without I get sum vthir grace,
 My lyfe will lefft no mair.
 Scho is our proper, trym and fair,
 Ane trew haire to ourfett;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our hett.

45

Suld I ly doun in havinefs,
 I think it is bot vane,

50

I will get vp with merrines,
And cheifs als gud agane.
Foir I will maik to yow plane,
My hairet it is oursett;
Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
That kendillis our hett.

55

No, no, I will nocht trow as yit,
That scho will leif me so,
Nor yit that scho will chenge or flit,
As thocht scho be my fo.
Thairfoir will I lat dolour go,
And gang ane vthir gait;
Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
That kendlis our haitt.

60

[*Finis] quod Fethe.*

CCLI.

[*Depairte, depairte, depairte.*]

D EPAIRTE, depairte, depairte,
Allace, I most depairte
Frome her that hes my hart,
With hairet full sooir,
Aganis my will in deid,
And can find no remeid;
I wait the panis of deid
Can do no moir.

5

Now most I go, allace,
Frome sicht of hir sueit face,
The grund of all my grace,
And souerane;

10

Quhat chans that may fall me
 Sall I nevir mirry be,
 Vnto the tyme I se
 My fweit agane.

15

I go, and wait nocht quhair,
 I wandir heir and thair,
 I weip and sichis rycht fair,
 With panis smart:
 Now most I pais away, away,
 In wildirnes and wilsum way;
 Allace, this wofull day
 We fuld depairte.

20

My spreit dois quaik for dreid,
 My thirlit hairt dois bleid,
 My panis dois exeid;
 Quhat fuld I say?
 I, wofull wycht, allone,
 Makand ane petous mone;
 Allace, my haire is gone,
 For evir and ay.

25

Throw langour'of my sueit,
 So thirlit is my spreit,
 My dayis ar most compleit,
 Throw hir absence:
 Chryst, sen scho knew my smert,
 Ingrawit in my haire,
 Becaus I most depairte
 Frome hir prefens.

30

35

40

Adew, my awin sueit thing,
 My joy and conforting,
 My mirth and follesing
 Of erdly gloir:

Fol. 246. a.

Fair weill, my lady bricht,
And my remembrance ryght;
Fair weill and haif gud nycht;
I fay no moir.

45

[*Finis*] quod Scott off the Maistir of Erskyn.

CCLII.

[*That evir I luvit, allace thairfoir.*]

THAT evir I luvit, allace thairfoir,
This to be pynit with panis foir,
Thirlit throw every vane and boir,
Without offens;
Chryst send remeid, I say no moir,
Bot paciens.

5

Griffal was nevir so pacient,
As I am for my lady gent,
For in my mynd I so imprent
Hir excellens,
That of my deid I am content,
With paciens.

10

How lang fall I this lyfe inleid,
That for hir saik to suffer deid,
But confort of hir gudly heid,
Or yit presens;
I say no moir, Chryst send remeid
With paciens.

15

On paciens I mon perfors,
Sen that I go frome weill to wors,

20

Exorting Chryft send hir remors,
Of consciens,
Sa crewaly hes keild my cors,
But paciens.

Paciens ourcumis all,
And is ane vertew principall;
Sen I am bund to leif in thrall,
With insolens,
I mon sustene quhat so befall,
With paciens.

But paciens, I yow assure,
Nane may the panis of lufe indure,
Nor yit in to that lufly bour
Mak residens,
Without thay preif baith sueit and four,
With paciens.

Lufe is maid of sic ane kynd,
That be na forfs it may be fynd,
Bot only be of hummill mynd,
With permanens,
To thoill suppois the hairt be pynd,
With paciens.

25

30

35

40

Finis quod Scott.

CCLIII.

[*So fremmit is my Fortoun and my Werd.*]

SO fremmit is my fortoun and my werd,
That all my lyfe I leif in displesour,

My cairfull corps can tak no rest in erd;
How fuld I leif or yit my lyfe indure,
For lufe of on my hairet hes no recure?
I am forlorne without scho me redrefs;
Mercy I cry on my sweet lady pure,
For to haif mynd on my wofull distrefs.

5

Thaire is no ransoun may me lowfs nor bynd,
Nor yit no confort may expell my wo,
Seikand remeid quhair nane that I can fynd
Of hir my freind and eik my fremmit fo.
Langour I haif, quhair evir I ryd or go;
Hartles I am, for flewth twichis me so;
My wofull hairet, quhy briftis thow nocth in two,
And makis ane end of my mischevous wo?

10

Fol. 246.b.

Quhair is the swerd that persit Piramus,
In absens of his lady Tisby?
Mair wo, I wait, dreid nevir Troyelus,
Nor I for hir quhilk caassis me to de.
O crewall swerd, O scherp aduersitie,
Cum persis me throw, sen I can nocth abstene;
My lament caassis my wofull distany,
My woundis ar awld and daly waxis grene.

15

My sorrowfull ene ar blyndit with my teiris,
Throw ardent lufe of my sweet cheif maistrefis,
Yit in hir hart no signe of rewth appeiris,
Bot wilfull will bandit with crewalnes;
And yit my hart oursett with havines,
Sall fermly stand with hir in all maneir;
In weill, in wo, in mirth and in distress,
I fall thus end hir wofull presoneir.

25

30

O Atrapus, quhilk hes my threid neir worn,
Cum schort my lyfe and end my grevous pane;

Sen that my deid remedyles is sworn,
On to I dc in wo quotidian,
Cum cutt my threid and lat me nocht remane,
Sen of my lyfe I irk throw displesur:
Chryst, sen my corps that nyght and day is fane
Seisit wer sur in to my sepultur.

35

40

Finis.

CCLIV.

[*Oppressit Hairt indure.*]

O PPRESSIT hairt indure
In dolour and distres,
Wappit without recure
In wo remidleſſ;
Sen scho is mercileſſ,
And cauſſis all thy ſmert,
Quhilk fuld thy dolour dresſ;
Indure, oppreſſit hairt.

5

Perforis tak paciens,
And dre thy destany,
To lufe but recompens
Is grit perplexitie;
Of thyne aduersitie
Wyt thy ſelf and no mo,
For quhen that thow wes fre
Thow wald nocht hald the fo.

10

15

Thow langit ay to prufe
The strenth of luvis lair,
And quhat kin thing wes lufe,
Quhilk now settis the fo fair;

20

Off all thy wo and cair
 It mendis the nocth to mene,
 Howbeid thow fuld forfair,
 Thy self the caus̄ hes bene.

Quhen thow wes weill at eiss,
 And subiect to no wicht,
 Thow hir for lufe did cheiss,
 Quhilk settis thy lufe at licht;
 And thocht thow knew hir flicht,
 Yit wald thow [nocht¹] refrane,
 Thairfoir it is bot ryght
 That thow indure the pane.

25 Fol. 247. a.

30

Bot yit my corps̄, allace,
 Is wrangusly opprest
 Be the in to this cace,
 And brocht to grit wanrest.
 Quhy fuld it so be dreſt
 Be the and daly pynd,
 Quhilk still it ay detest
 Thy wantoun folich mynd?

35

40

The blenkyne of ane e
 Ay gart the guf² and glaik,
 My body bad lat be,
 And of thy sicing flak;
 Thow wald nocth reft bot raik,
 And lair the in the myre,
 Yit felyeit thow to faik
 That thow did maift defyre.

45

Thocht thow do murn and weip,
 With inward spreit opprest,
 Quhen vthir men takis sleip,
 Thow wantis the nychtis reſt;

50

¹ *Nocht* evidently omitted in MS. ² Might be read *gvif*.

Scho quhome thow luvis best
 Off the takis littill thocht,
 Thy wo and grit wanrest
 And cair scho countis nocht.

55

Thairfoir go hens in haist
 My langour to lament,
 Do nocht my body waift,
 Quhilk nevir did consent;
 And thocht thow wald repent
 That thow hir hes persewit,
 Yit man thow stand content,
 And drynk that thow hes brewit.

60

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

CCLV.

[*Leif Luve, and lat me leif allone.*]

LEIF luve, and lat me leif allone
 At libertie, subiect to none,
 For it may weill be sene vpone
 My bludleſſ blaiknit ble,
 The tormenting in tyme bygon,
 That skers hes left bot skin and bon,
 Throw fremitnes of the.

5

For thruch thy feid I fynd express
 My only lady mercileſſ,
 Sa doggitleſſ scho did me dress,
 With wo and misery;

10

Quhen scho had welth and wantounes,
I had bot dolour and distres,
 Throw fremitnes of the.

To confort hir thow wes inclynd,
And hald my murnyng in my mynd,
I fand hir of ane staffage kynd,
 Bath staitly, strange and he;
Scho wes vncurtas and vnkynd,
It wes hir play to see me pynd,
 Throw fremitnes of the.

Thow held hir curage he on loft,
And ted my tendir haire lyk toft,
I knaw how costly I wes cost,
 Quhen scho yeid frankand fre;
Thow sufferit hir to sleip full soft,
Quhair mirthles I wes marterit oft,
 Throw fremitnes of the.

Cupeid, thow kennis I burd to know
The langsum leving in thy law,
Bot this is nocht the first ourthraw,
 That thow hes done to me;
Bot of the now I stand nocht aw,
Sen ressoun dois my benner blaw
 Aganis the feid of the.

This lady is so gud ane gyd,
Scho lattis me nevir gang on syd,
Bot teichis me both tyme and tyd,
 Retent¹ befoir myne e,
Quhome in to lippin and confyd;
I slip and lattis all ourslyd
 Aganis the feid of the.

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

¹ This word may be read *Recent*.

CCLVI.

[*Thocht I in grit Distress.*]

THOCHT I in grit distres
 Suld de in to dispair,
 I can get no redres
 Of yow my lady fair;
 Howbeit my tyme I wair,
 Alhaill in your scherwyce,
 Ye compt nocth of my cair,
 I fynd yow ay so nyce.

It dois yow ay delyt
 To wit me in distres,
 Sic is your haill dispyt,
 And grit vnfathfulnes;
 The mair I do me dres
 To be at your devyce,
 My guerdoun is the less,
 I find yow ay so nyfs.

Ay trefting for to speid,
 I haif my harte ourset,
 Quhair that I fynd bot feid
 My langour for to lett;
 I seik the watter hett,
 In vndir the cauld yce,
 Quhair na regaird I gett,
 I fynd yow ay so nyfs.

Belevand ay for grace,
 I hald my hart on lost,
 Bot now I say allace
 That evir I it socht;

5

10

15

20

25

I fynd your fenyet thocht
 Vncertane as the dyce,
 Thairsoir I compt it nocth,
 I fynd yow ay so nyce.

30

Lang tyme ye haif me pruffit,
 And evir fund me trew,
 Bot now that I haif luvit,
 Rycht fair I may it rew;
 First quhen I did persew,
 I wont ye had bene wyfs,
 Bot now fair weill, adew,
 I fynd yow ay so nyfs.

35

40

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

CCLVII.

[*Quhat art thou, Lufe, for till allow.*]

QUHAT art thou, Lufe, for till allow
 Hes brocht me now in to this pane and wo,
 Or yit awow hes gart me trow,
 And rest my dow and daliance me fro;
 Fly on the lord of lufe, sett me so heich aboif,
 And als, but rest or ruse, hes gart me go.

Fol. 248.a

5

Pariss of Troy had nocth moir joy,
 Bot till convoy fair Helene, fresch and ying;
 Now haif I nowy me to distroy,
 As than at Troy had Menelaus king;
 Sen lost is my delyte, and pastyme most perfyte,
 All earthly folace quyte heir I refing.

10

For till discus I wes I wifſ,
As Troyelus with Crefſeid trew to tell;
Now am I thusf, as Piramus
Most dolorus, with Tisby at the well; 15
So is becum my caifſ, as Orpheus did, allaifſ,
Seikand Euridiceſ from hevin to hell.

Quhair fuld I go now to or fro,
To feik hir fo, my vñquhile lufe allone? 20
Than freind, now fo, than weill, now wo,
Than myrth but mo, now is ſcho paſt and gon;
Than howp, now in diſtres, than joy, now conforſteſ,
Than welth and wantones, allace, haif I none.

Waſſ nevir wicht moir pleſour mycht,
Both day and nycht, with mirthis monyfald;
With hairt on hicht, 1 ſcho in licht,
All willit rycht, as I culd wifſ or wald;
And now 1 all growis gray wes grene,
And I am caſſin clene in cairis cald. 30

O, luvaris all, to lufe bene thrall,
Now latt ws fall beſoir the godis feit,
To clip and call in generall,
Both grit and small that may our baillis beit;
O, Venus, fouerane, haif pety on my pane, 35
And grant me now agane my lady fueit.

Agane and nocht lat it be thocht,
That ſcho for ocht will anys returne to me,
Sen chance² hes focht and werd hes wrocht,
That ſcho is brocht, quhair ſcho may byd and be; 40
Senforſis I man wanthir, grit glaidnes God mot grant hir, Fol. 24& b.
And ſend me alſſ gud anter. Amen, quod he.

Finis.

¹ Left blank in MS. ² MS. has *chanc*.

CCLVIII.

[*Lamenting soir my Weird and bissy Cure.*]

LAMENTING foir my weird and bissy cure
In luvis loir, and langour that me leidis,
The pane exceidis, and dolour I indure,
And no thing sure, gif pety in hir breidis.
My hairt fair dreidis quhen scho me superceidis, 5
And furth me feidis, with flatterand speikingis fair,
That I most neidis, bewail my fatell threidis,
Quhen auld done deidis scho dois foryet thaim clair.

The tyme heſſ bene, and yit may cum agane,
We ma convene to talk in gudlineſſ,
Thocht in distrefſ ye leif me in grit pane, 10
I may complane yit to your lawlineſſ.
Vnto your pefs to tak my ſympilneſſ,
It wald increſſ your honour evir mair;
Na biffineſſ to lufe fall gar me ſeſſ, 15
Thocht auld kyndneſſ ye haif foryettin clair.

Thocht ye be ſtrange, and can your will refrene,
I can nocht chenge, bot I fall ay be trew;
Your luſty hew my curage dois conſtrene,
With mycht and mene your ſcheruice to enſew. 20
And to no new my ſelf I will fubdew,
Gif ye will rew on me that ſichis fair;
Gif ye eſchew, and will nocht do your dew,
I may ſay trew ye haif foryet me clair.

Sen I haif bene your ſcherwand thusſ of auld, 25
On me ye mene, and als be trew me till;
Sen nevir ill I wrocht bot as ye wauld,
Lat nevir be cauld, nor yit to breve in bill.

That I fuld spill, for lak of your gud will,
 Ye may fulfill to bring me frome all cair;
 It war grit skill my dolour anis fuld dill,
 Gif ye nocht will ye haif foryet me clair.

30

Thus may I nocht bot pray vnto yow schene
 Is maist in thocht, and salbe day and nycht;
 My self throw sycyt thus causyt me to mene,
 Your lusty ene hes revit me vnrycht.
 Sen I had licht to leif I had no micht,
 Bot with yow wicht in bandoun to remane;
 Bill, go with slicht, quhill thow cum to hir ficht,
 Bid hir of ryght releif me of my pane.

35

40

Thus.

CCLIX.

[*In to the Nycht, quhen to ilk Wicht, Natur derekis Rest*]

I N to the nycht, quhen to ilk wicht natur derekis rest, Fol. 249.2
 I walk allone, makand my mone, with luvis pane opprest;
 Was nevir man, sen luve began, that luvit moir trewly;
 Then I wifs, suppois I miss the lufe of my lady,
 In luvis dance, sic is my chance, to lufe vnlovit agane; 5
 Heirfoir, allace! my caifull cace, quhome to fall I complane;
 Sall I me mene to Venus quene, or to hir sone Cupyde,
 That with his dart thirlis my harte with wondis warkand wyde?
 Or for support fall I exort Mars, god armipotent,
 To faif my lyse in to this stryfe, or sorrow do me schent? 10
 For thocht I cry on my lady my dolour to redress,
 For all my trewth scho hes no rewth on my daly distress;
 It is hir joy to wirk me noy, hir weill to wirk me wo;

It is hir will that I lyk ill. Allaifs, quhy dois scho so?
 It is hir cure to do plesure to him feling no pane, 15
 And latt me go lamenting fo with sichis and sorrowis flane.
 Moir mirreit war to hir be far to cure the seik from cair,
 Than to propyne him medecyne that nevir felt no fair;
 Bot mony man wyfe sayis that the gyse of luve is evir sway,
 To fla the trew and on him rew that falsaft is of fay. 20
 O, nymphis thre, haif mynd on me, and cut my fatell threid,
 Sen in this erd ye gaif me werd nevir in lufe to speid.

Finis.

CCLX.

[*The moir I luve and serf at all my Mycht.*]

THE moir I luve and serf at all my mycht,
 The langar I find your denger and offens;
 The grittar defyre I haif vnto your fycyt,
 The less I get your language and presens;
 The nerrer the fycyt the ferrer frome audiens; 5
 The bissyar to pleiss the moir of joy all quyt;
 The heveare cure the less is my creddens,
 And nane bot fortoun dar I blame nor quyt.
 The trewar I be, bayth in werk and thocht,
 The laither to greif yow I am in word or deid; 10
 The rather I fe the less of me ye rocht,
 With fremmit cheir fuche guerdoun is me queid;
 My hairt in breift I feill salt teiris bleid;
 The farar I sych the sadlyar I indyte,
 For to my harmes ye list nocth to tak heid, 15
 And nane bot fortoun dar I blame or wyte.

The faster I be bundin in your cheny,
 The less ye cair quhider I de or leif,
 The less pety ye haif to heir me plenye,
 The strangest wordis ye can devyſ ye geif; 20
 The luk of yow, that fuld my haire releif,
 Is he extreme denegeir and disperte;
 Off my remeid I haif no moir beleif,
 And nane bot fortoun dar I blame nor wyt.

Finis.

CCLXI.

[*Quhen Phebus fair with Bemis bricht.*]

Fol. 249. b.
QUHEN Phebus fair with bemis bricht
 In to the west at mornynge makis repair,
 Makand his coursis in to array full ryght,
 Vnto the eist schutand his schaftis schare,
 At morn fall rys out of his coursis to care 5
 Norward doun in to the samyn degre,
 Than will my reuerend lady rew on me.

Quhen Lawdiane Law for lufe hes left the land,
 And Forth is fleitit to France, that fair cuntry,
 And euery woman is also obediand; 10
 Quhen men fall find no wattir in the se,
 And falsheid flymit and euery man fund trew,
 Than will my reuerend lady on me rew.

Quhen all the grund is groun our with gold,
 And euery ryver rynnys vpward wyne, 15

In somer quhen thair growis na flour on fold,
In wontir quhen thair fallis na frost ryme,
Quhen everilk man will till vthiris inclyne,
In May quhen that the holyne changis hew,
Than will my reueren[d] lady on me rew. 20

Quhen Falkland fair is farit our the ferry,
And Sulway sand is brocht attour the se,
And Arthour fait is brocht to Salis berry,
And euerilk man hes conqueist kuirikis thre,
Than mon thay realmes ring in ryalte; 25
Quhen clerkis will na banifice persew,
Than will my reuerend lady on me rew.

Quhen that Dumbar is brocht vnto the Bafs,
And all the fisch ar fled vp in the air,
Quhen that northward no watteris will doun pafs, 30
And men so rich that thay defyr no mair,
And leill luvaris forleitis luvis lair,
And walx is wrocht withouttin byk or be,
Than will my reuerend lady rew on me.

Quhen schippis off tour and ballingeris of weir, 35
Be thowsand failis ryght swiftly ondir fail,
Thair mastis of gold and all thair vdir geir,
The west wond wappand in thair taill,
Takand thair courfs with mony how and haill,
Pulland doun failis and landand at Eildoun tre, 40
Than will my reuerend lady rew on me.

Finis.

*Ballatis of Remedy of Luve as followis:
and to the Reprocē of evill Wemen.*

CCLXII.

Remeidis of Luve.

Fol. 250. a.

SO prayiss me as ye think causs quhy,
And lufe me as yow lykis best,
As pleisis yow so pleisit am I,
Gif nocht I fynd of nocht I traist.

Gif ye be trew I wilbe just,
Gife ye be fals flattery is fre,
All tymes and houris evin as ye lust
For me till vse als weill as ye.

Gif ye do mok I will bot play,
Gif ye do lawch I will nocht weip,
Evin as ye list, think, do or say,
Sic law ye mak sic law I keip.

Schaw fathfull lufe, luve fall ye haif,
Schaw dowbilnes, I fall yow quyt,
Ye can nocht vse nor no ways craif,
Bot evin that fame is my delyt.

Bot gif ye wald be trew and plane,
Ye wald me pleiss and best content,
And gif ye will nocht so remane,
As I haif said so am I lent.

Awysfs yow as ye think to do,
And vse me as ye list to fynd;
Quhat neidis lang talking thairto,
For as I am ye knew my mynd?

5

10

15

20

Bewar thairfoir and tak gud heid
Quhat is the sentens of this bill,
For and ye beir me ocht at feid,
I fall yow hald ay at evill w[ill].

25

Thairfoir be trew but variens,
And I falbe as of befoir,
Vthirwayis generis disrepans;
Content yow this ye get no moir.

30

Finis.

CCLXIII.

[*I am as I am and so will I be.*]

I AM as I am and so will I be,
Bot how that I am nane knawis trewlie;
Be it evill be it weill, be I bund be I fre,
I am as I am and so will I be.

I leid my lyfe indifferently,
I mene na thing bot honesty,
And thocht men juge diuerfly,
I am as I am and so will I be.

5 Fol. 250.b.

I do nocth rew nor yit complane,
Baith mirth and sadnes I do refrane,
And vfe the folkis that can nocth fane;
I am as I am be it plesour or pane.

10

Diuers do juge as thay trow,
Sum of plesour and sum of wo,
Yit for all that no thing thay knew;
I am as I am quhair evir I go.

15

Bot sen that jugeris do tak that wey,
 Lat every man his judgement say,
 I will it tak in sport and pley,
 For I am as I am quha evir sa nay.

20

Quha jugeis weill, weill God him send,
 Quha jugcis evill, God thame amend,
 To juge the best thairfoir intend;
 I am as I am and so will I end.

Yit sum thair be that takis delyt
 To juge folkis thocht for inwy and spyt,
 Bot quhiddir thay juge me wrang or ryt,
 I am as I am and so will I wryt.

25

Praying yow all that this dois reid,
 To trest it as ye do your creid,
 And nocht to think that I chenge my weid,
 I am as I am how evir I speid.

30

Bot how that is I leif to yow,
 Juge as ye list owdir fals or trew,
 Ye knaw no moir than afoir ye knew;
 I am as I am quhat evir eschew.

35

And frome this mynd I will nocht fle,
 Bot to yow all that misiugeis me,
 I do protest as ye may se,
 That I am as I am and so will I be.

40

Finis.

HUNTERIAN CLUB
FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT
1874-75

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.—FOURTH YEAR (ENDING 30th APRIL, 1875).

Dr.	Cr.
To Balance from last year,	<i>£32 5 3</i>
.. Subscriptions,	<i>359 2 0</i>
.. Bank Interest,	<i>2 6 0</i>
By Printing,	<i>£190 2 0</i>
.. Paper,	<i>81 14 0</i>
.. Transcribing and Collating at London, Oxford, and Edinburgh,	<i>41 13 3</i>
.. Wood and Copper Engraving,	<i>40 5 8</i>
.. Binding,	<i>12 0 0</i>
.. Photographing,	<i>3 16 3</i>
.. Fire Insurance,	<i>1 2 6</i>
.. Postage and Receipt Stamps, and Inci- dental Expense,	<i>19 7 8</i>
.. Commission on Cheques,	<i>0 6 6</i>
.. Balance to Fifth Year,	<i>3 5 5</i>
<i>£393 13 3</i>	<i>£393 13 3</i>

JOHN ALEXANDER, *Hon. Treasurer.*

In addition to the foregoing balance of £3 5s. 5d., I have to certify that the Treasurer has on hand £23 2s. of Fifth Year's, £4 4s. of Sixth Year's, and £2 2s. of Seventh Year's Subscriptions, paid in advance.

GEO. W. HILL, *Auditor.*

HUNTERIAN CLUB.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT.

1874-75.

THE Books for the Fourth Year are as follows:—

SAMUEL ROWLANDS'	GUY EARLE OF WARWICK,	1607
" "	DR. MERRIE-MAN,	1609
" "	A WHOLE CREW OF KIND GOSSIPS,	1609
" "	A SACRED MEMORIE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST,	1618
" "	HEAVENS GLORY: Seeke It, &c.,	1628
THOMAS LODGE'S	SCILLAES METAMORPHOSIS,	1589
" "	A MARGARITE OF AMERICA,	1596
BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT, Part III.,	1568

In addition, the Members will receive

ALEXANDER GARDEN'S LIFE OF BISHOP ELPHINSTONE; and

A THEATRE OF SCOTTISH WORTHIES.

(Edited by Mr. David Laing, and presented by Mr. Alexander B. Stewart).

All the known Works of SAMUEL ROWLANDS, as given in Mr. Hazlitt's *Handbook*, are now reprinted by the Club, with the exception of "A Theatre of Delightful Recreation," 1605, and "Six London Gossips," 1607, of which the Council have been unable to hear of any copies existing; nor have they been able to discover the first edition of "Dr. Merryman," 1607. Failing it, they are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Huth for the use of his copy of the second edition of 1609, from which the Club's reprint has been made. The rarity of this second edition may be understood, when it is stated that in the fifth portion of the Rev. Mr. Corser's sale (July 1870) it brought £21 10s. The Council would still be glad to hear of the much more interesting edition of 1607; and should it be found within a reasonable time, and access had to it, they would not hesitate to reprint it, relegating the second edition to an appendix. The following entry in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. Arber's "Transcript," vol. 3, p. 609) points to the fact that another production by ROWLANDS, if printed, as it most likely was, has dropped out of sight:—

" 22 Maij 1617.

" Master Pauier.—Entred for his copie vnder the handes of master Tauernor and both the wardens, A Poeme intituled *The Bride*, written by SAMUELL ROWLANDE, vjd."

Perhaps this notice may lead to its discovery.

It is intended to print a sheet or two of short Miscellaneous Pieces by ROWLANDS, of which the following are known to the Council, but they hope that some of the Members may be in a position to point out others:—

1. LINES before Thomas Andrewe's "Vnmasking of a Feminine Machiavell,"	.	.	1604
2. LINES on Ben Jonson's <i>Volpone</i> in W. Parkes' "Curtaine Drawer of the World,"	.	.	1612
3. A BALLAD on Sir Thomas Overbury (Mr. Hazlitt's <i>Handbook</i> , Article 20),	.	.	1614
4. LINES in T. Collins' "Teares of Love." (Where can a copy of this work be seen?)	.	.	1615
5. LINES "To My Louing Friend, Iohn Taylor," in the Water Poet's Works, folio,	.	.	1630

In regard to a General Introduction to SAMUEL ROWLANDS' Works, the Council are in some difficulty. In 1815 Sir Walter Scott reprinted "The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-vaine," for which he wrote a short Preface, partly of a particular and partly of a general character. Although since that time much has been written on the contents of the Tracts themselves, nothing has been discovered of a biographical nature. In fact, absolutely nothing is known of ROWLANDS' personal history; and this is all the more remarkable, considering his great popularity as a writer. Failing other arrangements for an Introduction, it has been suggested that this Preface by Sir Walter Scott be reproduced, with a Bibliographical Index of critical extracts from other authorities. A Glossarial Index and Title-pages will also be given.

Only two Tracts by THOMAS LODGE have been reprinted this year. This arises from the fact that the Council were anxious to clear the way by finishing all the ROWLANDS Tracts, so as to be enabled, in the succeeding year, to give greater attention to the former author. Through the kindness of Mr. S. Christie-Miller of Britwell, the Council have had access to the first edition of "Rosalynde," 1590, and to the "Historie of Robert, Second Duke of Normandy," 1591, both *unique*. The first mentioned, as is well known, is the work upon which Shakespeare founded his charming play "As You Like It," and has been several times reprinted from the second edition of 1592—in Mr. Collier's *Shakespeare Library*, 1850, and in Mr. Hazlitt's *Shakespeare Library*, 1875—while the first edition has never yet been reprinted. Mr. Christie-Miller's *unique* copy unfortunately wants the whole of Sheet R, or 4 leaves; but in the Club's reprint this missing portion will be supplied from the second edition of 1592.

Mr. A. B. Stewart's presentation volume of GARDEN'S "Life of Bishop Elphinstone" and "The Theatre of Scottish Worthies," is not yet ready, but will shortly be issued to Members for the Fourth Year. The Council, however, take this occasion of heartily thanking Mr. Stewart, on behalf of the Members, for his handsome gift.

The Council regret that the issue of the BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT—the most interesting and valuable collection of early Scottish Poetry in existence—has not made greater progress. About half of it is now issued to Members, so that there is reason for hoping that another year will see this important Manuscript entirely printed.

This opportunity may be taken of calling attention to the fact that only a very few copies now remain of the books for the First Year, and the Council have therefore resolved that these can only be had by Members who subscribe for the issues of the whole Four Years.

The Annual Statement of Income and Expenditure is prefixed.

Applications for Membership (which is strictly limited to 200) may be made to Mr. JOHN ALEXANDER, *Hon. Treasurer and Secretary*, 68 Regent Street, West, Glasgow. Annual Subscription, £2 2s.

GLASGOW, July, 1877.

C O U N C I L.

PROFESSOR DICKSON, D.D., CURATOR OF THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, GLASGOW.
PROFESSOR YOUNG, M.D., KEEPER OF THE HUNTERIAN MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY, GLASGOW.
REV. JAMES DODDS, 15 SANDYFORD PLACE, GLASGOW.
ALEXANDER YOUNG, 9 LYNEDOCH PLACE, GLASGOW.
JAMES BARCLAY MURDOCH, HAMILTON PLACE, LANGSIDE, GLASGOW.
THOMAS RUSSELL, CLEVEDEN, KELVINSIDE GARDENS, GLASGOW.
JOHN ALEXANDER, 68 REGENT STREET, WEST, GLASGOW, *Hon. Treas. and Secy.*

L I S T O F M E M B E R S . (FOURTH YEAR).

ADAMSON, Edward, M.D., 4 West Street, Rye, Sussex.	Chamberlain, John Henry, Grange House, Coventry Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.
Aitchison, W. J., 11 Buckingham Terrace, Edinburgh.	Chetham Library, Manchester (per Thomas Jones, Librarian).
Alexander, John, 68 Regent Street, West, Glasgow, <i>Hon. Treas. and Secy.</i>	Chorlton, Thomas, 32 Brazenose Street, Manchester.
Alexander, Walter, 29 St. Vincent Place, Glasgow.	Clark, David Robert, M.A., 12 Ibrox Terrace, Paisley Road, Glasgow.
Allen, Edward G., 12 Tavistock Row, Covent Garden, London, W.C.	Coleridge, Right Hon. Lord, 1 Sussex Square, London, W.
Anderson, Sir James, 16 Warrington Crescent, London.	Collier, John Payne, F.S.A., Riverside, Maidenhead, Berkshire.
Anderson, Robert, 22 Ann Street, Glasgow.	Cook, James Wm., Wentworth House, Snaresbrook, Essex.
BAIN, James, 3 Park Terrace, Glasgow.	Cook, John, "Gazette" Office, Paisley.
Bain, James, 1 Haymarket, London, S.W.	Cosens, F. W., 27 Queen's Gate, Kensington, London, W. (<i>Two Copies</i>).
Barclay, Charles H., 27 Royal Exchange Square, Glasgow.	Culley, Matthew T., Coupland Castle, Wooler, North- umberland.
Benbow, George E., 26 Derwent Road, South Penge Park, London, S.E.	DALGLISH, Robert, Jun., 29 St. Vincent Place, Glasgow.
Berlin Royal Library (per Asher & Co., 13 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.)	Davis, C., 15 Campden Grove, Kensington, London, W.
Boston Athenaeum, U.S.A. (per E. G. Allen, London, W.C.)	Denny, Henry G., 37 Court Square, Boston, U.S.A.
Bruce, Alexander, 11 Winton Terrace, Crosshill, Glasgow.	Denny, Alexander, Meadowbank, Dumbarton.
Bruce, R. T. Hamilton, 2 Great Stuart Street, Edin- burgh.	Derby, Right Hon. the Earl of, Knowsley, Prescot, Lancashire.
Brunton, Thomas, Maria Villa, Langside, Glasgow.	Devonshire, His Grace the Duke of, Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, W.
Buckley, Rev. W. E., Rectory, Middleton Cheney, Banbury.	Dickson, Rev. Professor, D.D., University, Glasgow.
Bunten, J. C., 24 Park Circus, Glasgow.	Dodds, Rev. James, 15 Sandyford Place, Glasgow.
Bunten, Laurie, 76 Gordon Street, Glasgow.	Donald, C. D. (per Kerr & Richardson), Glasgow.
Bute, The Most Noble the Marquis of, Cardiff Castle, Wales.	Donaldson, Rev. John, Alpine Villa, Currie, Edinburgh (per Thomas G. Stevenson).
CALDWELL, James, Craigielea Place, Paisley.	Donaldson, R., 77 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.
Campkin, Henry, F.S.A., Reform Club, Pall Mall, London, S.W.	EADIE, Wm., M.D., 25 Newton Place, Glasgow.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

For the First Year.

NO. 1. ROWLANDS'	GREEN'S GHOST HAVING CONIECATCHERS,	1603
2. "	HYMORS LOOKING GLASSE,	1608
3. "	THE KNAVE OF CLUBBES,	1609
4. "	A PAIRE OF SPY-KNAVES,	[? 1613]
5. CRAIG'S	AMOROSE SONGES, SONETS, AND ELEGIES,	1606
6. "	POETICAL RECREATIONS,	1609
7. ROWLANDS'	LOOKE TO IT: FOR ILE STARBE YE,	1604
8. "	HELL'S BROKE LOOSE,	1605
9. "	THE NIGHT-RAVEN,	1620
10. "	GOOD NEWES AND BAD NEWES,	1622

For the Second Year.

11. CRAIG'S	POETICALL ESSAYS,	1604
12. "	POETICALL RECREATIONS,	1623
13. "	PILGRIME AND HEREMITE,	1631
14. ROWLANDS'	A FOOLE'S BOLI IS SOONE SHOTT,	1614
15. "	DIOGINES LANTHORNE,	1607
16. BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT—Part I,		1568
17. NICCOLS'	SIR THOMAS OVERURRIES VISION,	1616
(Presented by Mr. Alexander Young, with an Introduction by Mr. James Maidment.)		
18. CRAIG'S	MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,	
(With a general Introduction by Mr. David Laing.)		
19. ROWLANDS'	MARTIN MARK-ALL,	1610
20. "	LETTING OF HYMOVRS BLOOD IN THE HEAD-VAINE,	1600
21. "	A TERRIBLE BATTLETT BETWEEN TIME AND DEATH,	[? 1602]

For the Third Year.

22. ROWLANDS'	MORE KNAVES YET?	1612
23. "	THE KNAVE OF HARTS,	
24. "	THE MELANCHOLIE KNIGHT,	1615
25. LODGE'S	PHILLIS: Honour'd with Pastorall Sonnets,	1593
26. "	THE DIVEL CONIURED,	1596
27. "	THE VVOUNDS OF CIVILL VVAR,	1594
28. "	CATHAROS: Diogenes in his Singularity,	1591
29. ROWLANDS'	BETRAYING OF CHRIST,	1598
30. "	TIS MERRIE VVHEN GOSSIPS MEETT,	1602
31. HANNAY'S	POETICAL WORKS,	1622
(Presented by Mr. Thomas Russell, with an Introduction by Mr. David Laing.)		
32. BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT—Part II.,		1568

For the Fourth Year.

33. ROWLANDS'	A SACRED MEMORIE OF THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST,	1618
34. "	A WHOLE CREW OF KIND GOSSIPS,	1609
35. LODGE'S	SCILLAES METAMORPHOSIS,	1589
36. "	A MARGARITE OF AMERICA,	1596
37. ROWLANDS'	HEAVENS GLORY: Seeke It, &c.,	1628
38. "	DOCTOR MERKIE-MAN: or, Nothing but Mirth,	1609
39. "	THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF GUY EARL OF WARWICK,	1607
40. BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT—Part III.,		1568
41. GARDEN'S	LIFE OF BISHOP ELPHINSTONE, and A THEATRE OF SCOTTISH WORTHIES,	
(Edited by Mr. David Laing, and presented by Mr. Alexander B. Stewart.)		



